Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 20, 1965 35 CENTS

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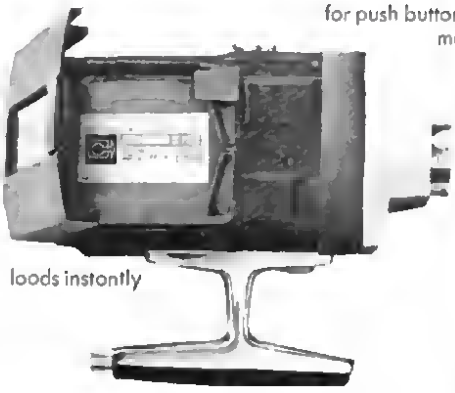
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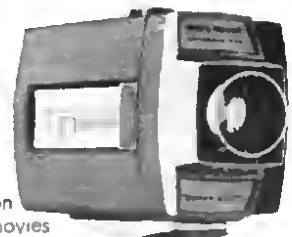
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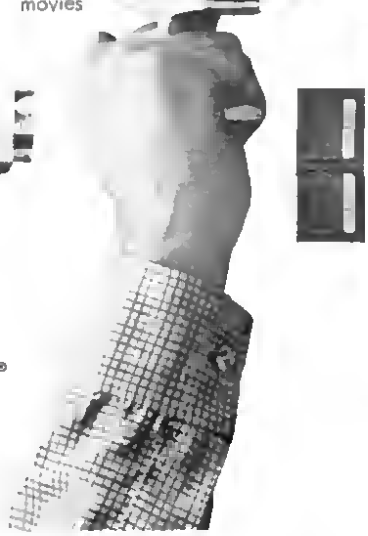
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Next week

DR. QUARTERBACK might be a good name for Frank Ryan of the Browns, who has a Ph.D. in math. How he discovered he could not mastermind football is disclosed by Jack Olsen.

BYE-BYE BAMBOO is the sad song of sports traditionalists. Versatile, tough, spectacular synthetics —shown in color— are replacing *pigskin, bamboo* and canvas, hickory and gut.

THE FUN AND COLOR of college football erupt with the first big weekend of the season. From California to Virginia, pictures and reports on the best of the opening games.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Gary Valk

In all the realm of photography, we have to believe there is no heartier breed than the football cameraman. Good football photographers are not just picture-takers, they are commandos trained and able to move quickly, to think ahead—to anticipate—and, in the ice-bucket days of November and December, to endure. If they cannot do these things then they are



not good football photographers. We have never lost a football photographer, and we have gained literally thousands of excellent football photographs (as you can see in the color portfolio of some of the outstanding players of the forthcoming college season beginning on page 26). Assuming that we never will lose one, we allow our photo editors great latitude in testing the mettle—and the wind—of the men they assign to Saturday's games.

On a typical big-college football weekend—say, for example, Michigan against Minnesota in Minneapolis—we are likely to want fast color, color pictures that will appear in the very next issue. Initially, that means a chartered plane from Minneapolis to Chicago to get the photographer and his pictures to the color-processing lab by early evening. It is taken for granted when a photographer is assigned to a game that he will familiarize himself with the personnel of both teams. After that, he might get the following directions: "Watch the Michigan quarterback and right end on offense, the center linebacker on defense. Minnesota plays a rushing game, so concentrate on the fullback and left half. Watch for the key play; be alert for an interception because the Minnesota secondary is very quick. Use Ektachrome X in the first half, but you may have to switch to High Speed if the light fades in the third quarter. Take your sequence camera. Try to get some good sideline drama, crying cheerleaders and that sort of thing, and see if you can pick out Bronko Nagurski in the stands. We know there'll be 63,000 people there, but see if you can find him. Oh, yes, it's snowing in Minneapolis, but the weather bureau says it will be clear by game time and temperatures up into the 20s."

The things that have happened in the past, and that will happen again on these assignments, are not the things that make a photographer easy to live with. Film freezes and cracks while he is loading his camera. He cannot possibly work with gloves on, so his hands freeze, too. He develops housemaid's knee crouching on the sidelines and burns his lungs running up and down the field trying to anticipate the play. He gets knocked down by end sweeps when he has waited too long to bail out because he has the ballcarrier right there in the viewfinder, and his 50 pounds of equipment go sprawling. If it is cold enough his sequence camera will slow down from 2½ frames a second to a virtual time exposure and, therefore, will be useless. At a night game he will have trouble using the necessary long lens, because the light is usually not strong enough. Then, ultimately, he will be far on the other side of the field when the Minnesota halfback intercepts the pass and runs 99 yards to the winning touchdown. He will miss the picture, but we will not worry. The other photographer (or photographers) assigned to the game will be on top of the play. You cannot take chances when you photograph college football.

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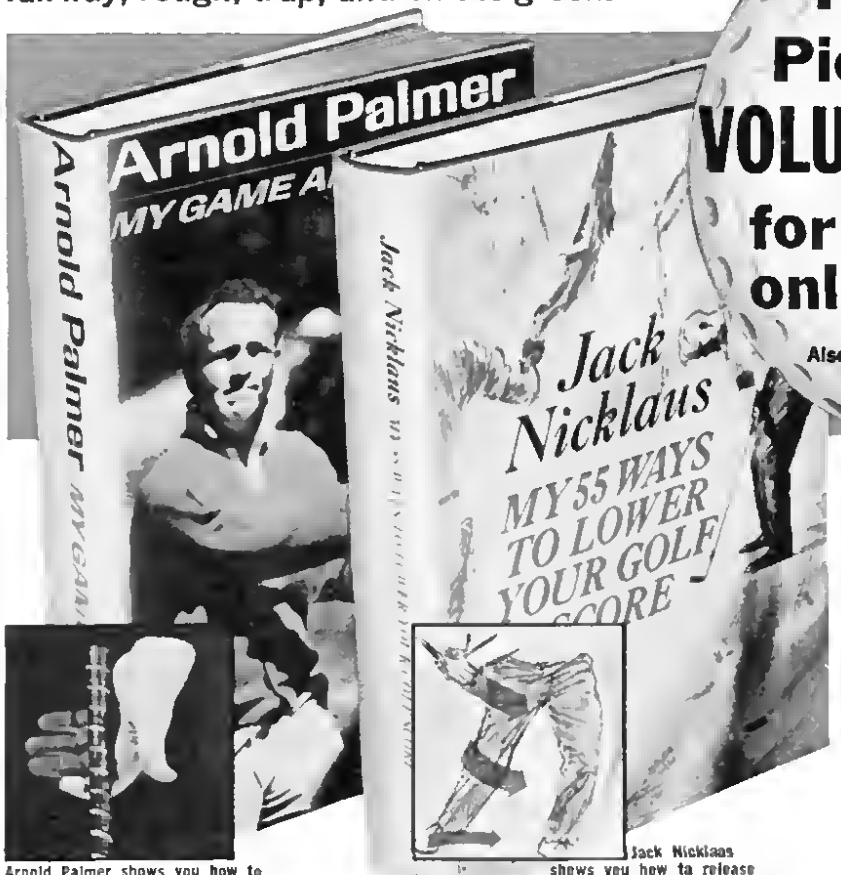
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SHOPWALK

Fishermen and hunters find bargains at a London firm's monthly auction

The British sportsman who, for one sad reason or another, wants to sell his guns or his fishing gear, turns them over to Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, at 20 Hanover Square in London.

On the first Thursday of every month (excepting January and August) a great crowd of sportsmen, 200 or more, crams the salesroom of the London office, in the hope, seldom unrealized, of finding a bargain.

During the sale one often sees a man who is clearly on the staff of Knight, Frank and Rutley putting in bids during the auction. This is not a lowdown device for artificially boosting prices, but a way of ensuring that absent buyers can compete with those present. Advance copies of the catalog are sent by air mail to those who request them, and you can put a top price on your desired lot by post. Although specific faults are declared in the catalog ("safety catch defective" is the most usual one), the general state of repair is not, and the auctioneers, who have 70 years of reputation to keep up, are delighted to accept postal bids for a gun or fishing rod endorsed "subject to good condition."

Many North American buyers are now trading with Knight, Frank and Rutley, and are showing particular interest in black powder rifles. During the past year the catalog has listed: "A Holland & Holland 295 single-barreled hammerless ejector, No. 13848 (Black Powder Proof only)." It sold for $100. Twice that sum could buy "A .577 Express double-barrelled back-action hammer rifle by J. Purdey, No. 15176, engraved actions, bolted rebounding hammers and spring-return underlever, with pistol grip, check-piece and recoil pad, 27 in. Whitworth steel barrels (Black Powder Proof only) in canvas case."

Among the more conventional firearms, a .256 Mannlicher rifle in less than perfect condition went for $1.50; a .455 Smith & Wesson, 6½-inch barrel, for $12; a .38 Colt "Lightning" (black powder only) for $60.

Immediately after the guns are sold, the fishing-tackle auction starts. One deceased angler alone provided four salmon fly rods, four trout fly rods, 10 spinning rods, 20 reels, two pairs of waders, three landing nets, three salmon tailers, three gaffs, 750 plugs and spinning baits, 1,283 salmon flies and trout flies. When the view was over and the sale was held, the old man's tackle sold for a mere $700, perhaps one-third of its new cost today. Unused trout flies are worth $400 to $500 an ounce, or 12 times their weight in gold. Here you could get about 200 assorted flies for $12; an assortment of about 100 plugs, spoons, devons and other baits for $5; three damper boxes with sun-

continued



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dry casts, hooks, swivels, weights, mounts and items for $6. The swivels in question numbered hundreds, single, double, paternoster, link spring—all meticulously graded for size and methodically mounted for easy keeping on safety pins.

A Knight, Frank and Rutley sale is, as one would expect, no occasion for the thumping of the rostrum or for loud-mouthed exhortations for higher bids. Most lots go for £4 or £5. Even an exciting lot like "A Malloch japanned fly cabinet, 5½ in. by 12 in. by 7½ in., with 10 trays containing 850 graded steel-eyed salmon flies," was sold for a record £52 or about 16¢ a fly, without any departure from proper decorum. Not once did Auctioneer J. E. Guy have to call his public-school congregation to order. "Of course," Mr. Guy explained, "fishermen and shooters are mainly amateurs, a very phlegmatic lot. You should hear the porcelain people—they're terribly noisy."

Packing and shipping are not desperately expensive (a bundle of half a dozen rods could be sent to New York for $30), but are a bit of a chore to organize. (Knight, Frank and Rutley will store your tackle for you, though, until you come to collect it.) The chief export market at present is one Canadian customer who seems to be starting a museum of antique tackle. A monstrous old 18-foot spliced greenheart salmon rod, or a Malloch spinning reel dating back to the last century, seem fairly certain to end up in Canada. So for that matter does: "A 19th-century angler's compendium by Jas. Jones, 111 Jermyn Street, London, comprising the maker's handbook—*Jones's Guide to Norway and Salmon Fisher's Pocket Companion* (London, 1848, with eight colored plates of flies), three rods, six brass reels, two tackle boxes, three fly boxes, two cast wallets, a landing net and sundry items, in brass-bound mahogany case, 52½ in. by 12¼ in. by 6¼ in. overall." After spirited bidding this fetched $120.

Salmon fly rods average $30, spinning rods $24. Trout fly rods fetch $20, reels $10 to $12. Hardy equipment, for which separate averages are worked out, needs bids from 40% to 80% higher. It is seldom that any tackle is returned to the auctioneers for any fault, although one such incident does remain in Mr. Guy's mind. A fixed-spool Hardy reel was brought back by the buyer, who said that the pickup arm was an inch shorter than it should have been. Mr. Guy checked with a similar reel, which indeed did have a longer pickup, and the money was refunded. But after a further check with Hardy's it was found that the very first models had been fitted with the shorter type, and the very same day Mr. Guy was able to write to his reliable Canadian collector: "Dear Sir: We have an exceedingly interesting early model of a Hardy reel . . ."

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BOOKTALK

A chess expert studies the moves in the life and games of young Bobby Fischer

One of the legends about the chess career of Bobby Fischer is that when he began showing signs of greatness—at age 11, or thereabouts—the Russians tried to get him to defect to the Soviet Union, but he turned them down. Frank Brady has not included this story in his anecdotal biography, *Profile of a Prodigy: The Life and Games of Bobby Fischer* (McKay, $6.50), but he gives plenty of others. A former editor of *Chess Life*, Brady contributes an insider's gossip that adds interest to a readable but somewhat prejudiced book.

Not that anecdotes are necessary. In fact, they get in the way of the extraordinary facts about Robert James Fischer, born in 1943, the youngest person (according to Brady) ever included in *Who's Who in America*, U.S. chess champion (for the first of six times) at 14, and a tireless and original contender for the U.S. at almost every great international tournament ever since.

At the heart of Brady's controversial interpretation of Fischer is an article which Fischer wrote for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, *The Russians Have Fixed World Chess* (SI, Aug 20, 1962). The 19-year-old Fischer wrote that the preponderance of Russian masters at world tournaments and their tactic of drawing their games with each other while they concentrated on knocking out contenders from other countries insured the world championship would go to one Russian master or another. Brady holds this argument is sour grapes, resulting from Fischer's poor showing at the tournament in Curaçao, Netherlands Antilles, where he expected to emerge as challenger for the world title.

Here the anecdotes provide a wry accompaniment. We learn that Fischer shunned other players and fell into "a furious, shouting argument" with the other U.S. entrant. Brady's point is that Fischer refused to accept the fact that he was outclassed by the Russians "and so he arrived at that great catchall repository for contemporary frustration: the conspiracy theory." Ralph Ginzburg, the editor and publisher of *Eros* magazine, published an interview with Fischer that was devastating in its unguarded expressions of self-esteem. Fischer said he was misquoted. But Brady, who was the associate publisher of *Eros*, says the interview was partially tape-recorded. All told, the anecdotes seem to prove only that any Brooklyn teen-ager who sets out to conquer the chess world is likely to run into trouble. The bare facts are more impressive. They suggest that Fischer's achievement to date is one of the most remarkable in the long history of chess.

— ROBERT CANTWELL



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We're proud of our agents' warm response to this unique people-to-people assistance program.

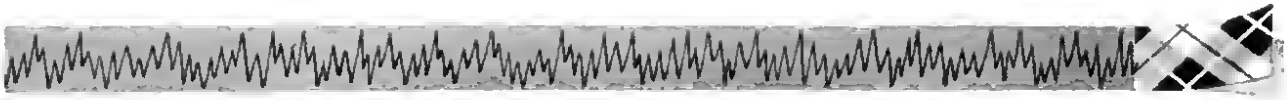
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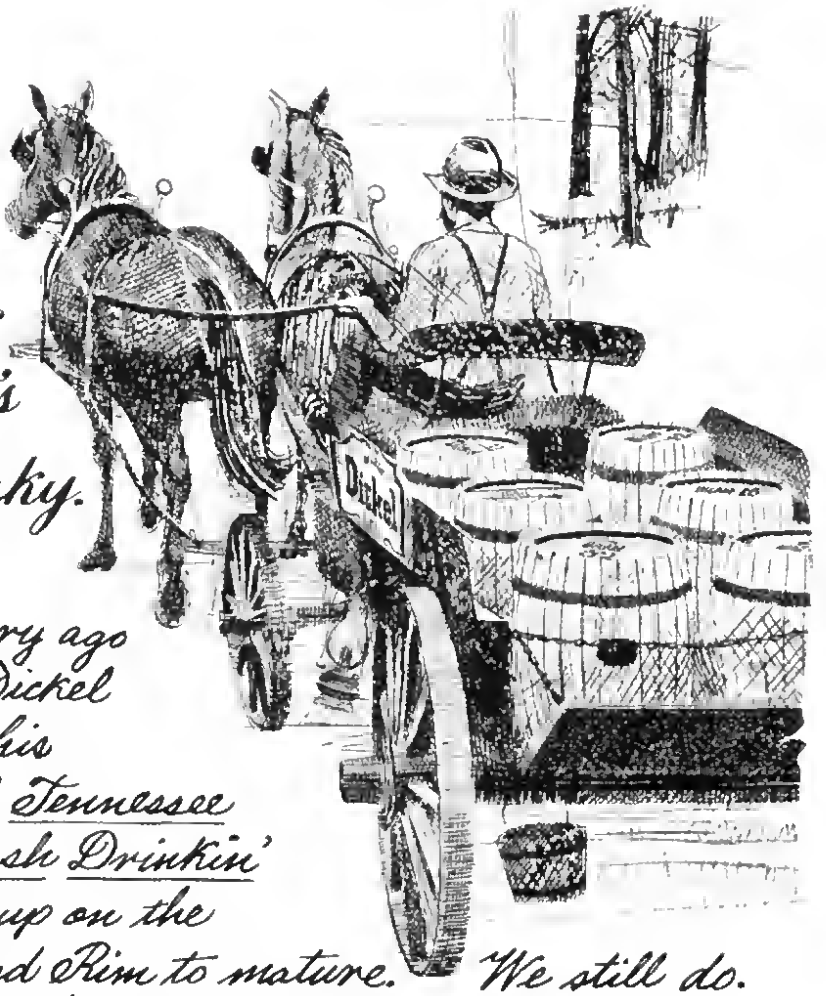
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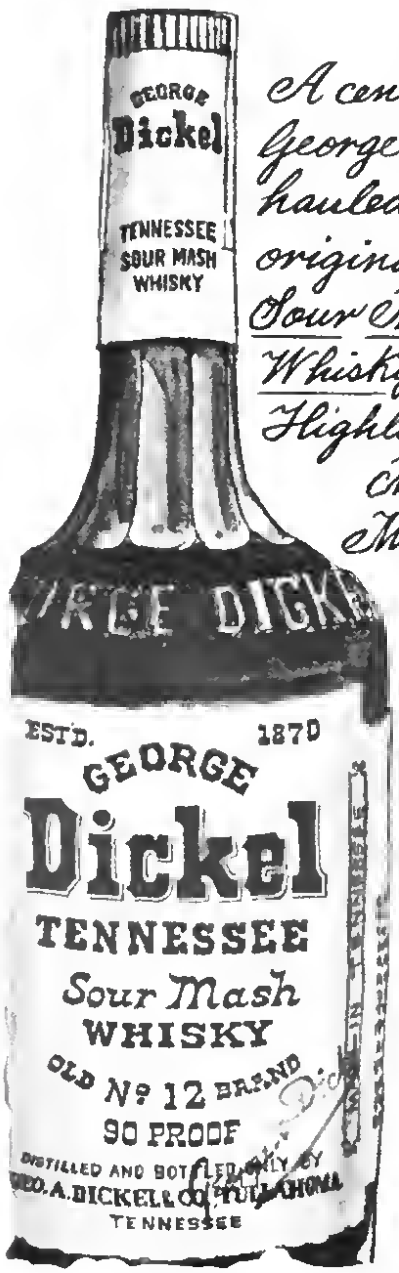
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ZERO KING weatherproofs you in great style with this rugged outdoor jacket. Outside, it's 65% Dacron* polyester, 35% combed cotton, so its neat good looks will withstand plenty of rough action. The inside story is a warm, weight-free pile lining of 100% Orlon* acrylic. And a hidden asset is the tuckaway hood under the snug, knit collar. Four "in" colors, about $29.95, at fine stores. Ask for a Zero King jacket with "Dacron".
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Mr. Dickel said that's where Mother Nature worked her magic best. Mellowing the whisky in the cool, crisp air.

Whether it was magic or not, the whisky that came out of those barrels was lighter than the step of a bluetick hound. Full-bodied enough to start with — light enough to stay with. Drinkin' whisky for gentlefolk, Mr. Dickel said it was.

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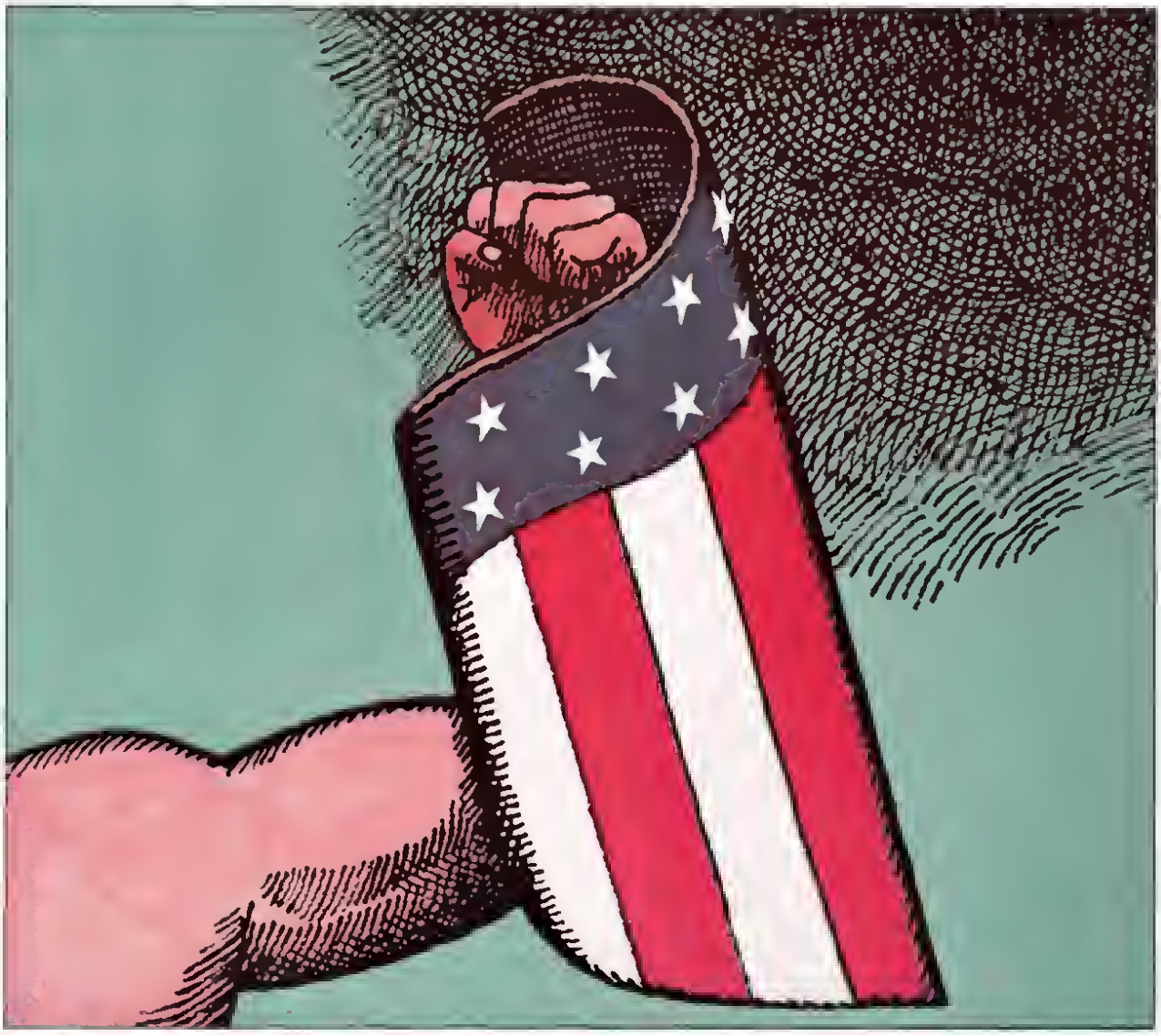
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SCORECARD

ENTER THE OREGON SLAMMERS

When Harmon Killebrew of the Minnesota Twins dislocated his left elbow on August 2 many of us assumed that the Twins would have a struggle to stay atop the American League without him. Since that afternoon, Minnesota's lead has gone from six games to nine, and the Twins now appear an easy bet to play in the World Series.

Minnesota, however, needs Killebrew back for the series because his home run power is such that it can break any game wide open. Recently he has been taking batting practice and working out at third base, but the workouts still pain his elbow slightly. Manager Sam Mele can only wait for Killebrew to say when he is ready to play and hopes it is by September 21, when the Twins meet Baltimore. This would give Harmon 10 playing days before the Series begins.

Though injured, Killebrew may have helped the Twins by introducing them to a new kind of bat called Oregon Slammers. The Slammers are brown and, from the stands, look almost like softball bats. They are made of hard Oregon maple, and the Twins have found it virtually impossible to break them. Handles are reinforced with fiber glass and a chemical is used to form a corklike grip.

Since most players do not like to change bats during the middle of a season—particularly a season as good as the Twins are having—very few Slammers have been used. Pitcher Jim Kaat tried one out two weeks ago. He got five hits in 10 at bats, including a 400-foot double. "That was the hardest I have ever hit a ball in my life," Kaat says. The Slammers are perfectly legal. Killebrew, who owns 7½% of the company that makes them, says, "These hard bats just might be the answer to everything."

HURRICANE BUDDY

When Buddy Parker, coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, packed up and left last week his departure was characteristically noisy. He had been brooding bitterly after watching his team plod through its fourth straight exhibition defeat. He worked himself into a monumental fury, told Dan Rooney, son of Steelers owner Art Rooney, that he was quitting and stomped off to give his players a fluent piece of his mind, though they were fast asleep in their Kingston, R.I. training camp dorm.

Parker and his assistant, Bobby Layne, raged through the corridors bellowing at their bewildered mesomorphs. Jim Bradshaw, defensive back, balked at getting out of bed. "If I get out of this bed," he said, "I'll kill you."

It was pure Parker. His wife, Jane, once said of him.

"When the team loses, Buddy has a routine that never varies. He flops on an ottoman in the living room and pulls out a pocket knife he's been carrying for 35 years. He slowly raises the knife to his throat and cuts his tie at the knot. Until I hear the material rip I'm never sure it's the tie, not his throat, that he's cutting. He then bends down and slashes his shoelaces. Then he literally tears his shirt off his back without unbuttoning it."

In his eight years with Pittsburgh, Parker's haberdashery costs ran high. His teams lost 47 of their 104 league games.

Parker did not leave Pittsburgh impoverished. What with a percentage of the club's profits and TV windfalls his pay had zoomed to almost $80,000. And, though his resignation terminated his three-year contract, Owner Rooney said: "We will pay his salary this year and give him some kind of salary next year if he's not coaching by then."

"He quit 20 times," Rooney reminisced, "and I got him back 20 times."

This was the 21st.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

Engineers of Wisconsin's conservation department and the U.S. Forest Service put their heads together on the problem of constructing an earthen dam on Taylor County's Steve Creek. It was necessary that the dam be placed precisely in the right spot, and so they whipped out their slide rules, contour maps, hydraulic tables and surveying transits. The study was detailed, meticulous. Finally the spot was chosen.

A dragline started scraping away the peat to reach firm mineral soil for the dam core. At a depth of seven to nine feet the bucket ripped up another dam which had been built, a radiocarbon analysis showed, 2,834 years ago. By beavers.

THE QUIET MEN

The Willow Creek Country Club golf course is an exacting layout carved through a generous growth of scrub oak, tall cottonwoods, sagebrush flats and an endless supply of boulders. It was host last week to the $20,500 Lucky Utah Open and, with a mere $2,000 first prize, there had been a bit of trouble inducing professionals to compete. But it did attract a foursome of Fred Hawkins, Willie Barber, Randy Glover and Chick Evans. On the 207-yard, par-3 7th hole two of the foursome made golf history.

Hawkins lofted a two-iron shot into the stiff breeze. Barely carrying a bunker, it flew to the green and rolled some 20 feet into the cup. Evans hit the green, too, but left himself a long putt. Then up strode Barber with a five-wood. He



fired the ball into the sun, so that the gallery could not follow its flight, but there was a resounding thud at the edge of the cup, into which the ball skidded after scarring the green (*above*).

In 1959 Jay Hebert made two aces in one tourney. Jack Rule did the same last year. Dick Howell and Joe Campbell both scored holes in one at Florida's Lakewood Course in 1964 but were not in the same foursome. So far as PGA tourna-

continued



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These pace-setting buttondowns turn everybody on. They come in colorful cottons tailored the hip Shapely way, with a lean, clean line that tapers to a taut, athletic waist. Locker loop, long or short sleeves. The nubby stripe comes in blue, rust or camel. The window plaid in blue, brown or green. Each about $5. At "in" stores everywhere. Mack Shirt Corp., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Shapely Shirts

UNIVERSITY CLUB TAPERED TO A T

ment history records, this was the first time that two holes in one were achieved by players in the same foursome.

How did the pros react to the feat? They were not too impressed. "We've all had holes in one [Barber has had eight]," said Evans, assistant pro at the Salt Lake Country Club, "so after the immediate excitement we calmed down pretty quick. Most of us would probably enjoy a couple or three birdies more."

So much for insouciance.

APARTMENT POUR LE SPORT

From the ranch house to the condominium town house, Californians have pioneered a number of ideas in shelter that have subsequently been adopted throughout the country. Now the sporting apartment has arrived. New apartment buildings come equipped with putting green, swimming pool, billiard room, sauna bath and tennis courts. The ultimate may well be the E'Questre Inn in Burbank. Not only does it have gymnasium, billiard room, lounge with dance floor, a swimming pool, and sauna—it also has a stable with stalls for 68 horses.

A path leads directly from the Inn to the miles of riding trails in Griffith Park. Humans may rent a furnished apartment, recreational facilities and a free Sunday brunch for $120 to $175 a month. A horse stall comes to $65 but the rent includes an individual tack room and cleaning and feeding the animals. As of last week 210 units contained people and 48 contained horses.

LOVE STORY

Since most of New Mexico's natural waterways are ankle deep or underground, the skin divers of the state look on the farmers' irrigation reservoirs with affection and have a deep concern for their welfare. When a reservoir on the Zuni Indian land was endangered, three skin divers in the Gallup area raced to the rescue like the U.S. Cavalry in an old western.

It seems that when the gate of the Ojo Caliente Dam was opened for a brief irrigation period, a 100-pound rock rolled into the breach and prevented the gate's closing. The reservoir was whooshing away, the Zunis were about to lose their crops, and skin divers were about to lose a recreational resource.

The Zuni leader called the Indian Service for help, the Service called the state

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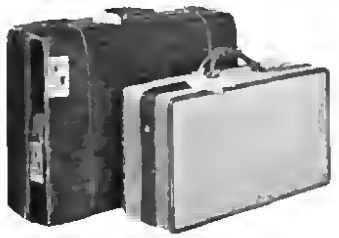
HOW TO TURN A PIECE OF GLASS INTO AN ELECTRONIC CIRCUIT

Actually, of course, the circuit is there all the time. It's the pattern printed on the glass. This pattern is, however, less than one millionth of an inch thick, and is so thin you can't see it when the glass is turned on edge. It is used in the new Electronic Switching System Western Electric is building for the Bell System communications network. □ Developed by our teammates at Bell Telephone Laboratories, these thin film circuits are remarkably compact and efficient. But producing them in volume presents Western Electric with unique manufacturing problems. For example, the thickness of the film throughout the entire circuit must not vary even one-half of one millionth of an inch! □ Solving such problems, however, is exactly what Western Electric has been doing ever since we became part of the Bell System in 1882. As the problems grow, so do our skills at solving them. That is why, today, we are able to produce the most advanced communications equipment, in volume and to the highest standards of quality and reliability. □ That's our responsibility as the manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

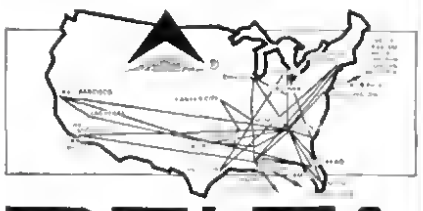
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the air line with the BIG JETS

police, and the police called Bill Runyan of the local gas company and two policemen, Don Moberly and Glenn Erickson, skin divers all. Soon the trio were down in the brutal current breaking up the boulder, which washed away, bit by bit.

Then they closed the gate. It was like saving a loved one.

FREEDOM OF THE BANNER

The New York Mets have long encouraged the banners their fans display at Shea Stadium. The television station that broadcasts Mets games is quick to pan through the crowds and pick up clever banners. The Met management even has a "Banner Day" every year to promote this form of rooting.

But for the past two years there have been rumors that banners critical of George Weiss, president and general manager, or other members of the Met hierarchy are confiscated and destroyed. Until last week the rumors were nothing more than that. Last Friday evening, however, two Met fans, Karl Ehrhardt and Charles Taylor, arrived at the stadium with a black-and-white banner 26 feet long and 22½ inches high. It read, "Welcome to Grant's Tomb," a needling remark directed against M. Donald Grant, chairman of the board of the Mets.

Matt Burns, stadium director of maintenance, immediately had the banner taken down. "First he said it blocked the view," said Ehrhardt, "then he said it was too long. Finally he said it was in bad taste."

THE WELL-FILLED GAME BAG

The hunting season opened in Italy two weeks ago and almost a million gunners took to the fields in search of hare, pheasant, quail and snipe. We have no word on how much game was harvested but, in the first week alone, 8,000 hunters were arrested for being without licenses, three were charged with mistreatment of bird dogs, two died of heart attacks, more than 25 were injured, and four died of gunshot wounds. One was charged with manslaughter, the result of an argument over who shot a pheasant.

RETURN OF THE CHAMP

Nowadays women's swimming is dominated by nymphs of 14 or 15, though a few break through with comebacks at the advanced age of, say, 19.

Thus it was heartwarming to hear that Miss Lillian Reimensnyder won the diving championship of the Eagles Mere (Pa.) water carnival in the 14-and-older division. Ever since she lost her crown a year ago, Miss Reimensnyder had been training for a comeback. She swam twice daily and dived for hours off the high board. Then came the carnival and, competing against 20 younger athletes, she showed dazzling form in swan and hack dives in regain her title. Miss Reimensnyder is 76.

WARNING TO AMATEUR MEDICS

The American Medical Association's Committee on the Medical Aspects of Sports cautioned athletes and coaches last week against the use of two new types of drugs—one a painkiller, the other intended to induce weight gain.

The painkiller, DMSO (dimethylsulfoxide), is new and as yet not fully tested. Applied to the skin, it penetrates and does appear to reduce pain, but the medically pure grade is not legally available except to doctors investigating it. The industrial grade contains impurities which could penetrate the skin along with the DMSO. And, as the committee pointed out, "pain is a respected safeguard against the premature return of the athlete to competition."

The weight-gain drugs (androgenic-anabolic steroids) can have horrendous results. In prepubertal boys, the committee warned, they may stop growth, induce precocious puberty and decrease testicular size. In the pubertal boy, the warning continued, the steroids markedly suppress production of testosterone, a male hormone. And in adult males, testicular size and function revert to the prepubertal stage, and there is "decreased libido."

A gain of a few pounds would not seem to be worth it.

THEY SAID IT

• Ron Perranoski, Dodger reliever, on what it would take for his injury-ridden club to pull out the National League pennant: "A fife, a drum and a flag."

• Dan Osinski, Milwaukee pitcher, when a waitress asked if he wanted his pizza cut into six or eight pieces: "Better make it six. I can't eat eight."

• Barry McKnight, University of Pittsburgh fullback, describing the thrill of delivering a crunching block: "Sometimes I remain on the ground and look at the guy I blocked. It's the same as shining your own shoes: you keep looking at them." **END**

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15
15
15

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 20, 1965



THE COLLEGE GUNS GO VROOM!

Next week intercollegiate football's annual uniformed warfare will burst across the nation for the 89th time. By New Year's Day, 25 million spectators will have seen games. Most will live and die with the home team, but they also will watch the ones at the top. None will be more visible than Nebraska, whose speedy team effort (left) should match the dynamics of the stars shown on the next pages.

In fast Nebraska backfield, Quarterback Bob Churchich hands off to Frank Solich as Halfback Harry Wilson [31] leads the interferance.



USC s Mike Garrett (left) explodes through lines, is quick enough to outsprint secondary





Fast and elusive, Halfback Nick Eddy (above) may be Notre Dame s best back in a decade.

Multitalented Wayne Trimble of Alabama can run, pass or—as here—catch passes equally well.





Quarterback Marv Kristynik operates behind a surging wave of precision-trained Texas linemen.


75
75
10
67

. . . AND NEBRASKA HAS THE GUNS

The language and the rules both change this season, but the Cornhuskers will be strong again and should finally 'gore' the others to win the mythical national title

BY DAN JENKINS

There was a time when all you had to do to be considered an ardent follower of college football was ride around in a jalopy and give an occasional locomotive for Jack Oakie. If you were a real nut, you listened to Bill Stern on the radio, knew what "hike" meant and worried about whether your school's good old 6-2-2-1 could stop the other team's good old single wing in the traditional battle for the Little Oaken Skillet. It was nothing at all like the sophisticated season that now begins with another set of rules, a freshened vocabulary of coaching terms—a dedicated player, for example, will *stick* you instead of *outbutt* you—and the promise of more genuinely strong teams than ever to compete for a national nonmythical championship that should exist but does not.

Staying abreast of college football's changing moods and trends is as difficult as keeping up with programs on television: now you see them, now you don't. Take the offenses. Just when you thought you had learned all the deceits of the split T, where the quarterback handed off or faked and ran, it was replaced by the simple power of the wing T, where the quarterback pitched and blocked. Then, as coaches tried to get the jump on one another, along came the shifting T or the I formation, where the quarterback suddenly became a thrower. Now, in 1965, most systems will yield in popularity to something called the I slot.

The I slot is not, as the casual observer might guess, a State Department term for the wastebasket where presidential memos are thrown, but a pretty good combination of the formations immediately preceding it. It has the deception of the early T, it scatters out the defense like the I and it provides running strength as well, for ideally the halfback in the slot (between the end and tackle) will be capable of blocking as splendidly as he can catch. With practically every team committed to a balance of running and passing, the I slot seems perfect—until next year, when there will be wrinkles on another letter of the alphabet.

Although for the majority of spectators defense is the uncomplicated art of chasing people, there is a little more to it. The season will find the "Okie" (for Oklahoma), or 5–4, still in vogue, along with the use of a "monster," or roaming, strength-equalizing linebacker. But it will also find increasing use of a thing called the split six. This is a six-man front with a curious gap in the middle and all linemen slanting in, the gap designed to lure runners smack into alert, nimble linebackers.

Now that you know the formations to be confused by, you have a right to know their precise value. Says Texas' Darrell Royal, who has successfully resisted them all, "Trends are bunk. Only angry people win football games."

Far more beguiling than the techniques of the game is the language. Throwing around terms has become something of a game in itself, especially at cocktail parties where old grads and influential summer-job providers gather. These are the men who help recruit, who get the "studs," the winning athletes, the ones who can only come, as Alabama's Bear Bryant says, "from good mamas and papas."

Nowadays you never hear the hip fan speak of a pep talk. In 1965 a coach puts on a *game face*. The good *continued*

Michigan's Bill Yearby (75), a brilliant, high-flying tackle, is too late to knock down a forward pass by Oregon State's unshakable Paul Brothers

passer who once possessed a weapon called *the arm* now has a *cannan*. And with it he does not hit the deep pass or the bomb anymore, he *hangs one up there far six*. Or maybe he can *blaw it ocross the alumni stripe*. He *thraws a streak*.

The top receiver who can race downfield to catch the ball *in the seams* (the gaps in a zone defense) has *the steps*. If he almost never drops a pass he has *goad clamps*, and if he sometimes does he merely has *good boards*. The broken-field runner who only a short time ago could juke a defender can *take it away* now.

Linebackers are generally known as "Mike" (middle), "Liz" (left) and "Rip" (right). And while some of them may still red-dog, blitz, storm or shoot, a lot of them simply like to *come* or *go*, as in the following conversation:

Coach (at blackboard, worried): Now, Donny, when we're here, Mike likes to come.

Player (confident): 'At's awright, Coacher, Joe Bob'll stick him.

Finally, when you get all of these talented athletes together, the ones who can truly *gore* and *sting* and *press the button* (throw a touchdown pass), then you have a crucial, guts-up game, or what used to be referred to as a sheepshearing but is now something more ferocious: a *formal dance*.

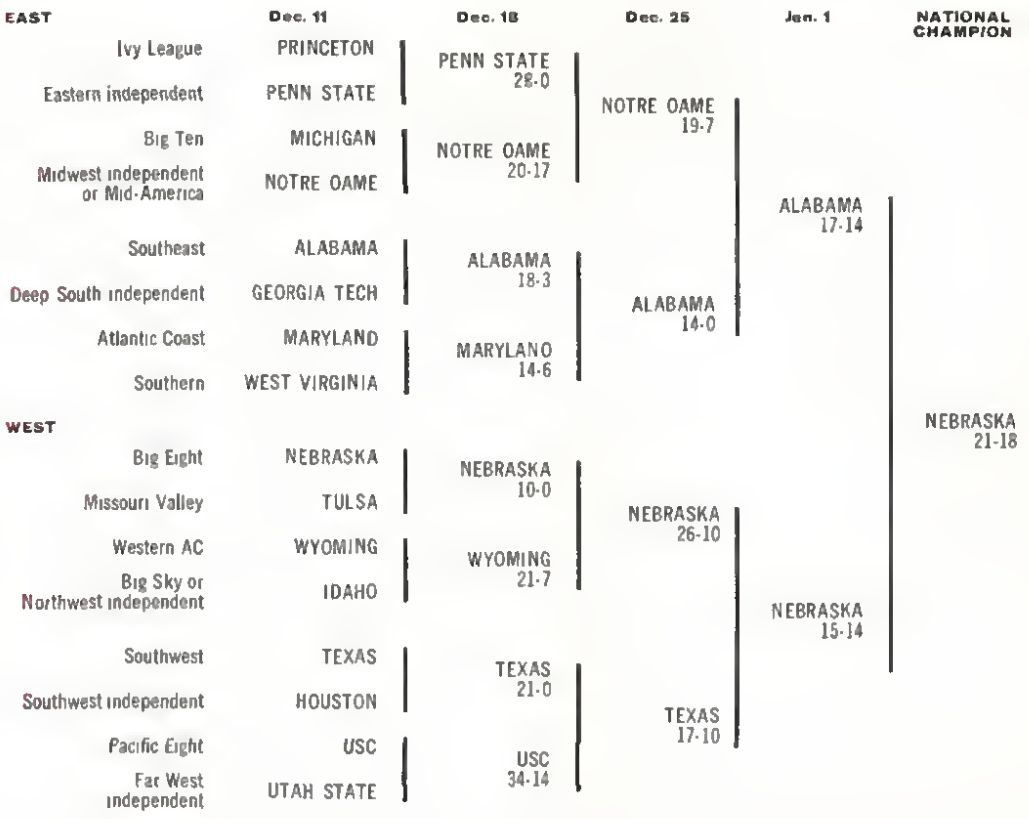
This season all of the athletes who like to specialize in these character-building pursuits will get to do exactly that. Free substitution has been creeping up for five years—remember the "wild card"?—while the coaches tried to reconcile being in both the entertainment and educational business. The rulesmakers have at last settled on the tiniest compromise possible —and what in essence is two-platoon football. Two players will be permitted to enter the game at any time. Complete units, however, may go in only after the ball has changed hands, generally after a punt. The offensive team will have to know how to tackle and the defensive team will have to know how to block on this one play or there will be a lot of funny punt returns.

While college spectators after 13 pleasant years must again endure seeing 44 players on the field at once when the platoons switch, the new rule will accomplish one wonderful thing. It will abolish last season's idiotic loophole that encouraged coaches to delay the game for 30 seconds and take a penalty in order to get their kicking teams in.

Perhaps the easiest thing of all for the trend-conscious follower this year will be

HOW A NATIONAL PLAYOFF WOULD WORK

Were the NCAA to sanction a tournament this year to determine the No. 1 team in the country, a chart of Nebraska's progress to the title would look something like this—and nobody would argue about who was No. 1



knowing which are the superb teams (*see box*). All he has had to do lately is memorize Texas, Alabama, Nebraska, USC and Arkansas. These are the teams that stay at the top. Each seems to benefit from spectacular coaching. Over the last three years, for instance, Texas' Darrell Royal (30–2–1), Alabama's Bear Bryant (29–4), Nebraska's Bob Devaney (28–5), USC's John McKay (25–6) and Arkansas' Frank Broyles (25–7) have had the finest records in the land.

Broyles, Royal, McKay and Bryant, in that order, have coached the last four (and only) unbeaten, untied teams in the nation, and Devaney has come dangerously close twice. Every decade manages to produce one coach who somehow rises above the rest. The 1920s had Knute Rockne, the 1930s belonged to Minnesota's Bernie Bierman, the 1940s to Notre Dame's Frank Leahy and the 1950s to Oklahoma's Bud Wilkinson. The man of the 1960s undoubtedly—barring World War III—will be Royal, Bryant, Devaney, McKay or Broyles. Or he may be Ara Parseghian, now that he has Notre Dame to coach.

It does not seem possible for any of these ever to run out of good athletes. Texas annually turns out a stockpile of recruits, enough to keep seven Southwest Conference teams happy and competitive, and Royal takes his choice. Bryant and Broyles have entire states going for them. The southern California area has always been a wonderland of athletes, and McKay's personality lures most of the best to USC. And Notre Dame is still Notre Dame. But Devaney, in rebuilding Nebraska, has profited from an entirely different set of circumstances. Quite apart from the coach's wisdom and talent that will help make Nebraska the best of all in 1965 is the fact that he has benefited from rules weakening the nearby Big Ten. Consider:

Nebraska had a ponderous 109 athletes out for spring training, 68 of whom were from out of state (from 19 *different* states, in fact) and 43 of those came from Big Ten recruiting areas! Should Nebraska put its best 11 players on the field at any one time this season, no fewer than nine of them would be from Big Ten sectors—three from Ohio, two from Illinois, two from Michigan and one each from Minnesota and Wisconsin. While Devaney is a persuasive recruiter, it cannot be denied that the Big Ten's limit on scholarships (70 per year for all sports) and its rule against redshirting have helped truck plenty of top performers to nearby Nebraska.

Having the players is one thing, but getting the most out of them is something else, and Bob Devaney does that, too. He has turned Freeman White and Tony Jeter into perhaps the best pair of college ends in the country. Walt Barnes, the center and middle guard, is considered by no less than three pro scouts to be the nation's best player. Bob Churchich and Fred Duda combine to give Nebraska the most reliable quarterbacking depth in college football this year, and Halfback Harry Wilson could well be the finest breakaway runner. And a quick glance at the schedule insists that the Cornhuskers can lose only once (to Missouri) if at all.

Winning a national championship of some kind these days is not really as hard as it may seem. After all, there are a lot of them to go around. Last year, for example, there were three champions. Alabama was voted the best by the Associated Press and United Press International, Arkansas was awarded the Grantland Rice Trophy from the Football Writers Association of America and the No. 1 prize from the Helms Athletic Foundation. Even Ara Parseghian's exciting Notre Dame team was not left out. After it blew all the top ratings in the final game against USC, the National Football Foundation and the Howard Jones Memorial Award Foundation managed to cough up trophies.

There have been other seasons when three teams were so honored—as in 1926, when Alabama, Stanford and Navy received various awards, and in 1938, when TCU, Tennessee and Notre Dame were chosen. Moreover, in 16 other years over the past 40 the public has been informed that two different teams were national champions. More befuddling still is the fact that in 18 of the 40 years the team with the best record won no recognition.

There is of course a way for the NCAA to satisfy the public: play to a national title. The chart on the preceding page, based on this magazine's scouting reports, illustrates what could happen if there were a playoff. The scores are intended to reflect this year's strengths—and Nebraska is the champion, with its closest call against Texas in the semifinals. The country is divided East and West as accurately as possible for balance, all major areas are included and the first-round games determine regional superiority. For playing sites, it seems needless to point out that there are eight major bowl sponsors who would be pleased to continue their promotions.

Although the NCAA decides national champions in most other sports—for instance, fencing—its main argument against a football playoff centers vaguely around overemphasis. But as long as the administrators fire coaches, sell tickets, recruit athletes, play postseason games and peddle their product to television they are kidding no one.

Anyhow, the sport can use more emphasis. As USC's John McKay says, "There are still over 600 million Chinese who don't care if we win or lose." END

11 BEST 11s

NEBRASKA
TEXAS
ALABAMA
ARKANSAS
USC
FLORIDA
NOTRE DAME
MICHIGAN
LSU
PURDUE
OHIO STATE

PLUS 9

PENN STATE
GEORGIA TECH
MISSOURI
MARYLAND
STANFORD
KENTUCKY
WASHINGTON
SYRACUSE
VIRGINIA

Scouting reports of major and small colleges begin on page 43.



As Emerson reacts with bitter amusement, Ashe extends his arms in elation after his return of a powerful serve lands squarely on the baseline.

ARTHUR WAS KING FOR A DAY

When young Arthur Ashe cut down Roy Emerson of Australia it looked as if an American might finally win the U.S. singles title, but the wily Manuel Santana of Spain put an abrupt end to that dream.

by JOE JARES

There was one especially memorable moment at Forest Hills last week. Playing in the quarter-finals of the U.S. national singles championships, Australia's Roy Emerson, the top-ranked amateur in the world and a heavy favorite to win the tournament, slammed a ball beyond the baseline and in doing so went down to defeat, beaten by young Arthur Ashe of Richmond, Va., U.S.A. As the large, cheering crowd rose to its feet, Ashe raised his arms in the air and stared at the ground, as if stunned by his achievement. Then he dropped his racket, broke into a quick, friendly grin and shook hands with Emerson. Arthur Ashe had beaten the defending champion. Cut. Print it.

Trouble is, this was the *quarter-finals*, not the finals, and the next day Ashe was himself put out of the tournament by Manuel Santana of Spain, who, on the day after that, beat South Africa's Cliff Drysdale in what has become the annual non-American U.S. final. Alien lands provide the finalists and the U.S. provides the ball boys. Since Tony Trabert won in 1955, Australians have won the title eight times, a Mexican once and this year a Spaniard. Moreover, in the last decade only one American—Frank Froehling in 1963—has managed to reach the finals.

In the second round of the tournament it appeared that this year might be different. Charles Pasarell of Puerto Rico and UCLA faced Australia's No. 2 man, Fred Stolle, the second-seeded player. Earlier this summer, on grass at the Merion Cricket Club in Pennsylvania, Pasarell had beaten Stolle and Emerson back to back, but Merion and Forest Hills are a thousand tennis courts apart and no one thought the 21-year-old Puerto Rican could do it again. As it turned out, Stolle never won a set. Pasarell is a husky kid who slams the ball on almost every shot. Stolle, who is also a big hitter, found himself overpowered. Time and again his serve would come whistling back across the net, sending up a shower of white chalk as it caught the line. Barely an hour after the match began, Stolle was free to concentrate on the mixed doubles.

Pasarell moved easily through his third and fourth matches before meeting that old crowd-pleaser, Rafael Osuna, in the quarter-finals. In the first set Pasarell continued his sensational hard hitting, yielding only five points as he won five straight games and the set 6–1. But then Osuna's soft, delicate shots began

HANS KNOPF

to fall in, and Pasarell found himself bedeviled into playing the Mexican's cat-and-mouse game. Osuna ran off with the next three sets, although Pasarell made one last gallant stand near the end, showing that he is about ready to move up among the world's top amateurs.

Five days after Pasarell beat one half of the Australian Davis Cup team, Arthur Ashe beat the other. Ashe had a tough first-round match—or so it promised to be—against Gene Scott, this country's fifth-ranked player. But Ashe's powerful serve, probably the hardest of any player in the world, amateur or pro, was going in consistently, and Ashe won in straight sets. He breezed through his next three opponents with no trouble—which brought him to Emerson, from whom he had not won a set in two previous meetings.

"I feel more confident than I have at any time in the past," Ashe said in the men's locker room at Forest Hills before the match. "It's hard to explain. . . . All of a sudden you just start playing well. I know I'll have to play *very* well to beat him, but I know for sure I can do it. Still, you have to go out there with the idea in the back of your mind—you can't help it—that this guy is better than me."

In the early afternoon before the match Ashe lounged in the locker room playing bridge. He is not yet a good player so he kept at his side a bridge instruction book filled with underlined passages. He was so blasé on the surface that one might have thought he had no plans for the rest of the day except a little motoring in his stereo-equipped Mustang, which was parked outside. He paid no attention to the gallery on the wall behind him: photographs of all the national champions going back to the long-pants and handlebar-mustache days. Emerson's picture was there to immortalize his victories in 1961 and 1964. The live Emerson was already dressed for tennis and thumbing absent-mindedly through a three-month-old magazine, his stocking feet propped up on the back of a chair. Finally Ashe reluctantly left his bridge game, changed clothes and walked in silence with Roy to the stadium.

Arthur had a plan. Former star Dick Savitt had told him his splendid serve would keep him in the match but that he must smash back Emerson's service to win. He resolved to put everything in his 150-pound body into his return of service, and it paid off in the very first game. Emerson served first and soon found his deliveries were being lashed right back past him. Perhaps trying to put too much extra on his serve, he lost the last point on a double fault, the first of 17 he was to commit in the match. Even so, it was not until 70 minutes later that Ashe won the first set, 13–11, with an ace.

Ashe broke through his opponent's service in the third game of the second set and went on to win 6–4. It was a convincing start, but the feeling lingered that the champion might yet regain his touch. That feeling grew in the long third set, when Emerson hung on grimly through a series of crises and won 12–10 as Ashe double-faulted at set point. Now Emerson had a 10-minute rest period, a chance to regroup and perhaps alter his strategy.

But in the fourth set Emerson fell apart completely and Ashe ran through him, returning service nicely, volleying beautifully and mixing up the speed of his serves like a pitcher throwing change-ups. He won 6–2. The crowd gave him a standing ovation and his aunt from Montclair, N.J. gave him a kiss. Members of the press scurried along with him to the clubhouse jabbering questions.

"You guys are more excited than I am," said Arthur.

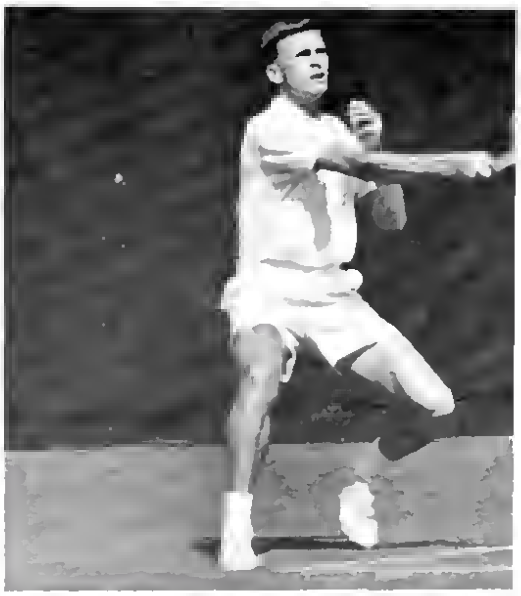
"We're tired of writing about Australians," answered one.

"One match doesn't prove anything," he said in the locker room. "You have to establish a trend of winning. That's what Emerson has done."

Arthur Ashe Sr. traveled up from Virginia the next day to see his boy in the semifinals. He brought a Richmond newspaper that ran the upset victory over Emerson on Page One. Young Ashe, a Negro, grew up in Richmond, but segregated tournaments (plus the lack of winter play) forced him to move to St. Louis for his senior year of high school. "Richmond, outside of my family, hasn't done a thing for me," he said.

His father's presence at the semifinal did not help. The match against Spain's Santana was the end of the trail for Arthur. He was outclassed 2–6, 6–4, 6–2, 6–4, but at least his big win, together with Pasarell's, showed that the U.S. has the potential to end this foreign domination at Forest Hills, not to mention in Davis Cup play.

continued on page 121



Jarry Cromwell, 21, has a victory over Emerson.



Stan Smith, 18, has a smooth all-round game.

Robert Lutz, 18, is national junior champion.



THE HORSE-SHOW WHODUNITS

In a series of unrelated tragedies, three people and 25 horses have been killed and a fourth person stabbed. All of the cases have led to bizarre disclosures, and none appears to be near a solution.

by ALICE HIGGINS



Awaiting trial in Mexico, General Mariles worries about the public attitude toward his case.

The traditional mystery surrounding horse shows—that milieu of tweeds and top hats, blue ribbons and blue-bloods—is why the judge gave somebody else's horse first place. Murder and mayhem would appear to be as far removed from the tan bark as Jack the Ripper was from Queen Victoria. But recent happenings in this inbred set would quicken the pulse of Hercule Poirot. By gun, dynamite and poison, three people have been killed; by assorted poisons, so have 25 horses. In addition, a trainer was stabbed (not fatally) in full view of a matinee horse-show crowd and the weapon, though probably a plain old pocket knife and not an exotic jeweled stiletto, has vanished. Consequently, the next few months, during which the long horse-show season reaches its competitive peak, may witness some of its participants performing under a jury's eyes with bars and not ribbons as the stake.

Already in jail is Brigadier General Humberto Mariles Cortés, winner of the 1948 Olympic equestrian gold medal and captain of a team that made the Mexican national anthem almost as familiar to U.S. horse-show audiences as *The Star-Spangled Banner*. He is charged with last year's fatal shooting of Jesús Velázquez Mendez, an ex-soldier and bricklayer. Soon after the shooting Mariles vanished across the Rio Grande. He returned to Mexico from Texas last June and surrendered. (It is interesting to note that Texas had a sensational crop of green jumpers this past spring.)

Mariles left Mexico, he says in sworn testimony, because he had evidence that his case would not have been properly investigated. He claims the press already had condemned him as a trigger-happy general, but that he was harassed into shooting Velázquez in self-defense.

Always a controversial person, Mariles has been beset by extraordinary troubles

for more than a decade. At the peak of his fame and ability in 1956 the Mexican government denied him the funds necessary to take his team to the Stockholm Olympics. When private contributors raised the money the government still refused to let him go. Then a mastoiditis condition affected his physical equilibrium and forced his retirement from the show-ring in 1958. Several years later his horses and riders were removed at gun point from the equestrian center on the outskirts of Mexico City that he had built up over 20 years. Although the Mexican Supreme Court upheld his right to the property, Mariles mortgaged his home to found a new club in order to avoid a public scandal. Shortly thereafter 24 of his own and his boarders' horses were found dead. The autopsies revealed poisoning by arsenic and hydrocyanic acid.

Mariles says he was driving about his business in civilian clothes on August 14, 1964, when a late-model Chevrolet with official license plates forced his 1960 Peugeot to the side of the road, where his engine stalled. The other driver, a stranger to him, leaned out and shouted, "Cuckold General, don't obstruct the way." Mariles says he started again down the highway, and once again the other driver—Velázquez—drew up and forced him from the road, at the same time making obscene gestures. Mariles says Velázquez leapt from his car with a bricklayer's trowel in his hand and shouted some highly uncomplimentary things about the general's mother. According to Mariles' deposition, he drew his pistol and clouted Velazquez alongside the head. Velazquez continued his attack, and Mariles fired.

Mariles says he took the wounded man to a hospital and was assured by a doctor that he would be all right. The general was driven home by his lawyer and Velazquez died nine days later.

It has since emerged that the bricklayer was not exactly an underprivileged workingman of normal habits. Only 18 days before Mariles shot him, Velázquez was charged with forcing another car off the road, shooting its two occupants and delivering a blow to the thorax of one of the wounded passengers. He allegedly was under the influence of liquor at that time but somehow was able to produce 40,000 pesos bail.

At his trial Mariles will plead self-defense. His supporters believe Velázquez was hired to goad the general into an enraged act that would lead to his downfall. His lawyers are reserving some "well-kept and strange things" in the hopes of proving such a frame-up. Neither Mariles nor his attorneys will identify the general's mysterious enemies, but no one doubts that they exist. Many people believe Mariles has been persecuted by political opponents of Miguel Alemán, former President of Mexico and once the general's chief sponsor.

Meanwhile, back in the U.S., at about the time Mariles was turning himself over to Mexican justice a 22-year-old professional horsewoman named Cherie Rude was killed in dramatic circumstances. On June 14 she was asked by her employer, George Jayne, owner of the Tri-Color Stables of Palatine, a suburb of Chicago, to start his 1965 Cadillac. Jayne was busy with a phone call, and the two were about to drive off on an errand for the stable. A moment after Miss Rude entered the car, it blew up. She was killed by flying debris. The Cadillac had been booby-trapped with dynamite.

"It was meant for me!" said George, and he appeared to have some reason

continued



This 1965 Cadillac owned by Chicago's George Jayne was blown up by a gangland-style booby-trap, killing Show Horse Rider Cherie Rude

for this assumption. Sinister and mysterious happenings have plagued his life for the last few years, he told a coroner's jury. Jayne says that snipers have fired at him or his employes, his empty stable office was once riddled with 28 bullets, vital records were stolen from his safe and two of his jumpers were poisoned. One horse died of a dose of turpentine, and the other was out of commission through several blue-chip shows.

At the inquest into the death of Cherie Rude, George was asked if he still feared for his life. Yes, he said, as long as his brother was free. The brother in question is Si Jayne, owner of the Idle Hour Stables in Park Ridge, Ill. George and Si have been feuding for several years now, but the origin of the dispute is known only to them. The coroner's jury at the inquest on the late Cherie Rude returned a verdict of murder by an unknown person or persons.

So what about Si, the target of George Jayne's dark hints? Si has always been said to have a hot temper. Once, fuming vengeance, he jumped into his car and chased an "enemy" from Chicago to St. Louis only to be thwarted when his prey, knowing the area, slipped into a stable, grabbed a horse and disappeared cross-country into the night.

At the moment Si is out on $5,000 bond, having been indicted by the Cook County grand jury for "solicitation" of a crime, which carries a maximum penalty of one year. The charge against Si is the result of a fantastic development that came soon after Cherie Rude's death. George Jayne says that two men came to him with a strange story. Si, they claimed, had hired them on June 20th to kill George, but they had decided on a doublecross. They suggested that George disappear briefly, long enough for Si to think he was dead, so they could collect the murder money without having to carry out their messy commitment. They reasoned that Si could hardly sue for the return of his fee, and George should be happy to see Si so neatly rooked. However, George called the police.

The cops put George into protective custody, and his wife, Marian, reported him as a missing person. With the stage thus set, Si was approached by one of the men with a wallet and belt belonging to George as evidence that the deed had been done. Si admitted nothing, but he nevertheless was arrested and indicted. He has pleaded not guilty to the official charge and also has denied having any part in the series of unexplained catastrophes that have befallen his brother. The next installment of the Jayne case is due for a public airing in the Cook County courts sometime this fall.

At about the time Si Jayne was being bound over by the Cook County grand jury, murder struck in the bluegrass country. Mrs. Mary Marrs Cawein, 39, daughter of the internationally famous horse-auctioneer, George Swinebroad, and a member of the Lexington, Ky. show set, was found dead in her home. She and her husband, Dr. Madison Cawein III, had spent the evening with their close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Strother Jr., at the Idle Hour Country



Murdered in Kentucky, Mrs. Mary Marrs Cawein was the victim in Carbolic Acid Cocktail Case

Club. After leaving the club Dr. Cawein decided to spend the night at the Strother residence, and Mr. Strother, a Lexington attorney, took Mary Marrs home. The following morning Betty Strother dropped by the Cawein house and found Mrs. Cawein dead. An autopsy showed she had been poisoned, specifically with carbolic acid. Significant quantities of alcohol were found in her body, and there were two needle marks, one on each thigh. Whether the poison was injected or added to a drink is uncertain, but after a five-week hiatus the coroner finally labeled the death homicide. By this time the case had become known locally as "The Carbolic Acid Cocktail" murder.

Following the Keeneland Sales on July 26-27 the Thoroughbred Club of America collected $4,000 in donations as a reward for information leading to the arrest of Mrs. Cawein's killer, but no one has thus far claimed it. "This isn't the sort of murder," said one longtime Lexington resident, "that's committed by the bushy-haired stranger." The Lexington police have come in for much criticism for their failure to open a full-scale investigation until a month after the murder. Rumors say that many of the city's most influential and respected citizens may be involved in the questioning, but there is no talk of imminent arrests. It seems highly possible that the tragic and bizarre death of Mary Marrs Cawein will remain forever unexplained.

Finally, there is a somewhat less violent but still mysterious happenstance that is being dealt with in court—The Case of the Vanishing Blade, or Who Stabbed Tinker Jones at the Devon Horse Show? Jones, you may recall (SI, June 21), formerly was the trainer at Greystone Manor Stables. While he was in the Devon show ring he bumped into a Greystone horse ridden by the new trainer, Redd Crabtree. The Stables' second trainer, Forrest Gibson, was watching from a position at the rail and yelled to Jones to desist. When the class ended, Jones and Gibson tangled at the gate, and in the resulting confusion Jones was stabbed. Gibson, pleading innocence, was arrested, but no knife or other blade was found on him or in the area. A member of the Easttown Township, Pa. police force did take a possible weapon from Greystone Manor's effects, a pair of scissors. But when the officer dropped it into a plastic bag to preserve poss ble fingerprints, the scissors sliced neatly through the bag's bottom and into the dirt. So that lead, for whatever it was worth, is of dubious value now. Gibson is currently at liberty on a $500 bond, and in preliminary proceedings two witnesses have failed to identify him. This may turn out to be another unsolved affair.

•

There is no connection, of course, between any of these violent events, except that all of the people have been prominent in the horse-show world. Is it likely that the intense passions aroused in this highly sophisticated and supposedly civilized competition could be a common denominator in all four cases? One would hardly think so, but on the record the horse people make Juan Marichal and his bludgeoning bat look pretty tame. **END**



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A look at old and new favorites—plus analyses of 133 major and 77 small-college teams by Dan Jenkins, Mervin Hyman and Gary Ronberg

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A PLAIN FULL OF HOSSES

THE LEGEND

One October afternoon in 1934, Lloyd Cardwell, a Nebraska sophomore halfback, stormed around end, knocked several of Iowa State's would-be tacklers off their feet and ran 45 yards for a touchdown. It was the first time Cardwell had ever carried the ball for the varsity and the shock of his sudden dash was so great that it caused Frederick Ware, sports editor of the *Omaha World Herald*, to write, "It's his roaring, tearing, gay, freebooting way that reminds me of the defiant, joyous, speeding wild horse that loves to run with the wind on the plains." Forever after, Lloyd Cardwell was known to followers of Nebraska football as The Wild Hoss of the Plains.

Cardwell was a red-faced, rangy, self-assured kid who stood 6 feet 4 and weighed 190 pounds. His specialty was the wide sweep, a favorite weapon of Coach Dana X. Bible. He would take off with long, powerful strides, his knees shooting up high and the ball—which always looked like a plump gourd in his oversized hand—held daringly out from his body. Instinctively, when tacklers got close, he would pull the ball in, lower his head and run over them. He was as effective against Chicago, Minnesota, Kansas State and Oklahoma, then among the reigning powers of the Midwest, as he was against lesser opponents. In the three seasons he played with Nebraska, Cardwell scored 20 touchdowns and led the team to 19 victories and two Big Six (later the Big Eight) championships. Nebraska has had other fine runners before and since—George Sauer, Sam Francis (Cardwell's All-America teammate in 1936), Harry Hopp, Bobby Reynolds and Thunder Thornton. None, however, was more exciting or damaging than Cardwell.

As a high school star at Seward, Neb., Cardwell had lots of college offers, but the late Indian Schulte, assistant football and head track coach, talked him into coming to Nebraska—without a scholarship. Even in the '30s, when recruiting was more casual than it is today, it was the odd football player who did not get a free ride. Cardwell remembers, "When we'd play Pitt, their guys wouldn't believe we weren't getting our tuition. So we said that we were. We didn't want to seem dumb playing for nothing."

Cardwell played for nothing in an era of spectacular backs—which may explain why he never made All-America. Players like Jay Berwanger of Chicago and Bill Shakespeare of Notre Dame were perhaps flashier, ran with more finesse and received better publicity, but in one match-up with the great Berwanger in 1935 Cardwell ran back a kickoff 87 yards and outscored his rival three touchdowns to one. Nebraska won 28–7.

"I had good balance and could run faster," recalls Cardwell who, at 52, is still lean and trim in his job as track and cross-country coach at the University of Omaha. Indeed,

he was so fast that he ran the 100 in 9.7 and was the Big Six high-hurdles and broad-jump champion.

Cardwell closed out his college career the way he began it, running 58 yards for a touchdown against Oregon State the last time he carried the ball for Nebraska in 1936. It was a typical Cardwell run. "There wasn't much distance between the end and the right sideline," wrote one admiring sports-writer. "Cardie went snorting through the narrow gap, bowled over the end and cut diagonally across the field. Both teammates and foemen were behind him, and they stayed there as The Wild Hoss streaked to his last college touchdown."

They have not yet begun to call Frank Solich (*see cover*) The Wild Pony, but some people might before this season is over. Like Lloyd Cardwell, Solich cannot pass or punt; as the smallest fullback in major-college football, neither is he big enough to block the giant ends and tackles Nebraska will face this fall. So, he just runs.

But, unlike Cardwell, who careened recklessly into defenders, Solich darts, dodges and scurries among them like a mouse on a hot tin roof. He did it so well last year that he was the Huskers' leading rusher with 444 yards and returned 20 punts and kickoffs another 337. He ran one kickoff 89 yards for a touchdown against Oklahoma State. "He's a tough kid who doesn't recognize that he's so much littler than anybody else on the field," says Coach Bob Devaney.

Solich is only 5 feet 8 and weighs 157 pounds, about the size of an underdeveloped cheerleader. Last year he taped five pounds of weights under his shorts on weigh-in day so he would tip the scales at 162. "That looks better than 157 on the program," he said with a grin.

In this age of outsized football players, Solich is a curious sight alongside his fellow Nebraskans. But in Devaney's T formation the fullback is rarely called upon to block and Solich's lack of size, when combined with his amazing quickness, is actually a help in getting away on quick pops through the middle. This year he will play at times at left half, where his speed will enable him to run outside, hopefully, the way Cardwell did.

THE BEST

There are few coaches who win as often as NEBRASKA's Devaney, a man with an ineffable knack for accumulating large, capable football players by the cattle-car lot. In three seasons his teams have built a 28–5 record and won the Big Eight title twice. This year the Huskers could move up that one final notch to a national championship.

Even Devaney admits Nebraska will be good—"Better than last year," he says—but he shies away from complete iconoclasm by qualifying his optimism. "We have less backfield depth than at any other time since I've been here," complains Devaney.

Translated, this means that Devaney, who in the past often resembled the little old lady in the shoe, can now count all his players. The count still runs high. The Huskers, for example, may be the only team in the country this season with two outstanding quarterbacks. Taking over when Fred Duda broke his leg in the third game last year, Bob Churchich completed 54 passes for 893 yards and ran for 142. Duda, who spent the summer strengthening his leg by jumping in and out of railroad cars on his job as a laborer, is an even better passer and harder runner. Churchich, however, is more of a gambler and is slicker on the pitchouts and pass options Devaney likes to use in his multiple T. Churchich will probably start.

Then there is Lighthorse Harry Wilson, a tough-running halfback who made Arkansas' mighty defenses look plain ordinary in the Cotton Bowl. At fullback, Devaney can choose between little Solich and big Pete Tatman, a 223-pound bruiser with good speed. When Tatman is playing, Solich can move to left half in place of Ron Kirkland, the team's punter, but Devaney, ever the pessimist, would like a couple more Kirklands and Solichs as insurance.

At offensive end, Devaney may have too much insurance. Freeman White (split) and Tony Jeter (tight), are only the best pair in the country. Exceptional blockers, they also gobbled up 35 passes between them in 1964. So what does a coach do with Dennis Richnafsky, the fleet 6-foot-4, 225-pound sophomore end? Richnafsky was such a standout pass receiver in the spring game that Devaney remarked, and not casually, "He did the finest job of pass-catching I have ever seen in Memorial Stadium."

Nebraska's other offensive linemen are tinged with green—235-pound Tackle Dennis Carlson is the only returning starter—but there is a lot of size on them to tinge, such as Jim Brown's 251 pounds and Bob Taucher's 278 pounds.

The most impressive thing about the Huskers, however, is their defense. Ten members of the unit that was No. 2 in the nation in total defense are still around. The ends, Langston Coleman and Mike Grace; the tackles, 230-pound John Strohmeyer and 256-pound Dick Czap; Middle Guard Walt Barnes, who goes 234, and Linebacker Mike Kennedy are experts. Anyone who gets through this crew will have to earn his way.

With so much talent, Nebraska's one fear should be of getting bushwhacked through overconfidence. The test will come against Missouri on October 30 in Columbia.

Perhaps it is too much to hope for two miracles in a row. But NOTRE DAME, despite the loss of its John Huarte-Jack Snow aerial act, conceivably could win all of its games this time. Coach Ara Parseghian got a rare glimpse of the Holy Grail last year when, for all but the final two minutes of the season, his team was No. 1 in the nation. Then USC decided it had better take a closer look at the Irish credentials.

Right now Parseghian is not even thinking about the national championship. In fact, he is not thinking past October 23. That is when USC comes to South Bend, where more than one good team has been known to wither in the din raised by 60,000 yelling Irish. "That's the game we really want," says Parseghian.

But before Notre Dame can get ready for anyone, it needs a quarterback to replace Huarte. Bill Zloch, a tall senior who has played only 10 minutes—at split end—may be the solution, but two sophomores, Tom Schoen and John Pergine, are also in the running. None of them, unfortunately, passes like Huarte. Thus, Notre Dame's power I, so dramatically effective last season, will undergo revisions. "We'll be more of a running team," explains Parseghian. "We'll play possession and field-position football and make teams come to us."

The resourceful Parseghian has the material for this less exciting but sound game. Nick Eddy, the fast left halfback, has no equal at slashing inside tackle or around the ends, and Bill Wolski, the other halfback, is a good heavy-duty man. Fullback Larry Conjar is another hard hitter inside.

To get the right linemen for the offense, Parseghian has had to break up a fine defensive front. Don Gmitter moves over to split end to team with Phil Sheridan, who stays tight, and 245-pound Tom Regner goes to guard with 230-pound Dick Arrington, a fast-moving blocker who may be Notre Dame's best lineman. Tackles Rudy Konieczny, a bruising sophomore, and Bob Meeker and Center George Goeddeke round out an interior that averages 237.

Even with the switches, the defense still has a frightening look. Half the front four—Kevin Hardy, a massive 270-pound tackle, and Alan Page, the 230-pound end—remain.

continued

They will now be assisted by Pete Duranko, a 225-pound junior tackle, and Harry Long, who started at end last year but hurt his knee in the opening game. All three deep defenders, Tony Carey, Tom Longo and Nick Rassas, are also back. The only place where Notre Dame might be weaker is at linebacker—Jim Carroll is gone—but Jim Lynch and Arunas Vasys remain, and both are big and quick.

There are no big switches contemplated at MICHIGAN. The Wolverines are content, thank you, with some outstanding football players back from a team that lost only once, won the Big Ten championship and beat Oregon State in the Rose Bowl. They are good enough to repeat that performance, but not, of course, without running the usual gauntlet of Big Ten competition.

Coach Bump Elliott, a cautious man, is aware of what lies ahead. "I figure we have to be about 50% better to win this time," he says. "Everybody will be trying to take our heads off. But it's better to be at the top than at the other end. We've been there, too, you know."

Yes, they have, and not too long ago, at that. The Wolves rooted around in the Big Ten second division for years until Elliott suddenly improved—his recruiting, that is, not his coaching. The recruiting produced players like Quarterback Bob Timberlake and Fullback Mel Anthony of last year's team and a handsome residue of linemen and backs who can keep Elliott at the top.

The loss of Timberlake is not quite the disaster it seems. Dick Vidmir, who as a sophomore last September almost had Timberlake's job until he broke his leg on the eve of the season, will run the team. Vidmir, still a sophomore in eligibility, has remarkable poise and is a splendid passer. He throws with a peculiar motion, very much like a baseball catcher, but he gets the ball away quickly and his pitches are accurate and swift. He also is an exciting runner, perfect for Michigan's multiple T with its rollouts, options and sweeps.

Vidmir will direct a group of experienced juniors. Carl Ward, the left halfback, is a 9.8 sprinter with good moves, while 220-pound Jim Detwiler, at right half, fills that position with a fullback's build. Dave Fisher, a tough inside plunger, takes over for Anthony at fullback.

Michigan does have some tender spots in its offensive line. Tom Mack and Charlie Kines, two big, hard-blocking tackles, are back, but the ends, guards and center are all gone. Consequently, 226-pound Bill Keating has been shifted from defensive tackle to offensive guard. The defense, however, is a pure joy, with Bill Yearby, a 230-pound tackle of All-America caliber, and Tom Cecchini at linebacker the leading protagonists. Roger Rosema, a 212-pound sophomore end, will be a help too.

Elliott is not bothered by the old saw that Big Ten champions rarely repeat because they lack the Rose Bowl incentive. That, he snorts, is hogwash; the Big Ten title is incentive enough. "I feel good about this team," he says and for conservative Bump Elliott that is almost like predicting a championship.

PURDUE Coach Jack Mollenkopf feels even better about his team. In fact, he states flatly, "We're thinking championship. We feel we have one of our finest teams, and if we get the necessary breaks, we can win it."

Such expansive talk from a man whose team has not won the title since 1929 (when it tied), might surprise some folks. But Purdue was on the verge of winning a year ago—until it lost to Michigan State and Minnesota—and 24 of the lettermen who made that season mostly enjoyable are back.

Two reasons for Mollenkopf's optimism are Bob Griese, an excellent passer, and Bob Hadrick, a superb split end who runs unusually deceptive patterns and cuts. Griese completed 76 passes for 934 yards last year, and Hadrick caught 37 of them. A repeat performance by both could be good enough to get the Boilermakers to Pasadena.

"Griese this year is more mature, passes better and has a much better idea of what he wants to do with the ball," Mollenkopf claims. For one thing, Griese can have more confidence in his pass blockers. Karl Singer, a quick, 235-pound offensive tackle, is an especially good protector.

Purdue's game will also feature some spirited running. Halfback Gordon Teter, fast though small, racked up 614 yards last year, while Fullback Randy Minniear, who pounds the middle hard, plunged for 438 yards and eight touchdowns. With runners like these, opposing defenses cannot afford to spread too far for Griese's passes.

Defensively, Purdue will have to correct a few weaknesses if it is to beat out Michigan. The Boilermakers gave up points—146 of them—much too easily in 1964. Now Mollenkopf thinks he has the solution to his problem: size. Tackle Jerry Shay is 230 pounds, Mike Barnes, the other tackle, is 239, Middle Guard Jack Calcaterra is 235, and Jim Long, the left end, is 226. The pass defense, so vulnerable in the past, should also be improved. George Catavolos, Charlie King and John Charles, all 10-second men, have had a year to review their mistakes.

To hear OHIO STATE's Woody Hayes tell it, he has more problems than a man caught barefooted in a briar patch. He lost his defensive ends and tackles plus the best defensive back (Arnie Conko) in the Big Ten. Worse yet, his halfbacks run like dray horses. Nevertheless, he predicts, "We'll be in the race for sure."

When Woody Hayes talks like this, the rest of the league listens. It should, for what Hayes is alluding to is the best middle defense—"the claws and the beak," he calls it—in the conference. Linebackers Ike Kelley and Tom Bugel are the claws, and Middle Guard Bill Ridder the beak, and all three like to devour ballcarriers. So does Dick Himes, an exceptional 235-pound sophomore who is the new short-side end. Ohio State also has a sharp-blocking offensive line that has been strengthened by some switches designed to make the Bucks more formidable up front. Doug Van Horne, a 236-pound tackle, was moved to guard and 230-pound Guard Ray Pryor to center.

Almost any other coach would be delighted to have a quarterback who is a good passer. Not Woody Hayes. He bemoans the fact that Don Unverferth, who last season threw more passes (160) and completed more (73) than most Ohio State quarterbacks do in several years, cannot run. The apples of Hayes's eye are a fullback who can bash up the middle and a halfback who can make an occasional sweep to relieve the monotony of the fullback's bashings.

Happily, Hayes has the kind of fullbacks he likes. Will Sander, a 215-pounder who plunged 147 times for 626 yards last season, is back, and Tom Barrington, a plunger of similar proportions and propensities who played halfback in 1964 is a fullback now, too. Unhappily, State is desperate for outside speed. Hayes thought he had some in Rudy Hubbard and Dave Reynolds, a pair of sophomores who looked so good Hayes toyed with the idea of changing his philosophy of offense. But Hubbard had a knee operation in the spring and now may not be sprightly enough to warrant a big change, and Reynolds flunked out of school. That leaves Hayes with Bo Rein, more a power runner. The tried and true look of fullbacks-up-the-middle and halfbacks-off-tackle will be seen for another year at Ohio State—a successful year, to be sure.

If Nebraska is going to come a cropper in the Big Eight, the team most likely to dust it off is MISSOURI. We say this on our own authority, not Coach Dan Devine's. He is the sort of man who frets even with a

continued


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42–0 lead. Give him 18 lettermen, a quarterback who has twice led the conference in total offense and his swiftest backfield ever and Devine will discover an inexperienced man subbing on the offensive line—and who trusts passing?

Devine's football is about as exciting as Woody Hayes's. He pounds opposing teams with off-tackle smashes and deadly wide sweeps out of his wing T and then waits for them to make a mistake. When they do, his quick, eager defenders usually swoop in to snatch away the game. The explosiveness of this year's backfield, however, may conspire to make the Tigers interesting despite their coach's conservative bent.

The halfbacks are so good that Johnny Roland, who was the ninth-best runner in the country with 802 yards as a sophomore in 1962, plays mostly defense. Charlie Brown, provided he has fully recovered from a springtime knee operation, and Earl Denney are dazzling runners who will have to be superdazzlers if they are to outshine Monroe Phelps, a smallish junior who has been restored to eligibility after a year at Joplin Junior College. Gary Lane, the quarterback, runs like a halfback, too, and gained 432 yards in 1964. But Lane's passes (he completed 50 for seven touchdowns) sometimes tend to splatter. He threw 14 interceptions, mainly because he has trouble picking up alternate receivers when the primary one is covered.

That is a worry and so is the offensive line. Five starters were graduated, and Devine is concerned that he will not find guards fast enough to lead the sweeps. But there is nothing wrong with the defense, especially the left side where sophomore End Russ Washington plays alongside 220-pound Bruce Van Dyke at tackle and 215-pound Bill Powell at guard. The only trouble is Missouri will have to play Kentucky and Minnesota before it even gets to Nebraska.

TULSA may not be the best team in the Midwest, but the Hurricanes will be college football's flashiest—and No. 1 in the Missouri Valley. Coach Glenn Dobbs would rather pass than run any day. He believes football is more fun that way.

It was not much fun for Tulsa's rivals last year when Jerry Rhome was pitching, Howard Twilley catching and the Hurricanes were winning their third straight NCAA passing title. Rhome is gone, but Twilley, an elusive split end who caught 95 passes, is back. Dobbs thought he had two good passers to throw to Twilley but now he is down to one. Glenn III, the coach's son, had knee surgery early in the month, and that left only Billy Guy Anderson, an expert short passer. Preseason operations also cost Tulsa two other starters—Wingback Brent Roberts (knee) and 9.4 sprinter Jimmy Hall (shoulder), while Tailback Bob Daugherty is still recovering from *his* knee surgery.

With those kind of injuries, most coaches would be wringing their hands. But Dobbs has the biggest linemen in college football to protect his new backs. His defensive line averages 240 pounds, the offensive interior 245. The largest is Willie Townes, a 271-pound tackle who loves to bat down passes—and ballcarriers—when they come his way.

BOWLING GREEN has a new athletic director, a new coach and the usual complement of large, able players. It should win the Mid-American Conference title again. Doyt Perry, who was the nation's winningest coach (77–10–5) in the last 10 years, retired to the athletic director's chair, and Bob Gibson, his personable young assistant, has taken over.

Gibson faces a pleasant future. His squad is two-deep in prize lettermen, including four All-Conference stars, and it has size and speed. Jerry Jones, a mobile 270-pound tackle, 230-pound Center Heath Wingate and End Jamie Rivers are the kind of linemen who bury ballcarriers. Tom Luettke, a 240-pound sophomore fullback, is so good that he has moved Stew Williams, another 240-pound blockbuster—he was the Falcons' leading rusher and All-Conference as a sophomore—to halfback. Luettke broke Williams' freshman records for yardage gained.

Bowling Green could use an experienced quarterback and some speed at the halfbacks. But Dick Waring, a transfer from Detroit, may do at quarterback and, with boomers like Williams and Luettke, who needs scatbacks?

THE REST

Whenever a Big Ten coach appraises the teams in his conference these days, he almost always winds up with a warning to watch out for Iowa and Minnesota. Considering what happened to both teams last year, this seems curious, particularly where IOWA is concerned. The Hawkeyes won only three games in 1964, gave up 209 points, more than any other Big Ten team, and finished in a tie for last place.

But they did good things, too, and these are what rival coaches choose to remember. Iowa gained more yardage than anyone else, and only Michigan scored more points. Also Iowa has 25 lettermen returning, including John Niland, a 238-pound guard who could end up an All-America, and Flanker Karl Noonan, the finest pass catcher in the league. And then there is Gary Snook, a cocky quarterback who had the conference in a dither last season. He threw 311 passes, completed 151 of them for 2,062 yards and 11 touchdowns, all this behind an offensive line that leaked like a New York City reservoir. Noonan, his favorite target, caught 59 passes.

Coach Jerry Burns has now changed his offense to accommodate his quarterback's talents, so opponents can look for a double dose of Snook. Burns has gone to the I formation with a flanker and a split end and will use some belly options. This, he figures, will make the passing game even more effective. The trouble is Snook is just about Iowa's entire offense. The running is skimpy, the defense still suspect and Burns probably will discover that the Hawkeyes cannot live by passing alone. But Snook will scare a lot of teams and maybe beat some good ones.

MINNESOTA, the Big Ten's other potential spoiler, has a slick passer in its stable, too. The Gophers also have 23 of the players who came on fast near the end of 1964, winning three of their last four games. Quarterback John Hankinson, a lean fireballer, was the one who got his team going. He broke just about every Gopher passing record and is so good that Coach Murray Warmath, for years a devotee of the knocking game, has changed his ways. Hankinson will roll out and throw to some excellent receivers. The ends, 6-foot-4 Aaron Brown, who weighs 241 pounds and plays both ways, and 6-foot-5 Kent Kramer, and Flanker Kenny Last, caught 65 passes last year.

Warmath, however, has some weaknesses to overcome. He lost all his linebackers and top defensive backs, and his runners—Halfbacks Dave Colburn and Charley Sanders, a sophomore, and Fullback Joe Holmberg—are untested. The line is intact, but aside from the pass-catching ends and Gale Gillingham, a 235-pound tackle, it does not have the usual forbidding Minnesota look. Unless some sophomores come through quickly, the Gophers may find themselves in a hole.

One other team everybody fears is MICHIGAN STATE. The Spartans will be a little bigger, much faster and, Coach Duffy Daugherty hopes, more productive than they were a season ago. "Last year we had a wide-open passing game, broke every record in Michigan State history—and lost all our big games," he says. "This year we'll run and throw one long incomplete pass every game just to loosen up our opposition."

continued

Daugherty is kidding, of course. He has Quarterback Steve Juday, a gifted thrower who completed 79 passes for 894 yards and nine touchdowns, and Gene Washington, a very fast end (he is the NCAA indoor hurdles champion and runs the 100 in 9.6), to catch. He grabbed 35 last year. Daugherty is not about to ignore that kind of talent. But the Spartans do have some good runners, like Halfback Clinton Jones, another track hurdler who sprinted for 350 yards in 1964, and sophomore Fullback Bob Apisa, a 205-pounder from Hawaii. Daugherty will help his backs to get through the line faster by adding some I to his ever-changing multiple offense.

State's defense also will be tougher. Bubba Smith, a 6-foot-6, 241-pound end, and Middle Guard Harold Lucas, who goes 257 pounds, are impressive, and so are Linebackers Ron Goovert and Charlie Thornhill.

ILLINOIS is not considered much of a threat, and that is all right with Coach Pete Elliott. But he is ready to unleash the finest crop of backs he has ever had. There is Jim Grabowski, the All-America fullback who plowed 186 times for 1,004 yards last season, Quarterback Fred Custardo, who can run *and* pass, and Sam Price, a halfback who can dodge. What's more, Elliott has the best sophomore backs in the conference. One of them, Cyril Pinder, runs with bursting speed that breaks tackles. Ron Bess and John Wright, two other swift sophomores, are good enough to play, too, and they will—Bess behind Price and Wright at split end.

But what is lacking at Champaign is Dick Butkus, the No. 1 college lineman of 1964. He is gone now, and so is almost everybody else from the Illini's offensive and defensive lines. Don Hansen, the other '64 linebacker—and a mighty good one, too—will be busier than a Tokyo subway guard trying to field enemy ballcarriers coming through. Things are so bad that one assistant coach says, "We will have to hold the ball nine minutes a quarter to stay in the game."

At INDIANA new Coach John Pont is ready to scare the rest of the league. The question is, is his team ready, too? Probably not. The Hoosiers have a losing complex to overcome, and then they have to find some pass-rushers and defenders worthy of the name. In losing 13 games during the past two years, Indiana gave up 33 touchdown passes. Pont may move Randy Beisler and Ken Hollister, two big, fast tackles, to defense, hoping they can put some fear into enemy quarterbacks. One thing is sure, under Pont the Hoosiers will be better organized and less inclined to give away games.

About all WISCONSIN and NORTHWESTERN can hope for are quiet, unmutinous alumni. Wisconsin's offense is Charley Burt, a limber-armed quarterback who has never played a varsity game. He was out with mononucleosis in 1964, but Coach Milt Bruhn thinks he passes well enough to disconcert a few opponents. Northwestern's Alex Agase has the same old problem—too few players for his demanding schedule. With Tommy Myers gone, Agase has junked his pro-type attack for a roll-out offense better suited to Dave Milam, the new quarterback, who runs better than he throws. He also switched linemen around recklessly in the spring, but the only really good one is Cas Banaszek, a 230-pound tight end.

Back in the Big Eight, almost everything possible, it seems, has happened to OKLAHOMA's Gomer Jones. First he lost 12 starters, including Fullback Jim Grisham, Halfback Lance Rentzel and Tackle Ralph Neely, all All-Americas. Then Jerry Goldsby, a defensive tackle, underwent a knee operation; Larry Shields, the star safety man, decided to quit school; and Carl Schreiner, a starting guard, signed a baseball contract with the Boston Red Sox.

Is Gomer ready to take the gas pipe? No, he is too philosophic for that. "I try to look at the good things," he says, smilingly, "but some years it is kind of hard finding them."

The "good things" are Carl McAdams, a hyperenergetic linebacker, Ben Hart, a sure-handed split end who has been moved to wingback, and a flock of bright sophomores who just need time to mature. Ron Shotts, a fast 210-pound halfback, is the best. Jones plans to put his young team into a new scatter-and-shot offense and let them go, if he can find a quarterback who can shoot. It could be John Hammond or maybe even one of the two sophomores, Jim Burgar or Gene Cagle. The Sooners will be better in November, in the nick of time for Nebraska and Missouri.

Just about everything is new at KANSAS. The cheerleaders have been replaced by 12 pretty pompon girls, the team will wear red helmets instead of blue and most of the players will be distressingly young. What else is new? Well, Coach Jack Mitchell insists, "We're going to throw the ball."

That will be an innovation. Except for the days when he had John Hadl, Mitchell has always treated the forward pass with the disdain reserved for a fifth cousin. But Gale Sayers now does his running for the Chicago Bears, and Mitchell has Bobby Skahan, a roll-out quarterback who spins a respectable pass. To prepare for the new image, Halfback Sim Stokes has been switched to slotback and Willie Ray Smith to split end. But that does not necessarily mean that the Jayhawks have given up running altogether. Mike Johnson, a flashy carrier, is supposed to take care of that.

Mitchell also has made some shifts designed to improve the defense. Mike Shinn, a 225-pound end, now sound of knee after an operation, may wind up at tackle, and Jeff Elias, another end, moves to linebacker. If the sophomores can supply some badly needed depth, Kansas could cause trouble.

The have-nots in the Big Eight are also on the rise. COLORADO, for one, appears to be on the verge of recovering from the recruiting scandal that turned it into a second-rater. Coach Eddie Crowder has gathered together some impressive sophomores, and Fullback Wilmer Cooks (*see box*) and Halfback Sonny Greer will give his switching T the zest it has lacked. The Buffs would be even tougher if they had a decent passer, but a staunch defense, led by Sam Harris, a bulky 221-pound, two-way end, could possibly turn an upset or two.

OKLAHOMA STATE dressed eight teams for spring practice and perhaps Missouri's Dan Devine has a point when he says, "No one has been able to find out exactly how many players they brought in last year. They won't tell—which makes me think they have a lot of players to conceal." Only seven are gone from a 4-6 team, and Coach Phil Cutchin is not complaining about lack of depth. Fullback Walt Garrison led Big Eight rushers with 730 yards, and Quarterback Glenn Baxter passed for 845 in 1964. The Pokes can form a sizable defense, too, with Tackles Rusty Martin (232 pounds) and Dennis Randall (222 pounds) and Guard Hugh McCrabb. They will be dangerous.

IOWA STATE and KANSAS STATE are still not ready to play on even terms with the other Big Eighters. Iowa State's passing is too sketchy and its defense too ragged, but it does have Les Webster, a strong sophomore halfback. K-State's prospects are mostly in the future. Coach Doug Weaver has 49—yes, 49—sophomores on his roster along with 21 lettermen. At least five of the rookies will start, and one of them, Vic Castillo, will be Weaver's quarterback.

Those perennial Mid-American contenders, Miami of Ohio and Ohio U. may have to take a back seat to a couple of precocious intruders. KENT STATE is ready to give Bowling Green a tussle. Coach Lee Strang has 22 of 28 lettermen back, plus the cream of what he calls "the best freshman team in Ohio—and that includes Ohio State."

Tom Clements, the leading rusher, is still around, but *three* sophomore backs, Don Fitzgerald, Bill Blunt and Doug Landis, may start with senior Quarterback Ron Mollric. The tackles are mammoth-size—sophomore Steve Tarlo is 250 pounds, Waldo Frlich and Howie Tennebar are each 240—and Jon Brooks, the short-side guard and the team's best lineman, is 250 pounds. You just have to believe Strang when he says, "We won't be helpless."

Nor will MARSHALL. The Thundering Herd trampled seven foes last year to finish second in the conference, and Coach Charley Snyder's club is still hungry. Quarterback Howie Miller is a topflight passer, and Tom Good, already drafted by the pros, is a prize linebacker. If they are not enough, consider the size of Snyder's first four tackles. Bill Bobbit weighs 310 pounds, Fred Anderson 260, Don Dixon 248 and sophomore Tom Wilkinson 246.

MIAMI is less affluent than it has been in a long time. Quarterback Ernie Kellermann, who was most of the Redskins' offense for three years, is gone, and Coach Bo Schembechler will change his team's style. He will pull in his wide flanker, split an end and play ball control with Halfback Don Peddie and Fullback Joe Kozar slashing away on the ground. OHIO, mediocre in 1964, will not improve much. Except for Fullback Wash Lyons, who led the league in rushing with 835 yards, Coach Bill Hess's backs are just ordinary but, like almost everybody else in the MAC, he has huge tackles. Willard Parr goes 270 pounds, sophomore Bernie Hull 245 and Bob Blaine 240.

WESTERN MICHIGAN and TOLEDO are still far behind the pack. At Western Michigan, Coach Bill Doolittle also has tremendous tackles—one of them, Torre Ossmo, is 260 pounds—and Jim Reid, a good linebacker, to restrain the opposition, but the Broncos' offense is too tender to penetrate past its rivals' tackles. Toledo, down for so long, could begin to show the results of Coach Frank Lauterbur's intensive rebuilding program. He has 21 lettermen and 34 sophomores from the Rockets' best freshman team in years. Halfback Pete Kramer and Tackle Larry Foels will start, and holdovers Lurley Archambeaut, who moves from tackle to center, End Henry Burch and Fullback Jim Berkey are capable. But, says Lauterbur, "we'll be so green the cows may eat us."

Tulsa got all the glory last year, but CINCINNATI won the Missouri Valley title. Although the Bearcats lost Brig Owens and Al Nelson, the big guns of their 8–2 team, enough fine players are left for another good season. The line is experienced, and Halfbacks Bill Bailey, Dolph Banks and John Smedley, a 9.8 sprinter, will keep the ball moving. All Coach Chuck Studley needs is a quarterback to lead them. He may have two: Mike Flaherty, a Detroit transfer, and sophomore Tony Jackson, a lefty passer.

WICHITA STATE has a new coach, George Karras, and a desire to improve its football. As starters for the antipoverty program, the Shockers have players like Fullback Pete DiDonato, who can pound out yardage, Center Jim Waskiewicz and 235-pound Guard Cecil Cordell, who, Karras says, "is the meanest football player I have ever seen." Cordell injured six players in spring drills and even cracked one skull.

Independent XAVIER will be better. Last year's sophomores are experienced, and Coach Ed Biles hopes to stir up a volatile running game with Walt Mainer, who had knee surgery last fall, and Jim Davis. DAYTON, without enough players of quality, will have to scratch for any victories. Roosevelt Mell, who pounded out 691 yards in 1964, is the only Flyer who flies. The line, particularly, is earth-bound.

CONTINUED

WHEN HE 'SACRIFICES,' WATCH OUT!



Wilmer Cooks is not another Jimmy Brown or a Whizzer White or even a Hugh McElhenny. He is not exceptionally fast nor is he particularly vicious. But because Wilmer Cooks happens to be extremely difficult to tackle with a football under his arm he could become the best sophomore fullback in the Midwest since Jim Grabowski started for Illinois two seasons ago. "The key to just *how* good Wilmer will be remains within him," says Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder. "He's strong and agile and has a fine mind and an outstanding attitude. Now, if he just wants to sacrifice enough."

People around the University of Colorado will be surprised if Cooks does not "sacrifice enough" this fall, simply because that is what he always has done. An honor student at James Madison (Dallas) High, Cooks won letters in basketball and track, as well as football. In his senior year he gained 1,345 yards in 12 games for an 8.3 rushing average and made All-State as both a fullback and a linebacker. During the summers while in high school Cooks worked for an airline company, loading and unloading planes, to help support his mother and sister. During the Christmas holidays last winter he earned $85 so he could buy them presents. "And he didn't spend a dime on himself," says Freshman Coach Dan Stavely, who knows Cooks better than anyone at Colorado. "Like a lot of other southern Negro kids Wilmer isn't really sure of himself yet," Stavely continues, "but give him just one good afternoon with the varsity this fall and he'll be a fullback the pros will love to have."

There are numerous good afternoons awaiting Wilmer Cooks during the next three years if he runs with the football the way he did for Colorado's freshman team in 1964. In the Baby Buffs' two games, Cooks, 6 feet 2 inches, 216 pounds, carried 42 times for 301 yards and was never tackled for a loss. Recently Freshman Coach Jim Bowman of the Air Force Academy said: "Our team played against two future All-Americas in 1964—Warren McVea of Houston and Wilmer Cooks of Colorado." Stavely sums up the Buffalocs' new fullback this way: "He's an outstanding prospect. I'm sure he has the motivation Eddie talks about to make a great player. He's certainly one of the best I've had in 25 years of coaching freshman football players."

Wilmer Cooks, however, is not the only outstanding sophomore to be found in the Midwest this year. Missouri may have one of the nation's finest ends in 6-foot 6-inch, 274-pound Russell Washington, who played single-wing tailback, wingback, blocking back and end on offense and tackle on defense at Southeast High in Kansas City, Mo.

And over at Champaign, Ill., they are already comparing 6-foot-2-inch, 215-pound Halfback Cyril Calvine (Callie) Pinder with J. C. Caroline. What does Pinder do best? Says Illinois Backfield Coach Buck McPhail: "He only runs for touchdowns."



BOB HIGGINS, PENN STATE, '19

NOT A PASSING FANCY

THE LEGEND

Penn State's football heritage is sprinkled with remembered names—Charley Way, Glenn Killinger, Lighthorse Harry Wilson, Rosey Grier, Lenny Moore, Richie Lucas, Dave Robinson are recalled most often—but Bob Higgins is the only Nittany Lion to make All-America twice, first in 1915 and again in 1919, the year he came back from the war as a captain after playing on the 89th Division team that won the AEF championship.

Off the field Bob Higgins was easygoing and something of a joker; on it he was uncompromising. His battered leather helmet pulled down snugly over his ears, he would stand at his end position ready to swoop in on an unsuspecting ballcarrier. Often he would trail an opponent halfway across the field before bringing him down from behind. His exploits in 1919 were legendary.

That was a vintage year for eastern football. Harvard was undefeated and beat Oregon in the Rose Bowl. Colgate, Dartmouth, Navy and Penn State each lost only one game. Most of the players were war veterans, and the football they played was tough and uninhibited. Although Notre Dame had popularized the forward pass in 1913, most eastern teams regarded the weapon as a cowardly stratagem employed in desperation by effete Midwesterners.

Nevertheless, the one play oldtimers still love to talk about when they gather at University Park is a forward pass that Higgins caught in the Pitt game. Dick Harlow, later head coach at Harvard, was one of Coach Hugo Bezdek's assistants, and he had scouted the powerful Panthers for weeks. Harlow noticed that Pitt almost always put nine or 10 men on the line when opposing teams, deep in their own territory, went into punt formation. He was sure that a pass would catch the Panthers by surprise. Bezdek was afraid to try it, but Harlow gave the team the play one day when the coach was absent from practice.

Early in the game the Nittany Lions were pinned down on their own eight-yard line and went into punt formation. Pitt responded characteristically by putting 10 players on the line. The mighty 10 came storming in, but Bill Hess, the kicker, flipped a short screen pass over their heads to Higgins, who ran 92 yards for a touchdown, a play which still stands as Penn State's longest pass completion. The story has it that when Bezdek saw the play coming, he ducked under the bench and did not come out until an assistant manager assured him that Higgins had scored. The Lions went on to win 20–0 for a 7–1 season.

"Anyone could have done it," protests Higgins today. "I just happened to be the guy who was supposed to catch the pass."

But not anyone could have done what Hig did to a favored Penn team earlier that

season. In that game, played in a driving rain, he harassed the poor Quakers so thoroughly that Penn State won 10–0. The next day the Philadelphia *Sunday Press* reported admiringly, "Higgins proved himself one of the most brilliant players in the country. He was in every play, his quick brain working all the time. His anticipation was amazing. He did all the punting, and did it well, caught forward passes like a big league outfielder snares a baseball, and broke up every attack aimed at his end. He was truly magnificent."

Later, as the Penn State coach from 1930 to 1948, Higgins relived many of his glory days. His unbeaten 1947 team still holds the NCAA record for the least number of yards *yielded* per game—17—and his 1948 club tied SMU in the Cotton Bowl. Higgins retired after that season and, in 1960, suffered a stroke which partially paralyzed him. However, he still gets out to see most of the Penn State home games.

One Nittany Lion whom Bob Higgins will enjoy watching this fall is Dick Gingrich, a 5-foot-11, 183-pound safetyman and a relentless tracker of pass receivers and runners. Gingrich was not always a defensive star, however. At Chief Logan High in Burnham, a small mill town the other side of the Seven Mountains from University Park, he was an outstanding left-handed quarterback. When he came to Penn State, Pete Liske was the No. 1 quarterback, so Coach Rip Engle made Gingrich a split end and he caught six passes in 1963 and doubled on defense. Last year he became so good at defense that his coaches think he will be the best safetyman in college football this season.

"He has a terrific attitude," says Engle. "A lot of boys with big high school reputations might have become discouraged by not winning the quarterback job, but not Dick. He will do anything that is needed to win."

Gingrich had a chance to prove Engle's estimate of him in the Houston game last year. With the team's regular place-kicker injured, someone remembered that Gingrich used to do the kicking at Chief Logan. After a quick sideline briefing, he kicked three straight extra points and a 22-yard field goal. Penn State won 24–7.

Like any reformed quarterback Gingrich would like another shot at the position but admits, "It's obvious that defense is my strong point. I'm satisfied now."

So are the Penn State coaches. Dick Gingrich may not be an All-America like Bob Higgins but he has a similar knack for winning.

THE BEST

On a recent afternoon at PENN STATE Engle was talking about his favorite subject, eastern football. "One thing most of the major teams have in common this year," Engle said with only a faint choke in his voice, "is that we have all lost our quarterbacks. I guess maybe now we'll just have to do things differently."

Engle is right. All the really good quarterbacks—Navy's Roger Staubach, Pitt's Fred Mazurek, Army's Rollie Stichweh, Columbia's Archie Roberts, as well as respectable second-liners like Syracuse's Walley Mahle and Penn State's Gary Wydman—are gone. What is more, there is no one with a trace of their abilities in sight anywhere. What will make up for the lack? Look for new offensives, look particularly for variations on the I formation, the newest panacea for impressionable coaches, and look especially for Penn State and Syracuse. They are the teams with the most good players.

To be sure, Engle, a professional worrier, does not see it that way. He never does, even in years—such as three of the last four—when he should, and does, win the Lambert Trophy. What hasn't Engle got in 1965? He hasn't got 22 lettermen, an experienced defense or a seasoned quarterback. What has he got? Just the men to make even Engle forget his losses—five of the seven offensive linemen who stomped all over enemy defenses last November, a clutch of fine running backs and a pride of mammoth-size tackles who go up to 260 pounds. "Aw, that's all baby fat," Engle says.

Maybe so, but most teams will think twice about running at sophomore Mike McBath (235 pounds) and Ed Stewart (225), who flank Dave Rowe (255) in the middle of the Penn State defensive line. And behind them are sophomore Rich Buzin (250) and Joe Vierzbicki (245). The only thing wrong with this bulky group is that, except for Stewart, they have not played very much. But Penn Staters usually show a knack for learning quickly, and the linebackers, John Runnells, Bob Kane and Gary Eberle, a 240-pounder, do know their way around. So does Safety Gingrich.

Penn State's quarterbacking should be handled ably enough by Jack White, who runs much better than he passes—which means State will run more and throw less, relying on options and roll-outs to spread the defenses. Engle also plans to sprinkle his T with more I to take full advantage of the quick, determined running of Halfbacks Don Kunit, Dirk Nye and Mike Irwin. Dave McNaughton, last year's No. 2 fullback, is returning, too, and has looked so good that Engle has switched sophomore Roger Grimes (*see box page 55*) to left half to take advantage of his speed.

These good runners have an aggressive, hard-blocking offensive line in Ends Bill Huber (he caught 25 passes last year) and Gerry Sandusky (who will play defense, too), 230-pound Tackles Bryan Hondru and Joe Bellas, who is an authentic All-America candidate, Guards Chuck Ehinger and Steve Schreckengaust and Center Bob Andronici.

So what is Engle afraid of? SYRACUSE. "My goodness, they have that Floyd Little and all those other big people back," he says. "I just hope we can be close to them." One man who wants it close, too, is Coach Ben Schwartzwalder of Syracuse, who predicts the worst. "I'd have to say that Penn State is the team to beat," he moans. The point should be proved early when State invades crumbly Archbold Stadium on October 16.

Never one for fancy teams—i.e., passing teams—Schwartzwalder is not particularly concerned about the East's quarterback drought. He much prefers a smashing game, and last year the Orange smashed hard enough to lead the nation in rushing with 2,510 yards.

Syracuse will be that kind of a team again. One big reason is Little, the bandy-legged halfback who made All-America as a sophomore. Little burst through the opposition for 828 yards, accounted for 1 681 yards in all, on runs, pass receptions and kick returns, and scored 12 touchdowns. He strikes inside or outside, and now Schwartzwalder has adjusted his unbalanced T to take even greater advantage of Little's remarkable skills.

Little is not alone. Mike Koski, a splendid runner and blocker, is back at right halfback, releasing Ron Oyer to take over at fullback. The most likely choice for quarterback is Ted Holman, a string bean of a left-hander who played defense last year. Holman is only a fair passer but he can run. And if for some wild reason Schwartzwalder wants to throw the ball, he has Rick Cassata, a fine sophomore prospect who is adept at hitting receivers.

Syracuse's stock-in-trade has always been big, punishing linemen, and there is no scarcity of them this year. On offense Pat Killorin, a 230-pound All-America center; Tony Scibelli, a 245-pound outside tackle who has switched positions with 235-pound Guard Gary Bugenhagen, and End Harris Elliott are all experienced at leveling defenders. John McGuire, a 6-foot-5 end transfer from

continued

Colorado, knows how to catch passes—which could surprise the opposition.

The defense hardly needs sprucing up (it was sixth in the country in 1964), and it looks even better with two big sophomores filling in some gaps. Dennis Fitzgibbons, who goes 240 pounds, takes over at tackle, while Larry Csonka, a versatile 230-pounder, will strengthen the linebacking. The deep secondary, which had trouble against passes last year, is tighter, too, with Charley Brown and Terry Roe and George Fair.

ARMY Coach Paul Dietzel, who last fall finally beat Navy, was faced with a dilemma this spring. His entire backfield and most of his offensive line had been graduated and he was left with only 15 lettermen. Looking around for a drastic remedy, he deposited himself and staff of coaches at the knee of the USC coach and I-formation expert, John McKay. The I henceforth will complement Dietzel's all-too-familiar T.

Quicker than the I, Dietzel began juggling his players. Sonny Stowers, a linebacker, went to tailback, Mark Hamilton from tailback to fullback, Sam Champi from split end to tight end, Dave Ray from tight end to center, Vince Casillo from tackle to middle guard, John Montanaro from tackle to offensive guard, and Pete Braun from middle guard to linebacker. A large sophomore, 235-pound Don Roberts, was installed at offensive tackle, and Terry Young, another promising rookie, took over at split end.

What Army wound up with is a relatively experienced and fairly solid defense but a still questionable offense. The ends, Dave Rivers and Tom Schwartz, and the tackles, John Carber and sophomore Steve LaKamp, are strong operators, while Townsend Clarke, a 210-pound junior who delights in bashing heads, may be the second-best linebacker (behind Texas' Tommy Nobis) in the country. At least Dietzel thinks so. "Townie," he says, "has an amazing faculty for getting to the ball, and he considers it a personal affront if he doesn't make the tackle."

Fred Barofsky, the new quarterback, who was a good enough runner to play halfback occasionally last year, Hamilton, Stowers and Flanker Back Carl Woessner, a rugged 198-pound sophomore, can move the ball on the ground, which is where Dietzel likes to play his football. But there is a disturbing uncertainty that they can move it well enough to beat teams like Tennessee, Boston College, Notre Dame, Stanford and, of course, Navy.

If they cannot, Cadet followers may be treated to the unlikely sight of Curt Cook, the No. 2 quarterback and a strong-armed passer, flinging the ball from almost anywhere on the field. Even Dietzel, a genuine football conservative, is prepared for this eventuality. "I guarantee we'll startle some people when we line up on the five-yard line and throw a pass," he says. "Including me," adds Dietzel, with a grimace.

New NAVY Coach Bill Elias, who replaces Wayne Hardin, will be startled only if his team does not pass. He likes a wide-open, pro-type offense with split ends and flankers, and that is what he has installed at Annapolis. The defense will be just as wild with stunts, blitzes and anything else Elias can dream up to confuse the opposition. "What we want to do," explains Elias, "is attack even when we're on defense."

Pretty big talk for a coach who starts with a brand-new backfield and still is not sure who his quarterback is going to be. About all that Hardin left behind when he was fired was a handful of linemen and the usual Navy enthusiasm. That would be enough to discourage most men. But not the affable Elias, who endured four years at Virginia before coming to Navy and is so confirmed an optimist he honestly believes his green team has a chance to win every game.

The contending quarterbacks, Bruce Bickel and Phil Bassi, sound like a vaudeville act, but Elias is convinced that one of them, probably Bickel, who spins a fair pass and runs moderately well, will be able to handle his souped-up offense. After that, however, he just hopes. Steve Shrawder, Al Roodhouse and Tom Leiser, routine runners all, are the ranking halfbacks, and Danny Wong, a stubby (5-feet-6, 192 pounds), thick-legged Chinese lad, is the fullback.

There are problems in the line, too. Aside from Harry Dittmann, a robust 6-foot-6, 247-pound center, Tackle Bob Wittenberg and End Phil Norton, the offensive line lacks the spit and polish to match Elias' ambitions. The defense is even shakier. Don Downing, a 227-pound linebacker, and Tackle Fred Moosally, the best players, will have to get some instant help from sophomores if Navy is going to stop anybody.

It does not take a trained psychologist to notice that little gleam in PITT Coach John Michelosen's eye these days. Obviously, he is relieved not to have Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield kibitzing his football coaching. The chancellor resigned last July and presumably his successor will be more concerned with getting Pitt out of its current financial difficulties than with football.

But now Michelosen has other worries. He insists that quarterback is not one of them because Kenny Lucas, a senior, is an excellent play caller and good passer. Lucas is a fair passer but he cannot run and this will limit the Pitt offense. Eventually, Michelosen may have to take a chance on sophomore Bob Bazylak, who lacks Lucas' know-how but is much better at scrambling. Both quarterbacks, fortunately, will have sophomore End Bob Longo to pass to.

The rest of the backfield is racy enough. Eric Crabtree, a fast, elusive halfback, is always a long-scoring threat. Bob Dyer, a squirmy 5 feet 9, is similarly talented, while Barry McKnight, who ran for 551 yards in 1964, is back at fullback.

Pitt's major problems are in the line. The offensive blockers, except for Guards Tom Qualey and Joe Novogratz, are not really devastating, and the defensive tackles also worry the coach. Jim Jones, at 265 pounds, is not exactly a panther, and Al Keiser, who plays the other side, is merely adequate. But there are some bright spots. Jim Flanigan, a rough, 220-pound middle linebacker, is good enough to have already impressed the pros, while Greg Keller, a 6-foot-3 sophomore end, is potentially good.

Despite Pitt's obvious shortcoming, Michelosen remains calm—even in the face of a killer schedule that reads suspiciously like somebody's top 10. Realistically a 5-5 season would be an accomplishment.

One team that could surprise a lot of people is BOSTON COLLEGE. The Eagles have come back a long way under enterprising Coach Jim Miller, and this could be their year. Miller thinks that he now has the size, strength and depth to challenge teams like Army, Penn State, Miami (Fla.) and Syracuse, all on the BC schedule this year.

"We're not going to be run over by anybody," predicts Miller, whose offensive and defensive lines average a tidy 224 pounds and are not likely to wear thin under heavy pounding. Not with tackles like Dick Powers (240), Jim Chevillot (235), sophomore Ron Persuitte (240) and Tom Sarkisian (240) or ends like Joe Pryor (230) and Dick Capp (245). The center, Bob Hyland, goes 240. The nice thing about them is that they all have good movement and speed.

The Eagles also have something no other major eastern independent has—a seasoned quarterback. Ed Foley, a 6-foot senior, is experienced at running Miller's imaginative offense, a multiple smorgasbord of T and I, and he can throw the ball. He completed 72 of 144 passes for 947 yards last season. Foley will not have Jim Whalen or Bill Cronin, last year's fine ends, to throw to, but Charlie Smith, Gordon Kutz and Pryor, the new offensive wingmen, are cut in the same mold.

The real nugget in BC's offense, however, is Brendan McCarthy, the sophomore fullback who is tough to bring down when he plunges into the line. And for the fancier outside running, the Eagles have Ron Gentili, Hank Blaha, and Tom Carlyon and a whole bevy of sophomores who can fly. It looks like another pleasant year, maybe even an 8–2 one, for BC.

PRINCETON, undefeated in 1964 and still seething over not getting the Lambert Trophy, remains the team to beat in the Ivy League. But at least three other teams —Darmouth, Harvard and Cornell—have a chance to hold the Tigers this time.

What encourages the challengers is that Princeton has suffered some severe losses, notably All-America Fullback Cosmo Iacavazzi and Tailback Don McKay. But Bert Kerstetter will fill in at fullback and Coach Dick Colman, who collects tailbacks by the brace, has eight on his roster. One, senior Ron Landeck, a defensive safety who also played behind McKay last season, is an excellent runner and passer. If things get sticky for Colman's single wing, there is always Charley Gogolak, the slight, soccer-style kicker, to side-boot a field goal. He kicked nine last year.

The Tigers are equally blessed in the line. They still have Paul Savidge and Stas (pronounced Stash) Maliszewski (pronounced Malishefsky), a pair of quick, muscular, 215-pound offensive guards who may be the best such tandem ever at Princeton. They play both ways, Savidge at defensive tackle and Maliszewski at linebacker, and along with Center Kit Mill and End Lawson Cashdollar, they give the Tigers the nucleus for another stern line.

DARTMDUTH will go after Princeton's title with one of the flashiest sets of backs that Coach Bob Blackman has ever had. Quarterback Mickey Beard, a 19-year-old junior who can run and throw (he did both for 865 yards last year), is the leader and he will get valuable assistance from Bob D'Brien and Paul Klungness, a pair of seatbacks, and Mike Urbanic, a hammering fullback. When Beard throws—and it will be often—his No. 1 target will be Bob MacLeod Jr., a 6-foot-4 junior who runs pass patterns and catches passes like a pro.

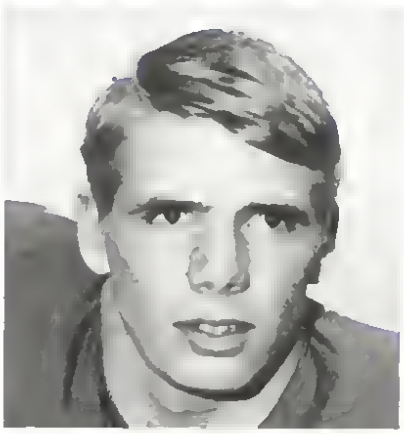
Blackman likes nothing better than to tantalize his Ivy colleagues with a wild variety of formations, and this fall his Indians will display everything from the V to the wing T, slot T, double slot, I and anything else the ingenious Blackman can think of. But whether Dartmouth can win depends largely upon a couple of sore-legged defensive linemen. If End Tom Clarke (broken ankle) and Gerry LaMontagne (broken leg), a 225-pound tackle, have recovered completely from last year's infirmities, the Indians may be able to patch up a leaky defense that gave up 135 points in 1964.

When the Ivy League publicists assembled last spring for their annual guess-together they picked Dartmouth and HARVARD to win the championship. That prompted one churlish fellow—not a Yale man, either—to note, enviously, that each year the Crimson gets "the best material in the league."

Harvard Coach John Yovicsin, healthy again after undergoing successful open-heart surgery in April, scoffs at this. Further, he insists that his squad has been mortally wounded by the loss of an entire line and, quite unexpectedly, half his offense. Fullback Pat Conway and End Pete Hall, two starters, are out for some very un-Ivy-like conduct Despite its woes, the Crimson still has enough experienced players (16) around for Yovicsin to form his usual demanding defense. He will rebuild his lines around hard, uncompromising types like End Ken Boyda, Tackle Steve Diamond and Linebacker Bob Barrett. Harvard's flanker T will be as landlocked as ever but, even so, extremely effective on the run. John McCluskey, a sprint-out, option quarterback, and fast Halfbacks Wally Grant and Bobby

continued

HE'S TOO GOOD TO BE FALSE



Halfback Roger Grimes of Penn State is the kind of player central casting might have dreamed up to play the All-American boy in a football film. Says Coach Rip Engle, who does not make his pay as a Hollywood agent: "He's a very down-to-earth boy—polite, studious, good character, religious, wonderful home life, small high school, good athlete —simply one heck of a fine boy." This answer to a movie coach's prayers, or Rip Engle's, for that matter, grew up within a long forward pass of Penn State, in the old iron-mining hamlet of Cornwall. ("I'm the first graduate of Cornwall ever to play big-time football," says Grimes. "Football is second to education for me, but I wanted to prove I could make it.") At Cornwall High, Grimes was the State Class-B shotput champion, the football captain and, of course, class and student council president. As a senior he gained 1,132 yards in 135 tries and scored 102 points. In last year's Big 33 game between the best Pennsylvania and Texas schoolboys, he averaged nine yards a carry and, in Penn State's only two freshman games last fall, rushed for 214 yards, caught two passes for 65 more yards and scored three touchdowns. Slightly below six feet and weighing 210 pounds, Grimes has good speed and plenty of power, as well as an ability to find a hole in the line and get through it quickly. But what makes him something special on the football field is his exceptional balance. "Roger can be knocked off stride and sent stumbling from a would-be tackler, keep his feet and on the very next step be going full speed again," says Backfield Coach Joe Paterno.

A back who may be as good as Grimes is Boston College's Brendan McCarthy, but he is more in the Frank Merriwell mold. McCarthy was a high school All-America in both football and basketball at DeMatha High in Washington, D.C. and was considered such an outstanding prospect in each sport that he received 170 scholarship offers in football and 35 for basketball. No one else really had a chance at him, though, since his father played football for BC—in the mid-'30s—and Brendan wanted a Jesuit education. A 6-foot-3 215-pounder, McCarthy was listed as BC's fourth fullback when spring training started, but by the time it was over, he was No. 1. "Brendan's biggest assets," says Boston College Coach Jim Miller, "are his size and his strength. He's very strong and he has that power step to move him away from a tackler when he's getting hit. It often takes two or three men to haul him down."

Among those who will try to bring down McCarthy and Grimes this season will be Linebacker Larry Csonka of Syracuse. Other sophs worth watching are Pittsburgh's split end, Bob Longo, Tackle Don Roberts of Army and Penn Quarterback Bill Creeden.

Leo are all stylish runners. They could be good enough for Harvard to win the title.

CORNELL, despite the loss of six All-Ivy players, five of them linemen, has the defense and the backs to make a first-rate run at the championship. The defense is large and solid, with 230-pound All-Ivy Tackle Phil Ratner moving to linebacker to help holdover Tom Guise, 220-pound Dave Hanlon at tackle, and Craig Gannon, a 300-pound sophomore guard.

The backfield is pleasingly competent. Quarterback Marty Sponaugle can handle Coach Tom Harp's wing T, and he is an adequate runner and passer. Fullback Bill Wilson ran for 659 yards last year, while Tailback Pete Larson scored five times. Trouble is they are all slow, and the Big Red offensive line is green. How well Cornell fares will depend on its newcomers.

MASSACHUSETTS, a "small college" with big ideas, lost Jerry Whelchel, its do-everything quarterback, and two other starting backs, but Coach Vic Fusia, a master craftsman and recruiter, is not worried one bit. All he did was dig into the deep reservoir of talent he has assembled, and, presto, up came sparkling sophomores like Greg Landry, a splendid 6-foot-3 roll-out quarterback, and Don Durkin, a free-running halfback. Fusia's T is designed for ball control, and he wants his quarterbacks to run like halfbacks and throw well, but sparingly, and his halfbacks to cut corners like racing drivers. Landry and Durkin fit these specifications nicely.

The Redmen also have some outstanding linemen to dress up their new, 24,000-seat stadium this fall. The best are Bernie Dallas, a rough-and-tumble linebacker, and Ends Milt Morin and Bob Meers. Morin, a 6-foot-4 245-pounder who plays both ways, already has the pros talking. Meers is a superb pass catcher. Massachusetts, which has lost only one regular-season game in two years, should breeze to its third straight Yankee Conference Beanpot.

THE REST

It is a strange year when YALE is not among the best, but the Elis, after a brief respite, are back on hard times. Although Coach John Pont, who departed for Indiana after a sobering two years without spring practice, left behind 20 lettermen for his successor, Carmen Cozza, formerly his assistant, they were mostly second-line reserves. The nub of Yale's tough defense is gone. Cozza, who plays his football like Pont—grim and pounding—starts his reconstruction up front with End Bob Kenney, Guard Greg Weiss and Center Dave Laidley. But scoring will be a problem for the Elis. Quarterback Tone Grant does not pass very well and, except for Halfbacks Jim Groninger and Jim Howard, who run hard, the backfield is hardly the kind to frighten opposing coaches.

There may be some excitement at, of all places, PENN. Weary of being soundly pummeled year in and year out, the Quakers last winter took some firm steps toward a return to winning football. Coach John Stiegman was fired, and Bob Odell, a former Penn All-America halfback, was lured away from Bucknell to replace him. Then Penn announced it would pursue a "more aggressive alumni-supported recruitment policy." Meanwhile, Odell starts with 24 lettermen, including a couple of halfbacks who can make his new I formation work: Bruce Molloy is an authentic triple threat—he passes well, runs better and is the league's best punter; Barry Ellman is an excellent runner. Help is also on the way from Penn's first unbeaten freshman team in 14 years. Bill Creeden, a long-throwing quarterback, may move in ahead of Tom Kennedy as a starter. If Odell can revitalize his line, the Quakers could make it up to fifth place.

At BROWN there is little to make the heart sing. Coach John McLaughry's returnees are meager in size, ability and experience, especially at tackle and on defense. Fortunately, there are some good backs to save the Bruins from total disaster. Quarterback Bob Hall can run and pass and Halfbacks John Hutchinson and Bill Carr will bring some verve to McLaughry's wing T.

COLUMBIA, for the first time in three years, will have to go it without Archie Roberts, the league's best quarterback in years—perhaps its best ever. Oddly enough, Coach Buff Donelli thinks his team may be improved this season. Not at quarterback, of course, where Rick Ballantine is the likely starter. What encourages Donelli are 19 holdovers with game experience. For a change there is some depth at tackle and guard behind 230-pound Ron Brookshire, Jerry Mulvihill and Dick Flory. The running will be better, too, with Halfbacks Gene Thompson, Bob Klingensmith, Bob Patton and Rich Brown, a little sophomore darter who, Buff says, "may be one of the most thrilling breakaway runners we've ever had."

Among the independents are some teams which are not too far behind Penn State and company. Although VILLANOVA's strong rushing defense—seventh-best in the country last year—has been decimated by graduation, the Wildcats are still good enough to equal or better last year's 6–2 record. For one thing, Coach Alex Bell's attack, a subtle mixture of T and I, is tricky enough to confuse would-be stoppers. Tom Brown, a fast, shifty fullback who roamed inside and outside for 515 yards in 1964, and Quarterback Dave Connell, who ran for five touchdowns and passed for five more, know how to score. But much depends upon how quickly large two-way interior linemen like 230-pound Tackles Harry Walter and John Fry, 220-pound Guards Lou Morda and Brian McOonnell and 215-pound Center Roger Agin learn their lessons.

COLGATE, which supplied the most excitement the Chenango Valley has had in 30 years when it went 7–2 last season, has the makings for another fine team. Coach Hal Lahar, who likes a firm, disciplined defense and a tough ground game, has the players for both. Not many teams will move the ball far against aggressive defenders like 221-pound John Paske, who goes from linebacker to guard, Linebacker Ray Ilg and End Hap Clark. There is good depth behind them, too. The Red Raiders also have Halfback Marv Hubbard, a strong 205-pound sophomore who is a good pass receiver and runs, blocks and kicks exceptionally well. He will team with Tom Carpenter, last year's leading ground-gainer, who moves to fullback. And when Colgate elects to pass—which is about 25% of the time—Quarterback Buff Platt is more than adequate.

RUTGERS is another team with interesting potentialities. Coach John Bateman, a rotund, sad-eyed man with an astute football mind, has the linemen for a staunch defense and the runners for his tricky double-wing T. Linebacker Bob Schroeder and 230-pound Tackle Jerry Sertick yield yards grudgingly and Halfbacks Ralf Stegmann and Charley Mudie eat up yardage on the ground. Bateman needs someone to throw to his good receivers, Ends Bob Stohrer and Jack Emmers, who caught 43 passes between them last year. If Jack Callaghan, who is only 5 feet 9, can see around or over the big fellows he plays with often enough to complete passes, the Scarlet Knights will be hard to beat.

BUFFALO, which has lived by the pass for so long, may have to learn to live without it this year. That is, unless Rick Wells, a sophomore quarterback, proves to be as good as the Bulls think he is. If he is not, Tailback Jim Webber, a steady runner, may be Coach Dick Offenhamer's entire

continued

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offense. What could save Buffalo is its good defense. E. Greenard Poles, a stubby 225-pound tackle who hits fiercely and runs faster than most halfbacks, and Linebacker Joe Holly head up a strong, mobile unit that averages a neat 220 pounds.

HOLY CROSS and BOSTON U. would gladly settle right now for break-even seasons. Mel Massucco, who takes over for retired Eddie Anderson at Holy Cross, inherited 28 lettermen, but most of the best ones were graduated. He also, quite unexpectedly, lost two good quarterbacks. Mike Cunnion, an excellent passer, was declared ineligible, and Jack Lentz, who ran for 802 yards last year, underwent knee surgery. Now Massucco will have to go with senior Brian Flatley, only a fair passer and runner, and hope for the best.

At BU, Coach Warren Schmakel has 21 returnees back from a 2–7 team. Normally, it would be a promising start, but they gave up 213 points last year. Consequently, Schmakel concentrated on defense in spring practice. He also tried to stir up his offense, moving Dave LaRoche to halfback and giving Tom Thornton, a fancy sophomore passer, a shot at Bob Kobus' quarterback job. The move might give the Terriers more bite.

The Middle Atlantic Conference will be no place for the faint-hearted. Any one of three teams—Gettysburg, which took the MAC by surprise last year, Temple or Bucknell—could win the title. GETTYSBURG's Bullets, after shooting blanks for years, suddenly found a quarterback with a rifle arm—Jim Ward. He completed 90 of 177 passes for 1,233 yards and 17 touchdowns, is back for another fling with Coach Gene Haas's double-flanker pro offense and has good people to throw to. Flankers Dale Boyd and Tom McCracken and Ends Joe Egresitz and Dick Masin. Gettysburg also has outstanding runners in Rod Albright and Bob Nye. Up front, Guard Ron Brentzel and Linebacker Jack Costner give the middle a pleasing firmness. The only weakness is at tackle, but that does not bother Haas. He says confidently, "Our whole offense will be better. I look for another season like 1964."

Such shining optimism should breed clouds of pessimism at Temple and Bucknell. It does not. The TEMPLE Owls, who last year had their best season since 1945, again have some big guns to fire back at the Bullets. Quarterbacking Coach George Makris' pro attack is Joe Petro, a good passer. He has able receivers in Flanker John Fonash and Ends Ed Reinoso and Jon Czarnecki. For running, there is Fullback Paul Malatesta and Halfback Jack Stricker. Temple, however, will have some problems because of a miniature line—Guard Tom Bazis, for example, is only 5 feet 5 and 170 pounds—and skimpy interior depth behind the starters.

BUCKNELL, last year's Lambert Cup winner, will have a different look. One would think that a coach with a passer like Bill Lerro, who completed 98 out of 156 for 1,255 yards and 10 touchdowns, and a spectacular catcher like Tom Mitchell, a brilliant 6-foot-3, 215-pound end who runs zigzag patterns and snared 71 passes for 886 yards, would just sit back and let his star aerialists perform. Not Carroll Huntress, the new coach who formerly served as an assistant at Maryland. He has installed Tom Nugent's version of the I formation and is toying with the notion of replacing Lerro at quarterback with Bob Marks, who does not pass nearly as well but is much better at handling the roll-out option. The idea is to get more running into the Bisons' game.

The rest of the MAC is far behind. At DELAWARE things were so grim last spring that Coach Dave Nelson announced, "We are going to put extra emphasis on fundamentals." The Hens will have a good-size interior line, led by 240-pound Guard Herb Slattery, but Quarterback Tom Van Grofski, a good runner and passer, is the only old hand in the backfield. HOFSTRA will be respectable with Halfback Art Amelio and Ends Bill Knight and Bill Starr back but not quite good enough to bother the leaders. LAFAYETTE, which has won only one game in two years, has some hope: three bright sophomore backs, Bill Messick, Chris Yaniger and Joe Cossrow, who together gained more yardage in four freshman games than the varsity did in nine. LEHIGH's new coach, Fred Dunlap, has less and will have to scratch to match last season's 1–7–1 record.

It could be that as MAINE goes so goes the Yankee Conference. The Black Bears get the first shot at Massachusetts on September 18 at Orono, and they have the equipment to upset the Redmen. Coach Hal Westerman has 20 lettermen, and Linebacker John Huard, Tackle Vern Walker and End Al Riley head up a slight but sturdy defense. But where Maine is most dangerous is on offense. Quarterback Dick DeVarney, a quick little scrambler, throws the ball like a big leaguer (he completed 74 passes for 1,102 yards in 1964), and Halfbacks Paul Keany and Frank Harney are splendid runners. Massachusetts will have to be at its peak to trap the Bears.

CONNECTICUT still lacks the size to challenge for the title. Coach Rick Forzano's biggest starting lineman is Tom Pope, a 205-pound tackle, and he is not the best. Jerry McWeeny, the other tackle, who goes only 190, is. Forzano says, "We're not big enough to run over anybody, so we'll try to throw the ball." That would be sound strategy except that his quarterbacks, Dave Whaley and Ron Westfort, do not throw too well.

VERMONT bemoans the loss of 14 regulars, but Yankee foes have learned to beware of the Catamounts. They were 7–1 last year and Coach Bob Clifford has a way of surprising people. But this time the surprise may be that he actually is as bad off as he says. Graduation swept most of the backfield clean and left only a smattering of talent at tackle and end. About all the Cats have left is Rusty Brink, a scrappy 200-pound redhead who is the best center in New England, and some strength at quarterback. Jack D'Dea, back in school after a year's absence, will fight it out there with lettermen Scott Fitz and Bill Leete.

At RHODE ISLAND, Coach Jack Zilly has 18 players back but, aside from Fullback Bill Bryant and Guard Joe DeFalco, they are not very good ones. The Rams have a fifth-place look. NEW HAMPSHIRE finally settled its coaching problems by giving the job to Andy Mooradian, an assistant there for 16 years. This could turn out to be more of a punishment than a reward. The Wildcats are so slow that Mooradian painfully admits he will have to resort to sweeps and power plays to move the ball. That sounds like Ohio State talk, and New Hampshire is no Ohio State.

Lately it has been reasonable to assume that AMHERST would win the Little Three Conference championship. The Lord Jeffs have done just that three times running, and Coach Jim Ostendarp is sitting pretty again with most of last year's unbeaten team. For openers, he has Halfbacks Ed Bradley and Bob Ryan and Fullback Ron Hoge, who, among them, gained 1,079 yards rushing and scored 14 touchdowns last season. But WESLEYAN and WILLIAMS are not exactly bankrupt, either. Wesleyan will be hard to get through, with 230-pound Center Alex Spoehr and 220-pound Tackle John Zywna heading up a big line. Williams lacks backs but two of its linemen are enough to make anyone, even Amherst, cringe. Tight End Pete Richardson, 6 feet 4, 225 pounds, is an adept pass receiver while sophomore Bill Drummond, another 225-pound wingman, is so good that the varsity voted him on its 1964 All-Opponent team for his fierce play in scrimmages.

CONTINUED



NO END TO THE TIDE

THE LEGEND

Both before, during and after Don Hutson caught all of those passes in 1934, the stars fell regularly on Alabama. Ahead of Hutson were, for example, Johnny Mack Brown, Hoyt Winslett, Fred Sington and Johnny Cain. With him were Dixie Howell, who threw the passes, and Riley Smith and—alas—the *other* end, Bear Bryant. And then after him came Joe Kilgrow, Jimmy Nelson, Harry Gilmer, Bart Starr, Lee Roy Jordan and Joe Namath. Alabama has produced 28 All-America football players and turned out seven undefeated teams in the last 41 years (six of them posting the best record in the nation). Only Notre Dame has enjoyed a more illustrious football history. Despite all this fast company, however, Alabama today derives most of its sustaining spirit from Hutson, the Pine Bluff, Ark. youth who brought speed, moves and hands to the delicate art of catching passes.

It is quite possible that Hutson was the finest receiver football has ever known. The Green Bay Packers, for whom he made so many spectacular plays in his professional career after leaving Alabama, would not disagree, nor would any of the National Football League's defensive backs who tried to cover him. Hutson caught passes while speeding into the clear, in "traffic," as the saying goes, with one hand—either one. He caught them diving, falling, lying down, jumping, bending, swinging around a goalpost, and stealing them out of others' hands. He not only made the catches, he ran like a thief thereafter, for this was a superb athlete who could have excelled at baseball, basketball or track if he had not chosen football.

Foremost among the Hutson stories that are still told on the campus at Tuscaloosa is the one concerning his love for other games. Once during an Alabama baseball game Hutson wore his track suit underneath his flannels—it's really true—because a dual meet was scheduled simultaneously on the track adjacent to the diamond. Between innings, he stripped off the baseball uniform, got into the starting blocks and ran a 9.8 100-yard dash!

That is the big thing some people forget about Hutson—the speed that propelled him beyond his defenders and enabled him to catch 488 passes for the Packers, scoring 101 touchdowns in the NFL in 11 seasons, setting so many records that only now, 21 years since he retired, are today's stars catching up with him.

"The thing you remember best about him is how calm and relaxed he always was," says Bear Bryant. "He could go to sleep on the bench before the Rose Bowl game." And then, as he did, catch five of six passes from Howell for 123 yards, another for a 54-yard touchdown from substitute Quarterback Joe Riley, helping to destroy Stanford 29 to 13 and giving the 1934 Alabama

team a perfect 10-0 record for the season.

Recruiting is as old as football itself, and Hutson, after being spotted catching five touchdown passes in a single game for Pine Bluff, was one of eight Arkansas athletes shepherded to Tuscaloosa in 1931 and 1932 —some of the others being Bryant and J. B (Ears) Whitworth, Charlie Marr and Rip Hewes. It was not until his senior year, however, that Hutson became the incomparable receiver who fascinated the whole collegiate world. As Coach Frank Thomas' team steadily defeated its opponents, Hutson got better and more sensational, not only catching but running blazing end-around plays.

Yet even as he looks back on his career today, Hutson—now the owner of a well-established automobile business in Racine, Wis., is modest. "Dixie Howell was a great college passer," says he. "I always knew if I ran like the devil, the ball would be there. The same went for Cecil Isbell with the Packers."

There are no Hutsons at Alabama in 1965, but there is a player who has come through so often for Bryant in moments of stress that he has earned the nickname of Mr. Clutch—a name that would have fit Don Hutson perfectly—from his teammates. Mr. Clutch is Quarterback Steve Sloan.

For two seasons Sloan, a quick, savvy operator (6 feet 2, 185 pounds) from Cleveland, Tenn., has pinch-hit, or better, pinch-thrown, for Joe Namath. In so doing, he has helped take the Tide to the Sugar Bowl and a 9-2 record in 1963 and to the Orange Bowl and a 10-1 record last year. He first earned prominence as a sophomore when Bryant disciplined Namath with an enforced vacation two games before the end of the season. Sloan stepped into the vacuum and guided Alabama to a 12-7 upset over Ole Miss in the Sugar Bowl. Last year when Namath was benched by injuries for much of the season, it was Sloan who stepped in to pace the Tide to a 10-0 regular season's record and the AP's and UPI's versions of a national championship.

Not flashy but productive, Sloan might best be described as "Bear's kind of player" —which is the way one Deep South newspaperman puts it. He was the second-leading runner for Alabama a year ago with 351 yards and completed his passes at a 62.5 clip for 574 yards. With the job solely his, Sloan can be expected to improve these figures. Although it is a good year in the Southeastern Conference for quarterbacks with Steve Spurrier at Florida, Rick Norton at Kentucky and Pat Screen at LSU, Sloan may well be the most effective of them all.

No one around Alabama is ever surprised when one of the Tide's own turns out to be tops at something.

THE BEST

Except Bear, of course. Bear Bryant is constantly amazed that his poor little old boys at ALABAMA can stay on the same field with folks like Florida and LSU and Ole Miss and Auburn and Georgia. Bear would not con anybody. Every week last year he said he thought the Tide would lose, yet every week they won—surprise, surprise—and his explanations ranged from, "I didn't know Joe would be able to play and blow in a couple for us," to, "This bunch doesn't have much ability, but they sure like to butt people."

It was an unusual Bryant team in that the running game was not sound. It struck mostly through the air and had trouble controlling the ball, but the same old, tough defense was there. This time—with Namath gone—Bryant has rebuilt the ground game. Sloan is an even better runner than he is a thrower. Fullback Steve Bowman returns and, though he does not have exceptional speed, he hits hard. Alabama coaches like to think of him as perhaps the league's best. Les Kelley, 210 pounds, has moved to left half and adds even more power.

At halfbacks Alabama has the two best runners and receivers that Bear has known. They are Wayne Trimble, 6 feet 3, 195 pounds, and David Ray, 190 pounds, the faster of the two and also the placement kicker. Trimble has everything—good speed, power, hands and moves. He can even play quarterback if Sloan proves at times ineffective. Together, Sloan, Bowman, Trimble and Kelley constitute the best running attack, potentially, that Bryant has had since his Texas A&M days when he had John David Crow and Jack Pardee.

The first-rate talent holds up at the ends, with Tommy Tolleson and Ray Perkins, at center, where Paul Crane is back, and at linebacker, where Alabama has Tim Bates and Jackie Sherrill—and Crane. After this comes youth.

Defensively, Alabama will have the youngest unit, as far as its playing experience is concerned, that Bryant has been forced to employ in several years. There are, in fact, 51 sophomores on the squad, but Alabama sophomores are always good and eager, and 14 of these are red shirts—not sophomores at all. Which is to say they played a lot of football in practice last year, grew up to junior size and have two more years to play after this one. The only consolation Bryant's future opponents can get out of this news is that he may accept the governorship of the state. If he does, and gives up coaching, too —he has not said he would—they may just possibly beat Alabama next year.

The Alabama schedule is not as tough as it seems at first glance. Old Miss has been added, yes. And LSU in Baton Rouge on November 6 may be the biggest game of the year. But Alabama does not play Florida or Kentucky, the other members of the Southeastern Conference's power structure for 1965. Overall it should be another good year in Tuscaloosa— a cinch 8-2, a probable 9-1 and a highly possible 10-0, then off to whatever bowl Bear chooses.

LSU has to play all of the conference toughies—not only Alabama, but mortal enemy Ole Miss, Florida and Kentucky as well. The saving factor is that Coach Charley McClendon's Tigers get the Tide and Kentucky and five other foes—seven out of their 10 games—at home in that nightmarish den called Tiger Stadium. Another saver is that LSU is brimming over with muscles. Just about everybody is back from last year's 8-2-1 season, at the end of which LSU defeated Syracuse in the Sugar Bowl.

McClendon, entering his fourth season as the man who followed Paul Dietzel, has been a success by almost anybody's standards, but not by a Louisianian's. He has had three bowl teams in three tries and no record worse than 7-4. That is not considered good enough in Baton Rouge. McClendon's critics, perhaps a bit spoiled by Dietzel, point out that the Tigers have failed to win a national championship, also they have not moved the ball. For example, LSU scored just 11 touchdowns in 10 games in 1964, always falling back on the good old reliable defense. This is the year it is supposed to explode.

And well it might. Back, and apparently with a strong knee at last, is Quarterback Pat Screen, of whom grand things long have been predicted. Billy Ezell is back, too, so McClendon has two capable quarterbacks. Doug Moreau at flanker is All-America caliber, so is Joe Labruzzo at tailback, and so is Don Schwab at fullback. Not only that but Danny LeBlanc has returned after a year's absence for disciplinary reasons. He was once considered the next Billy Cannon or Jerry Stovall.

The famous Chinese Bandits, plus an enlivened offense and a big, experienced and mobile line, led by Tackle George Rice, 255 pounds, give LSU almost everything.

continued

Unhappily for the Tigers, they may need everything to get past FLORIDA the first Saturday in October. Coach Ray Graves' Gators have talent, too, and the winner of this game will emerge as the favorite to upset Alabama in the SEC. A popular pastime among professional scouts last spring was swooning at Florida practices. There are at least five Gators any pro team would take right now—Quarterback Steve Spurrier, Tailback Jack Harper, End Charlie Casey, Middle Guard Larry Gagner and Defensive Back Bruce Bennett.

Spurrier is one of those multiple-talented quarterbacks coaches dream of but seldom find. Harper is capable of breaking for long gains, Casey catches anything near him (47 last year for 673 yards), and Gagner, 240 pounds and the fastest lineman on the team, is considered the best middle guard in the nation.

But there is a lot more, so many lettermen they are difficult to count. And the Gators are hungry, having never won the SEC title. Finally, Graves has a break in the schedule, which does not include Alabama and Kentucky. He does have LSU and Ole Miss on successive weekends and ornery Auburn in the middle and finishes up against natural rivals Miami and Florida State. Florida always figures out a way to lose one or two but this is a better squad than the one that finished 7–3 a year ago. "If Florida is as good as it can be, Graves could have the national championship," says one scout.

Based on talent alone, so could KENTUCKY. The Wildcats, after a blazing start and a mysterious collapse last year, are back again with everybody: Rick Norton, the SEC's best quarterback and passer, Rodger Bird, its best runner, Rick Kestner, its best receiver.

Three things stand in the way. First, Kentucky's schedule is murderous. The firs six games are against Missouri, Ole Miss, Auburn, Florida State, LSU and Georgia. Staying up emotionally for such a grind is almost impossible. Second, Coach Charlie Bradshaw's penchant for tough drills could again wear out the Wildcats by midseason. Third, Kentucky in football has a losing complex. Only in 1950, when Bryant was there with Babe Parilli, have the Wildcats won the SEC. The Wildcats have not been over .500 in four seasons. In any normal year, with not quite so many potent teams to contend with around the league and a decent schedule break, Kentucky would be favored. The talent would demand it. But this is not a normal year, and Kentucky will have to be the best team in the land to get through its conference schedule. Still and all, as one of Bradshaw's opponents puts it, "For a problem like theirs, it's nice to have Norton, Bird and Kestner going for you."

The team that most likely will settle the SEC issue is OLE MISS, which plays all four favorites—Alabama, LSU, Florida and Kentucky. No one can imagine the Rebels losing to all four, and were it not for last season—worst in Coach Johnny Vaught's 14 years—Ole Miss would be picked over at least three of them simply because it is Ole Miss. In 1964 the Rebels appeared to be loaded. They opened with a 30–0 smash over Memphis State, but then they dropped four games, including one to Mississippi State, and finally suffered the embarrassment of losing to Tulsa in the Bluebonnet Bowl. Had Mississippi been overrated? That seemed unlikely—the material was the same as ever, which is to say the pros drooled over it. Had the coaching staff finally and suddenly grown old and soft? Maybe, some said.

This will be the year to tell if the maybes have it. Vaught has another batch of broad-shouldered, thin-waisted, tall, fast athletes, paced by Guard Stan Hindman, Halfback Mike Dennis and End Rocky Fleming, plenty of veterans in the line and speed afoot. The big question is feisty Jimmy Heidel. Can he do what is expected of him at quarterback with a lot less experience than any of his illustrious predecessors, namely Glynn Griffing, Jake Gibbs, Bobby Franklin, Ray Brown, Eagle Day and Chuck Conerly? Probably not.

At the risk of laboring the point of scheduling, it must be clearly stated that MARYLAND in the Atlantic Coast Conference has a definite edge for not having to play Duke this year. The Terps are well stocked with lettermen (29) and ability and would be favored to handle the Blue Devils, but having to play one less tough game is so much gravy. Coach Tom Nugent's team could be on the verge of challenging for something bigger than the ACC trophy despite the fact that Tailback Tom Hickey, his best runner, has been declared ineligible. There are plenty more seasoned Terps around, including Quarterback Phil Petry, Bernardo Bramson, the Chilean-born, soccer-style placement kicker (nine field goals and 17 of 18 extra points last year), End Dick Absher, Wingback Kenny Ambrusko, if he recovers from a knee injury, plus the Melcher twins—Dick, an offensive guard, and Mick, a defensive end.

Maryland, which closed fast last year with three straight victories, has for its sternest opponents Syracuse and Penn State, the eastern giants. In between them come the ACC foes. "I was thinking that we had a chance to be very good when we had Hickey," says talkative Tom Nugent. "Now, although we still have potential, I don't know. We may flounder to 7–3 or something like that." With typical modesty, Nugent says the rest of the ACC will have to reckon with Maryland.

The nearest match in the ACC for Maryland's potential is, of all schools, VIRGINIA. Slyly and slowly, Virginia has been coming back from the doldrums, and this year the Cavaliers find themselves with 24 lettermen and the best quarterback in the conference—Bob Davis of Neptune, N.J. Last year Davis, who is 6 feet 2, 195 pounds, averaged five yards per carry and completed 81 passes for 1,054 yards. He even caught seven passes, two for touchdowns. And he became the most exciting runner-passer at Virginia since the days of Bullet Bill Dudley. Davis smashed Dudley's single-game total-offense mark by frolicking for 334 yards against Wake Forest. And he peeled off an 88-yard scoring dash against North Carolina State.

No less than 12 lettered veterans appear in Virginia's line, the most obvious being End Don Parker, a 6-foot-3, 240-pound, run-wrecking defender. It is hard to imagine a coach leaving all this voluntarily, but that is what Bill Elias did when he went to Navy, bequeathing all to George Blackburn.

Barring earlier upsets, the payoff game in the ACC will come at the very end, November 20, when Virginia meets Maryland.

One intersectional opponent Virginia must escape is WEST VIRGINIA, a growling, muscle-bound menace in the Southern Conference. West Virginia scrambled to seven victories last year and a Liberty Bowl bid, and *everybody* has returned. Coach Gene Corum is so swarmed over with proven players that last year's best tackles, Joe Taffoni and Don Vail, have moved to other positions. Quarterback Allen McCune and Fullback Dick Leftridge are back—so are, altogether, 28 lettermen. McCune-to-Split End Bob Dunlevy is a fine passing combination, one that broke up the Syracuse game for West Virginia (28–27) last fall. This will be a fine team in a less highly regarded conference—and it will have to be, for the Mountaineers confront Virginia, Penn State and Kentucky on successive Saturdays, and Syracuse later on in the season.

GEORGIA TECH will be the best of the independents because Coach Bobby Dodd has performed the perfect trick: he has lightened the schedule (replacing Alabama and LSU with Virginia and Texas A&M) while adding weight to the team. Either Jerry

continued



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Priestly or Bruce Fischer may prove to be the No. 1 quarterback, but with either Tech is bowl-bound. Giles Smith, a crashing runner, has moved to tailback, and he will share the job with Lenny Snow (*see box page 66*). Jeff Davis or Tom Carlisle will be at fullback to throw the blocks, and Terry Haddock's speed should prove fruitful at wingback. Moreover, Tech is big and experienced all along the line, particularly at middle guard where John Battle, 242 pounds, will be a demon. Tech likes to brag about its pony backfields—160 and 170 pounders—but it always has those rippling-muscled horses in the line to make the ponies go. Finally, Dodd has what he has been griping for ever since 1952 when the Engineers were among the nation's best: platoons.

This will also be the season in which FLORIDA STATE, the next best independent, proves that last season's rise to prominence was no phony. Coach Bill Peterson says an alumnus handed him a $1,000 check after FSU's 36–19 rout of Oklahoma in the Gator Bowl and said, "Now, Coach, you do all right next season and maybe I'll sign it." Peterson will do all right because he has everyone back except Steve Tensi to throw and Fred Biletnikoff to catch. Major losses, of course. But Ed Pritchett is an operator who can do a little of everything. Runner Phil Spooner returns, and so does the defense, spiked with the likes of Middle Guard Jack Shinholser and Linebacker Bill McDowell, both All-America contenders. Shinholser is tremendously strong—though only 210 pounds, he can bench-press 310 pounds, and his coaches like to say he is the hardest hitter in the country.

The best tribute of all to Peterson and the Seminoles comes from Al Davis, coach of the Oakland Raiders. "Florida State is two years ahead of everybody in college, the way they do things," says Davis. Even so, Florida State may be two years ahead of itself in scheduling. This time the Seminoles take on Baylor, Kentucky, Georgia, Alabama, Houston and Florida, heady company for a recent arrival to big-time college football.

MIAMI is another independent that likes to take on the names: this trip, Notre Dame, Syracuse, Florida, LSU, among others. Fortunately, Coach Charlie Tate has enough ammunition to protect him from embarrassment. If Halfback Russell Smith can avoid injuries, he can be one of the country's best. Fullback Pete Banaszak is first-rate. So is Defensive Back Andy Sixkiller, an Indian already exciting the pros, who will play ahead of an interesting sophomore, Joe Mira, the younger brother of George. Tate has labored hard to stiffen the defense, lacing it up with 10 seniors, one of whom is Ed Weisacosky, who set a school tackling record at end last year and was moved to linebacker in the spring. Tate says Weisacosky is just about the greatest defensive player he has ever seen. Now, if Quarterback Bob Biletnikoff (he passed for 920 yards to break George Mira's sophomore record at Miami) can find the receivers as well as his older brother, Fred, caught passes last season at Florida State, this will make the running go, and Miami will be one of the surprise teams.

THE REST

The biggest surprise in the SEC last year was GEORGIA, and new Coach Vince Dooley was nearly knighted. He was, in fact, named SEC Coach of the Year and the school tacked on five years to his contract. The Bulldogs rode a tough, big line and Quarterback Preston Ridlehuber—the best-running operator in the league at the season's end—all the way to a 7–3–1 record, including a victory over Texas Tech in the Sun Bowl. But the line is weaker, and Ridlehuber will have to throw more often than he prefers if Dooley is going to continue the upswing. Georgia had one of the smallest defensive teams in the country last fall—average under 190 pounds—but it also had red-headed, freckle-faced George Patton, a 207-pound tackle who was once described as "great and getting greater." Morale at Georgia is high, platooning will help, and the Bulldogs will not be an easy touch for anyone.

AUBURN, whose 6–4 record in 1964 was (for it) a flop, has lost three valuable hands—Jim Sidle, Tucker Frederickson and Jon Kilgore. Frederickson is the biggest loss, for Sidle was hurt all season, and Tom Bryan did a good job of filling in. Coach Shug Jordan has finally gone to platoons. He is an outspoken believer in the two-way football player, but the absence of platoons probably hurt the Plainsmen in 1964. There is still a pool of talent. If Bryan keeps improving, if runner Gerald Gross, Frederickson's replacement, at last gets well and stays well, Auburn could be troublesome. It had the best defensive record in the nation last year, and Tackles Jack Thorton and Bob Walton are returning, along with End Scotty Long and Linebacker Bill Cody. Jordan will need deep backs, but he usually finds them. He is not happy with the return to two-platoon football—"from being teachers of the game," he says, "we have moved into the entertainment business"—but he will field a team fully capable of playing among the elite.

Another sleeper is MISSISSIPPI STATE, which did not fare well last year until the big game against Ole Miss, which Paul Davis' team won 20–17. Individual stars are numerous. Marcus Rhoden, though only 165 pounds, is the most frightening breakaway runner in the SEC (seven touchdowns, four on runs of 40 yards or more), and Hoyle Granger may well be the best fullback. Granger not only has been the team's leading rusher since he was a sophomore but is also an exemplary blocker. Center is solid with Bootsie Larsen in charge. The rest is up to a young defense and Quarterback Ashby Cook. State also gets a schedule break, facing only one of its SEC rivals in its first five games.

TENNESSEE will have to content itself for at least another year with defensive football. New Coach Doug Dickey, entering his second year, has built from defense (just as Frank Broyles taught him). The idea was good enough for a couple of upsets last year, it should be again this season, but whether the Vols can move the ball depends pretty much on Quarterback Charlie Fulton. Fulton is not very big (5 feet 10, 180 pounds) and not very old (18), but Dickey is more patient than most, since he was quarterbacking Florida just a few years ago, and as a bright young (33) coach he has quickly given a fresh face to Tennessee football—including abandonment of the single wing in favor of the T formation. Fulton, with Dickey's confidence in him, proved able in the spring. Stan Mitchell is a potentially strong fullback and a good receiver if Fulton can get the ball to him.

This will be TULANE's last season as a member of the SEC, the Green Wave having chosen, rather mysteriously, to go independent in New Orleans, just as Georgia Tech did a year earlier in Atlanta. And for a closer, Coach Tommy O'Boyle has a nifty schedule. Texas, Alabama, LSU, Florida, Ole Miss and Georgia Tech—or six teams that should wind up in bowls. Tulane is stronger than last year, particularly because of Guard Leon Verriere and End Lanis O'Steen, but not that strong. So far as anyone can figure, the big advantage to going independent will be getting rid of that schedule.

Like Tulane, VANDERBILT is becoming more respectable, building slowly under the ex-Army star, Jack Green. The Com-

continued

modores even tied Ole Miss last year although they lost to Tulane. Everything hinges on a bevy of top sophomores this time. Fullback Jim Whiteside and Tailback Chuck Boyd (9.8) offer great promise, as do Guards Scott Hall and Frank Curtin. Nearly everyone returns in 1966, and that may be the season Vanderbilt's rooters have been waiting for since the halcyon days of Billy Wade. Vanderbilt's last winning team was in 1959.

From top to bottom the Atlantic Coast is weaker than the SEC, just as the Southern is a shade below the ACC. DUKE, however, is one of those constants that is never very bad. The Blue Devils have the ingredients to sway the ACC race, if not win it, provided something happens to Maryland or Virginia. Scotty Glacken, the reckless quarterback who has completed 205 passes in two years (for 2,443 yards and 19 touchdowns), is back for his last year. He has good company in the backfield in the form of Halfback Sonny Ddom and sophomore Fullback Jay Calabrese, the spring star. Chuck Drulis is a swing end who attracts pro scouts, as does Guard Earl Yates, good playing both ways. One big question will be how well Coach Bill Murray makes the personal adjustment to free substitution. He hates it, but he had to admit that the competition for more jobs made for better team morale in the spring. Duke opens with Virginia, and if the Blue Devils get off with an upset, some reappraising will have to be made of the ACC for—remember—Duke does not meet Maryland. And the only real tough ones that lie ahead—Illinois and Georgia Tech—will be outside the league. Duke could well be a bowl team.

CLEMSDN will not be. Even though Coach Frank Howard has 27 lettermen, he is favoring youth. Eleven sophomores are on the offensive and defensive units. Moreover, Howard has installed the I formation. This would seem to be a desperate measure for Howard, because he never missed the chance to twit archrival Tom Nugent with threats of dotting Maryland's I. Howard's problem, however, is that he has not found someone to dot his own. Quarterback will wind up in the hands of any of five players, three of them rookies. Clemson will be rugged in the line, as it always is, and the most rugged of all should be Tackle Johnny Boyette, 238 pounds, a senior.

Still, Howard does not face the chore that NORTH CAROLINA's Jim Hickey does. At Chapel Hill it sounds like the evacuation of Dunkirk when the locals tell it, so many proved players have gone. Hickey is not that depressed and is hoping that more deception and passing can yet pull out a winning season. The throwers, Danny Talbott and Jeff Beaver, are good ones but there is no runner like Ken Willard around now to relieve the pressure on the quarterbacks. Beaver may possibly be the best passer North Carolina has ever had. Someone must turn up to catch him, however, and it would be nice if Hickey uncovered some running. He is not exactly brimming with confidence. "We do some things quite well," Hickey says. "Some other things we do extremely bad."

Earle Edwards at NDRTH CARDLINA STATE has enough holdover backfield material to loan Hickey a few recruits. State's trouble is that unlike last year, when the defending ACC champions had plenty of linemen and a green backfield, they now find their situation reversed. Ten of 16 lettermen are backs, including Quarterbacks Charlie Noggle and Page Ashby. Top running will come from Shelby Mansfield and Gary Rowe. Elsewhere, there are young faces, mostly in the line.

It is doubtful if anyone performed more of a coaching miracle in 1964 than Bill Tate at WAKE FOREST. Tate took a squad which had won once in 20 games and twisted the season into a 5–5 record. The Deacons beat Duke for the first time in 13 years, upset Maryland and even defeated the champions, N.C. State. Along the way Fullback Brian Piccolo led the nation in rushing, Quarterback John Mackovic led

WHO NEEDS FRANKIE SINKWICH?



To hear bass fisherman and sometimes Coach Bobby Dodd tell it, sophomore Tailback Lenny Snow of Georgia Tech may be the best thing to hit the South since TVA. Snow is so good that the normally loquacious Dodd has had to force himself to keep his mouth shut. He has not always succeeded. One man Snow reminds Dodd of is Frank Sinkwich, Georgia's alltime All-America. "I don't say he's another Sinkwich yet," says Dodd, who plainly thinks Snow could be more. "Let's just say he does some things that remind me of Sinkwich." Dther coaches who watched Snow in spring practice games, where he rushed 494 yards in 82 carries for seven touchdowns, usually against Tech's No. 1 and No. 2 defenses, say simply that Snow is the best running back in the South today. A 6-foot-1 183-pounder from Daytona Beach, Fla., Snow played fullback on the Yellow Jackets' freshman team and averaged 5.7 yards a carry in four games. Since Tech switched to a winged-T, flip-flop offense this season, Snow will be the starting tailback and will handle the ball in 75% to 80% of Tech's running plays. Speedy (he ran the 100 in 9.9 in high school), aggressive and spectacular in the open field, Snow is that rare man among runners. he does everything—block, catch passes and play defense (he starred as a corner linebacker in the Florida high school All-Star game his senior year). "Snow's strongest point as a runner," says Tech Assistant Coach John Bell, "is his ability to find a soft spot in the defense. He has such fine reflexes, he can fall into the slightest gap and still manage to keep his balance and drive. If a hole is closed, he can slide to either side."

Floridians bemoaning the fact that Snow was spirited out of state to play college ball will find some solace in watching Dick Trapp, a Bradenton native, catch passes for the University of Florida this season. Trapp, a 6-foot-1 186-pounder with good hands, exceptional speed (he has run the 100 in 9.8) and silky moves, just about earned a spot as the starting split end or flanker back in Coach Ray Graves' pro-type offense with his play in last spring's intrasquad game. He caught five passes, the last a one-hander for a 56-yard touchdown.

The top sophomore lineman in the South could well be North Carolina State's homegrown Dennis Byrd. Six-foot-5, 240 pounds and still growing (he gained an inch and 10 pounds last year), Byrd played linebacker on defense and tackle on offense for his championship Lincolnton (N.C.) High School team but will start at defensive tackle this season at State.

the conference in total offense and End Richard Cameron was All-ACC. It was beautiful. It is now only memorable. It is not to be repeated. Everyone is gone except Tate, and Wake Forest appears to be headed back to where it came from before Tate left Pete Elliott's Illinois staff. But the coach is far from despair. Piccolo's replacement is Andy Heck, who was a junior-college All-America last year at McCook (Neb.). Mackovic's is Ken Hauswald, a reserve last season. Tate, after all, can afford to be hopeful. Whoever heard of Piccolo or Mackovic before he got there?

The main things SOUTH CAROLINA has to boast about are five new assistant coaches, all brought in by Marvin Bass to add zest and eagerness to the program. He should also have brought some backs. Of the 28 lettermen, 21 are linemen, and the whole season may depend on Quarterback Jimmy Rogers, who replaces Dan Reeves. Rogers is good, but is he that good? Bass is proceeding under the assumption that nothing could be worse than 1964, when he had his third straight losing season. He could be right.

One of the most exciting teams in the Southern Conference will be GEORGE WASHINGTON and all because of Garry Lyle, 6 feet 2, 198 pounds. He is the first Negro ever to make the All-Southern team, and he did it last season as a sophomore in only five games, the five in which he moved from tailback to quarterback. Lyle is from Verona, Pa., and Coach Jim Camp unhesitatingly calls him "the best runner in the area." All in all, George Washington has eight holdovers from the first defensive team and six from the offensive unit. Lyle is the key. He runs, passes (for seven touchdowns in those five games last fall) and returns punts and kickoffs.

Entering the conference this year is EAST CAROLINA with a single-wing attack and an 8–1 record from last year plus a victory over Massachusetts in the Tangerine Bowl. Eighteen lettermen return, and the system will be geared to Fullback Dale Alexander and George Richardson, who moves from fullback to tailback.

THE CITADEL must decide whether Jete Rhodes, who was No. 3 last year, or Safety Bill Ogburn will be the quarterback to lead a powerful backfield, featuring Paul Farren, 195 pounds and fast, from Sausalito, Calif. Although just eight starters are back, the Bulldogs expect improvement over last year's 4–6 record.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE expects nothing quite that dramatic. VMI was 1–9 and then lost several veterans. Everything depends on how well Hill Ellett, a junior, does at quarterback.

FURMAN could lend VMI some backfield material. It has 10 lettermen among the top three lineups, including Quarterback Sammy Wyche and three fullbacks, Billy Turner, Bob Buzzell and John Burrell. Coach Bob King will play his all-letterman starting unit both ways.

WILLIAM AND MARY will again be watched with interest because of the face-lifting job Coach Marv Levy did a year ago. Levy left California and went 2,500 miles to win four games. He came close in two others, against Virginia and Virginia Tech. Last spring he had 35 sophomores out for practice, a total which outnumbered the veterans. Foremost among them were Fullbacks Adin Brown, 198 pounds, from El Paso, and Bob Gadkowski, 195 pounds, of Chatham, N.J. The accent will be on youth, but Levy can call on 11 lettermen to lend experience in the line.

Another coach who has moved from West to East is Homer Smith, the backfield coach at the Air Force for four years, now the head man at DAVIDSON. He is without a seasoned quarterback. He does have Jake Jacobsen, who led the upset over Furman, but Jacobsen did not wind up playing enough to get a letter. Steve Smith, who rushed for over 150 yards in each of the last three games, breaking a school record, returns, however, to add his 190 pounds and speed to the attack.

RICHMOND also has quarterback troubles, and the chore falls to Jan Linn, a junior who played less than five minutes in 1964. He is accompanied by good runners, among them Ronnie Grubbs, Don Matthews and Larry Zunich. Jim McKenna is the best of the sophomores.

VIRGINIA TECH is a team the Southern Conference no longer has to worry about. Coach Jerry Claiborne's school pulled out of the league, going independent and laying plans to increase its stadium capacity to 35,000. Claiborne is one of the best of the young coaches tutored by Bear Bryant. His name keeps popping up when jobs at better-known schools become available, and once he nearly left but stayed on after discussing the move with Bryant, who reportedly told him, "As much as I've moved, I never left any place where I hadn't finished the job I started out to do."

Claiborne's job seems to be starting over now that Quarterback Bob Schweickert is gone. Sixteen other lettermen have also left, depriving Tech of much offensive punch. Bobby Owens and Tommy Stafford, who sat around last year, are the two who must take up where Schweickert left off. Good running should come from Tommy Francisco and Sal Garcia. But there are just six lettermen seniors on the whole squad, and Virginia Tech will be a while climbing back to where it was.

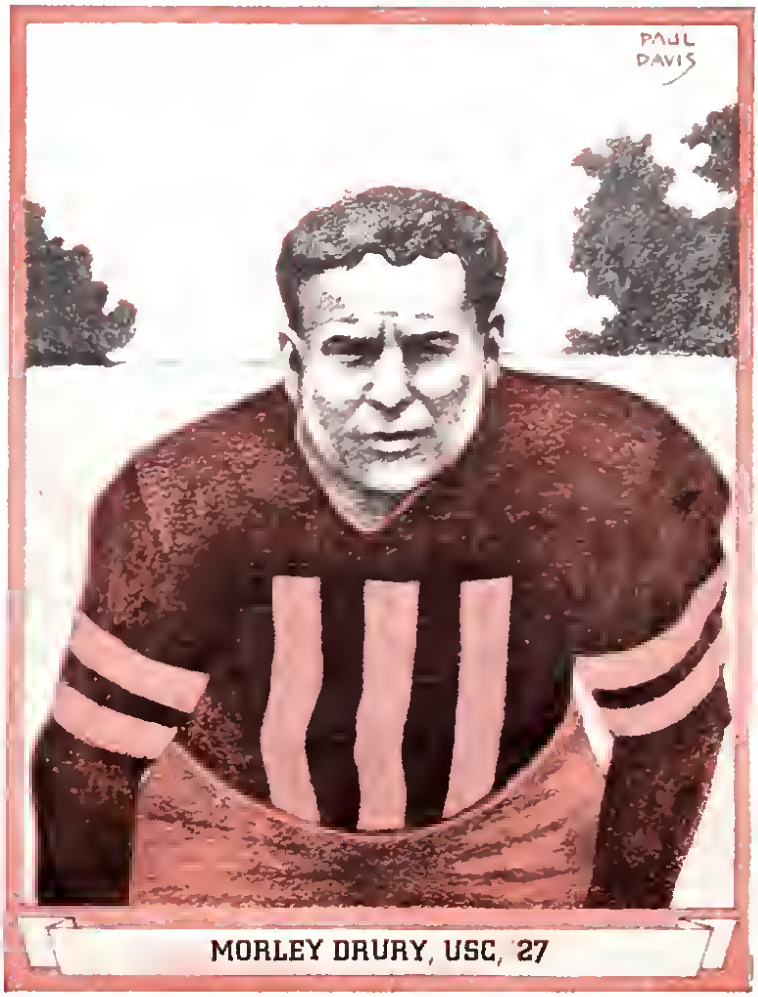
MEMPHIS STATE was brought rudely to earth last year after Coach Billy Murphy's unbeaten season in 1963. Still the result of that fine year when Memphis State tied Ole Miss is a new stadium seating 50,160. Opening this year, it is supposed to lure big-name teams into Memphis (State this year has players from 16 different states), and most likely will if Murphy can get back to winning. To do so this time, he will depend heavily on Quarterback Billy Fletcher, a 5-foot-9 senior with speed and know-how, and sound running is expected from the likes of Dave Brown and sophomores Tom Wallace and Dale Brady. If Fletcher can throw better than he has shown in the past, the fans may consider the investment in the new stadium well justified.

Another school striving to make the big time as an independent is SOUTHERN MISSISSIPPI and, if experience counts, 1965 could be the year the school gets closer to the top. Coach Pie Vann, with 23 lettermen, has room for only two sophomores among his top 22 players. Vic Purvis is a quarterback who vows to throw more. At least one of his receivers sounds like he might have speed—Rabbit Brown.

Not so well off is CHATTANOOGA, but Coach Scrappy Moore's team has fewer pretensions to grandeur. There are always a few good football players in residence, but never enough of them. Best this time should be Fullback Tom Schaefer and Quarterbacks Don Shaver and Larry Elmore, younger brother of Doug, who once quarterbacked Ole Miss.

Things couldn't have gone much worse for LOUISVILLE last year. The Cardinals lost nine of 10 games, were last in the Missouri Valley Conference, were shut out three times and finished the season with 70 points to the 217 scored by the opposition. It will be difficult to initiate immediate improvements, because the player the Cardinals depended upon most, Quarterback Tom LaFramboise, is around no more. But Coach Frank Camp is hoping that Benny Russell will perform adequately in place of LaFramboise and that 10 good sophomores can begin to smooth over a portion of the weaknesses in both platoons. To be sure, this will all take time—probably all of 1965.

CONTINUED



THE TROJANS: A NOBLE GLOW

THE LEGEND

Over gin and tonic at Julie's, beer and chili-burgers at The Trojan Barrel, coke and hamburgers at The Grill—the in-places around the University of Southern California campus—you can find people who still love to talk about Morley Drury and the tribute 70,000 people gave him when he played his last game for USC in 1927. But even more—especially on sunny Saturdays in the fall—they love to recall what Morley Drury did, how he played with his broken jaw wired together and carried the ball more times (223) for more yards (1,163) in one season than any other USC man, how he captained the Trojans and ran, punted, tackled, passed and blocked as few have since. He was called The Noblest Trojan of Them All. Nobody has ever surpassed him at USC.

Morley Drury performed in an era of unrestrained prose. Wrote one journalist: "He was omnipresent, smart, powerful and positively brutal in the way he banged and whanged at Stanford's line. His defense against passes was phenomenal, his generalship above reproach." Drury was often compared with Ernie Nevers and just as often referred to as "a living legend." No matter which position he played, halfback or quarterback, Drury always called the signals, because, as his coach, Howard Jones, said, "He had that instinct." Nate Barrager, a center who blocked for Drury, recalled recently, "Morley was older than the rest of us. He was more mature, more settled and better adjusted. He was a great leader. He was superb under pressure."

Drury was born February 5, 1903 in Midland, Ontario, Canada and went to Long Beach, Calif. as a child. He worked in the shipyards to put himself through high school. He graduated from prep school at 21 and reached USC in 1925 with 10 letters in football, basketball, water polo and swimming. Besides football he won letters in hockey, basketball and water polo at USC. As a 6-foot, 185-pound sophomore, Drury led USC to an 11-2 record in 1925. The following year he had his team headed toward an unbeaten season when he injured his knee and, on crutches, watched Southern Cal fall to Stanford 13–12. He longed to play in the Rose Bowl and would have in his final year had the Trojans managed to do better than tie Stanford. That they did not was no fault of Drury's. He gained 163 yards rushing and intercepted five passes.

The Noblest Trojan played his last game in the Los Angeles Coliseum in the sunshine of a December afternoon, 1927. As the Trojans continued to punish Washington late in the third quarter, the public address announcer told the crowd, "Morley is coming off the field for the last time, folks. Give him the hand he deserves." Drury had run for 180 yards and had scored three touchdowns. The crowd rose and clapped and cheered and

threw programs into the air, and Drury trotted toward the tunnel. "As I reached the track I looked up at all those people," he recalls. "I tried to wave, but my hand jerked so it wasn't much of a wave. My knees got weak even if I did feel fresh as a horse. And I bawled like a baby."

There have been brilliant Trojans since Morley Drury—Orv Mohler, Gus Shaver, Cotton Warburton, Frank Gifford and Jon Arnett—and there is a senior this year who ranks with, if not ahead of, them. He is Mike Garrett, a stocky, soft-spoken Negro halfback who needs only 248 yards to break Mohler's alltime USC career rushing record of 2,028 yards. Unlike Drury, Garrett does not pass or punt or call the plays. He just runs—like no USC man before him. "There may be better ones around," says Tommy Prothro of UCLA, "but I can't name you two real quick. His broken-play patterns are hell for a defensive man." USC's John McKay will never forget a run his halfback made against Michigan State two years ago. Garrett dipped, dodged, whirled and sidestepped some 60 yards to advance the ball 24 yards, leaving tacklers sprawled in the grass behind him. "It was incredible," said McKay. "There was no way that run could be made, yet Mike made it."

A 5-foot-9 185-pounder with a sprinter's speed, Garrett could very well have his finest year in 1965. His determination to succeed was illustrated when, after USC defeated Colorado 21–0 in 1964, Garrett rushed from lineman to lineman, apologizing for the holes he missed during the game. Quarterback Craig Fertig understood completely. "Mike's the whole player," he said. "He's all out, even when he's not carrying the ball. Why, he knocks himself out faking for you."

It is doubtful that Mike Garrett will receive a standing ovation when he leaves the field for the final time this fall—in this age of two-platoon football who will know he is out?—but he is a Trojan of the Drury mold and, like Drury, too noble to be soon forgotten.

THE BEST

For SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA the party was over before it began. About 30 players, their wives and girl friends had gathered at Enoch's Steak House in suburban South Gate last November 28 to celebrate the Trojans' 20–17 upset of Notre Dame and await the vote of conference officials that would send the team to the Rose Bowl. Then, about 10 p.m., a voice broke in over the radio with the news that Oregon State had been given the bid. Enoch's steak suddenly tasted like the football USC and Notre Dame had kicked around the Coliseum that day.

Craig Fertig was bitter: "The AAWU is nuts," he said. John McKay was bitter but more diplomatic. "This is the second year we have lost a vote to play in the Rose Bowl," he said.

The 1965 Trojan team is so good that it should not have to worry about any Rose Bowl vote. Garrett, Flanker Rod Sherman and 220-pound Fullback Homer Williams (if his foot mends) are among 20 returning lettermen, and McKay has so many impressive sophomores and junior-college transfers he is rubbing his hands together. "We've got more and better running backs than a year ago," he says without a coachly trace of modesty. "And now we've got the depth to rest Garrett and not be hurting." Bottomless lakes should be so deep.

Pat Mills, a junior who played only 40 seconds in 1964, replaces Fertig at quarterback. Just before the spring game McKay said, "Mills lacks experience, but in a throwing contest he can throw the ball as far as anybody." He then watched the youngster go out and complete 22 of 38 passes for 368 yards and three touchdowns. To make everything even rosier, USC has its largest offensive line in years, including two of the nation's finest ends in 220-pound Dave Moton and John Thomas. Chuck Arrobio, 6 feet 4, 245 pounds, and Mike Scarpace, 6 feet 1, 245 pounds, will be at the tackles. Jim Homan, 6 feet 2, 221 pounds, Harry Wells, 6 feet 1, 220 pounds, and Frank Lopez, 5 feet 11, 205 pounds, will handle the guard positions. Paul Johnson, 6 feet 1, 205 pounds, will start at center.

Jeff Smith, a 240-pound All-Conference end, and Safety Nate Shaw, who intercepted a third of the passes thrown into his zone last year, are among six regulars left on the defensive unit, and the Trojans will be improved here with help from fine young sophomores like 6-foot-6, 255-pound Ron Yary (*see box page 70*) and Tim Rossovich, smallish by USC standards at 220 pounds.

"I have always felt that the team with the quarterback is the team to watch," cautions McKay, referring not to his own Mills but to Dave Lewis of STANFORD. Because Lewis can punt and run as well as pass and because Co-Captain Halfback Ray Handley can run—936 yards in 1964 (seventh nationally)—Stanford is already pointing to October 16, the day it heads south for a showdown with USC in what should be the most important game on the Coast this year. "I think this Stanford-to-the-Rose-Bowl talk is not only premature," Coach Johnny Ralston says, "I might say it's disturbing. However," he adds, as uncoachly a man as McKay, "I'm not going to say it's out of reason. We've got depth and a scoring punch. I just hope we can hold 'em."

Stanford has 21 lettermen returning, losing only five men from its defense and four from the offense. Neither Indian line has the size of USC's, but both are swift, agile and experienced. Defensively, Co-Captain Gary Pettigrew and Mike Hibler return at the tackles, and Lettermen Al Wilburn and Roger Clay will step right in at the ends. Excellent replacements, sophomore Dave Nelson and junior Mike Pavko, take over for the men Stanford misses most—Safety Dick Ragsdale and Linebacker Jack Chapple. The offensive line is unchanged except for Tackle Ferg Flanagan, Guard Rick Derby and Center Jim Mills. Blaine Nye, a 235-pound sophomore, blocks so well he must fit in somewhere—probably at tight end.

Four lettermen start in the offensive backfield, where Lewis and Handley are not the only ballcarrying threats. Bob Blunt, a steady, 184-pound junior, is Handley's running mate, and John Read, the 209-pound fullback, was second in team rushing last year with 307 yards. Terry DeSylvia has to be the best backup quarterback in the conference; he completed 39 of 71 passes for 451 yards in 1964. So if the Indians get past USC the path to the Rose Bowl is clear, right? Wrong.

Two weeks later they meet WASHINGTON in Seattle, and Coach Jim Owens' boys play for him as if each of them had the family mortgage to pay off. Owens admits his team will be tough—but that's not news anymore; just how good the Huskies will be depends upon how much they score (they did little enough of that in 1964) and how well Owens rebuilds a platoon that last year led the country in rushing defense (61.3 yards per game). Seven men—including All-America Guard Rick Redman, three All-Coast selections and three-quarters of the deep secondary—are gone from the defense. Returning are End Mike Otis (who will probably replace Redman at linebacker), Tackle Fred Forsberg, Linebacker Steve Hinds and Safety Ralph Winters, but help must come from lettermen drafted from the offense and from sophomores like Linebacker Brent DeMeerleer. Dick Wetterauer will take over for Koll Hagen at middle guard, Ron Clark replaces Jim Norton at right tackle and junior Jerry

continued

Williams steps in for Jim Lambright at right end. Some other linebackers who may play a lot are Clarence Pautzke, another sophomore, and Luke Novelli, a senior. Joining Winters in the secondary are seniors Al Libke and Jim Sartoris and junior Vince Lorrain.

Halfback Charlie Browning and Fullback Junior Coffey (who lost his job to Jeff Jordan midway through the season) are the only real losses from an offensive unit that only lacked, until the last four games, Quarterback Tod Hullin. Hullin, a 6-foot 185-pounder who can run and throw, started the seventh game, against USC, and took the Huskies to four straight wins. Washington is generally a slow starter, but with burly Ron Medved and 150-pound Steve Bramwell at the halves and the 205-pound Jordan at full to help him, Hullin could very well pick up where he left off. Up front there may be room for only one newcomer —6-foot-3, 235-pound Bob Richardson, a sophomore tackle from Kailua, Hawaii. Washington followers, who have suffered through two almost-seasons, have reason for optimism, if only USC, Stanford and—well, the whole schedule is tough.

Take OREGON's Webfoots. They are the fourth AAWU team with reasonable expectations of playing in the Rose Bowl. The reason is not All-America Quarterback Bob Berry, who is gone after breaking every Oregon total-offense and passing record last year. Coach Len Casanova thinks he could have a highly dangerous team this season simply because Berry is about all the Webfoots *did* lose. Among 25 lettermen, Oregon still has its top three ground-gainers, four of its five top receivers and individual leaders in scoring, kickoff returns, punt returns and pass interceptions.

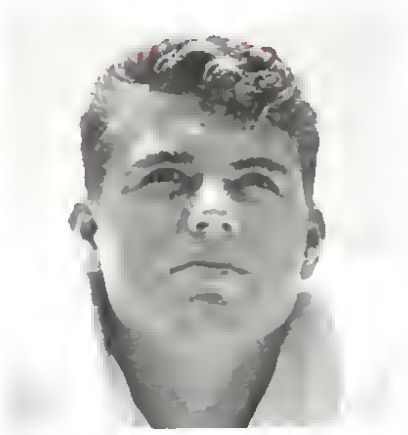
Bill Smith, a 240-pound transfer, proved during spring drills he could handle All-League Dave Tobey's center position well enough so Tobey could be switched to linebacker. Smith and All-League Guard Mark Richards and 250-pound Tackle Pat Matson anchor a solid offensive line, and Halfback Les Palm and Linebacker Tim Casey are among the returnees on defense. Believe it or not, things could be worse at QB: two good ones are battling for Berry's job and, at the moment, even Casanova does not know who will win it. Tom Trovato, a transfer who sat out the 1964 season, appears to have the edge because of his splendid running ability. However, some observers feel junior Mike Brundage can throw the ball even better than Berry. End Ray Palm, Les's brother, is itching to find out, he caught 42 passes last year for 570 yards. The schedule is both bad and good. The Webfoots play only three games in Eugene—bad, according to Coach Casanova. But they probably will be able to concentrate on three big games—Stanford, Washington and Oregon State—and play it low key with the rest, which is good.

Utah, New Mexico and Arizona tied for the Western Athletic Conference title in 1964, and the way every team is scrambling for replacements a four-way tie would surprise no one this year. New Mexico must be rated as a contender, but the teams best prepared to sneak away with the championship are Wyoming and Utah.

At WYOMING, Quarterback Tom Wilkinson, who threw for 1,021 yards in 1964, and End Darryl Alleman, who caught 32 passes for 519 yards, are the foundation of Coach Lloyd Eaton's optimism. If Eaton can smooth over losses in both lines, a WAC title appears likely. "We are very optimistic despite the loss of quite a few interior linemen," says Eaton. "The backfield depth is the best it has been since I've been at Wyoming and so is the overall team speed. We've enough lettermen [22] to give us two deep at most positions, but beyond that we tail off sharply." Mike Davenport and Don Klacking provide the Cowboys with strong inside running, and wing-

continued

FAST, HUGE AND ONLY A PUP



The best sophomore lineman in the West, or anywhere else for that matter, should be 19-year-old Tackle Ron Yary of USC. "Ron is as good as I've ever seen," says USC Coach John McKay, who has won and lost plenty of good players in the recruiting wars. "If he continues to develop, he'll be fantastic." Yary, who weighs 255 pounds and stands a shade over 6 feet 6, hardly fits the longtime image of the compact, quick Trojan linemen. "But Ron has far better movement than a boy his size and youth should show," says McKay. "He is fast and hard to move out, he's so strong." Yary grew up (indeed, he has not yet stopped growing) in Bellflower, Calif., where he was All-San Gabriel Valley tackle his junior year. "I played fullback as a senior, but I like tackle better," says Yary, who has no idea what his rushing average was. After a semester at Cerritos (Junior) College, where he returned to the line and made All-Metropolitan Conference tackle, Yary transferred to USC last February. McKay took one look at Yary and immediately made him a first-string defensive tackle.

Butting heads with Yary when Washington plays USC this fall will be 6-foot-3, 235-pound Bob Richardson, another swift sophomore tackle. Two-time All-State at Kailua High in Oahua, Hawaii, Richardson had his pick of just about any major college in the U.S. A Seattle boy before his family moved to the Islands, Richardson chose Washington. The Huskies, in turn, were delighted to give him a scholarship even though they had never seen him play. By the time spring practice ended, Richardson had beaten out a senior letterman for one of the starting offensive-tackle spots. "He played both ways as a frosh," says Freshman Coach Ed Peasley, "but his long suit is his offensive blocking ability."

New Mexico State, which sent Charley Johnson into the pros, has a sophomore quarterback in 19-year old Sal Olivas, who may make the Aggies forget all about the Cardinals' star. "Olivas compares favorably with Johnson in his first year and is even ahead of him in some areas," says Coach Warren Woodson. High praise indeed for a lad who played quarterback in only a handful of games before this season. At Cathedral High in El Paso, the 6-foot-1, 195-pound Olivas was a hard-running fullback, good enough to make the All-Texas team. (He also was all-state in basketball and lettered in baseball.) Cathedral did have a fullback pass play, and in one game Olivas threw 72, 64 and 52 yards for three touchdowns. That was enough for Woodson, who converted Olivas to quarterback. In two freshman games last fall, Olivas completed 16 of 33 passes for 417 yards and six touchdowns. This fall he will be the Aggies' No. 1 quarterback.



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back is in good shape with Jerry Marion (also the WAC's leading punter with a 40-yard average), Garry McLean and Bob Grant. Tackle Pierre Desjardins will anchor the offensive line and Center Frank Windholz is also a fine linebacker.

UTAH is favored as the most likely contender on the basis of its 25 returning lettermen, but Coach Ray Nagel wonders just how much the Redskins will suffer from inexperience in his backfields. Nagel's team will miss All-America End Roy Jefferson but it has size and speed in the line with Center Pat McKissick plus 223-pound John Stipech and 6-foot-6, 262-pound Greg Kent at the tackles. Rich Groth should fill in ably at quarterback. Halfback Ben Woodson, third on the team in rushing last year, has a calcium deposit in his thigh, and at the moment his status is doubtful. Fullback Allen Jacobs will be hard to replace. He carried for 752 yards and made the All-Conference team. Rounding out the starting backfield will be Jerry Pullman at right halfback and Roger Cline at full.

Coach Tony Knap lost 16 linemen at UTAH STATE, one of the rare independent western teams, but, with the backs he has left, he can afford to smile when he says, "We could have a team capable of beating anyone." The Utags were second nationally in scoring last year (294 points in 10 games), seventh in total offense (348.4 yards per game), and all the contributors to those statistics are ready to try again. They include Quarterback Ron Edwards (1,071 yards total offense) and Fullback Craig Murray. Tailback Roy Shivers (one of 28 Utags hurt last year) would like to play a full season; he had gained 330 yards in 27 carries (12.2 average) before he broke his ankle in the fourth game.

THE REST

Tommy Prothro has moved south to UCLA, and taking over for him at OREGON STATE is Oee Andros, an ex-marine who doesn't scare easily. This is fortunate, for the situation at Corvallis offers abundant opportunity for a man to prove his courage. There are 19 lettermen missing from last year's Rose Bowl squad, and the schedule includes Illinois, Iowa, USC, Syracuse, Washington and Oregon. "I still think we're in their league," says Andros, basing almost everything on the fact that Paul Brothers (1,487 yards total offense) remains at quarterback and Jack (Mad Dog) O'Billovich is one of the linebackers. Among the other 23 lettermen returning are Halfbacks Cliff Watkins, who was second to Brothers in team rushing with 340 yards, and Bob Grim. Pete Pifer is a hard-hitting junior fullback. In the line there is as much size as is found in the conference. There is, however, not much speed—and this could be serious. The tackles will be Bill Stellmacher and Jeff Hardrath. Joel Heacock and Skip Diaz will be the guards and Al Frei the center. The defense is in much better shape. The front line is comprised of lettermen Ends Greg Hartman and Al East, Tackles Dennis Rozario and George Carr and Guards Dave Gould and Doug John. Russ Kuhns, a 205-pound junior, will play alongside O'Billovich. Conceivably Oregon State could overcome the line's slowness and make a second straight trip to Pasadena—but don't bet on it.

UCLA, California and Washington State all are moaning about manpower losses from 1964—a year when their combined records totaled 10 wins, 19 defeats and a tie. UCLA is without Quarterback Larry Zeno (1,688 yards total offense), California has lost Quarterback Craig Morton (185 completions in 308 attempts for 2,121 yards and 13 touchdowns), and Washington State is minus 16 lettermen—who were not particularly impressive in the first place. Also the schedules awaiting these three are as conducive to winning football as four-letter-word parades are to peace on the Cal campus. But as Darrell Royal of Texas once said, "If you're going to get beat you may as well get $60,000 or $70,000 for it."

Coach Prothro compiled a 63–36–2 record at Oregon State by punting on third down, watching games from the press box and calling the plays for his quarterbacks. He will do the same at UCLA but, for the time being, patiently. With Zeno, Halfback Mike Haffner and All-Coast Tackle Kent Francisco gone, it might be safer for Prothro to follow the progress of his Uclans against Michigan State, Penn State, Syracuse, Missouri, Stanford, USC and Tennessee from outside the stadium. John Richardson, 6 feet 2, 216 pounds, is perhaps one of the finest tackles in the West, but he cannot be expected to tackle everybody. Gary Beban takes over at quarterback and he has no experience whatsoever. Halfback Cornell Champion finished third in team rushing—but since Zeno was *the* Bruin offense, Champion picked up only 222 yards last year. Dick Witcher, at right half, is a fine receiver (15 catches for 243 yards and four touchdowns) and Fullback Paul Horgan is a good blocker. The Bruins are probably strongest at end, where Kurt Altenberg and Byron Nelson are well established.

CALIFORNIA, even with Craig Morton, still finished 3–7 last year and, with the loss of his big man, Coach Ray Willsey has made some changes: Cal quarterbacks (whoever they may be) will roll out instead of dropping back, and the Bears will operate from a slot formation to pep up their running. A sudden change in opponents, however, would help more than anything. Notre Dame, Michigan, Washington, Penn State, USC, Oregon and Stanford are just too good, plus the fact that 6-foot-5, 248-pound Stan Ozura, an All-America tackle candidate, broke his leg and is out for the season. But Willsey promises the Bears will be "mentally tougher" than before. "The price to play football at California has gone up," he warns. Jim Hunt, a letterman who completed five of six passes for 54 yards and a touchdown, is battling Dan Berry, a junior-college All-America, for the quarterback job. "We spent as much time as we could with these men during spring practice," says Willsey. "This is the key to our offense." Also missing from the backfield are Halfbacks Tom Blanchfield and Jim Blakeney, who combined for 465 yards on the ground last year (not bad when you consider that Morton was throwing the ball most of the time). Fullback Tom Relles will play wingback in the new formation, and he was the Bears' top rusher with 519 yards. Willsey expects big things from the 5-foot-9 185-pounder—especially since the attack will feature more runs than it did before. Hunt and Berry, however, will have a couple of pretty good receivers to look for when they feel so inclined—Jerry Mosher (37 receptions for 427 yards and five touchdowns) and Relles (30 catches for 233 yards).

WASHINGTON STATE's Bert Clark has prepared himself—and the alumni—for the worst at Pullman. "We're not kidding ourselves," he says. "We certainly need more physical strength and more maturity." Youngsters like Dave Middendorf, a sophomore linebacker, and sophomore Halfback Ted Gerela will make life interesting, but a .500 season is at least a year away. Halfback Clancy Williams will be missed the most. He picked up 783 yards and led the Cougars in scoring with 36 points. He will be replaced either by Ammon McWashington or Huarleen Bain. Both have enough speed and moves to be starters. Larry Eilmes, one of the most capable short-yardage fullbacks in the league, was second to Williams in team rushing last year with 491 yards. End Rich Sheron will be the

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man Quarterbacks Tom Roth and Dave Petersen will have to look for in third and nine or second and 11 situations that, unfortunately for State, could arise all too often.

When the first-year players reported for spring practice at the AIR FORCE ACADEMY, Freshman Coach Jim Bowman greeted them with the stimulating word that "never have so many frosh players had the opportunity to step in and show what they can do." The cribbing scandal of last January plus graduation losses stripped the Falcons of 29 lettermen. "Our experience level is at the lowest it's ever been and we have always been struggling," shudders Coach Ben Martin.

The Falcons have nine experienced players to start with, and all won letters for the first time last year. There is not an experienced end nor an experienced center hovering about, and there is only one letterman at tackle, at quarterback and at fullback, respectively. The four top scorers are gone. Air Force will regroup around Quarterback Paul Stein, Halfbacks Jeff Jarvis and Bill Manning and Fullback John Ondrejko, and hope for the best against Nebraska, Stanford, Army, etc.

Stan Quintana, the WAC's Player of the Year and perhaps the best unknown player in the country this year, returns for another season at NEW MEXICO after accounting for 1,249 yards in total offense and averaging 5.4 yards per carry in the Wolfpack's pass-shy offense. The defenses will be geared against Quintana's bootlegs this time, however, and the Lobos may have to throw more. If so, Coach Bill Weeks must find a replacement for Gary Plumlee, the team's leading pass catcher in 1964. With only 16 lettermen returning, and All-Conference linemen like Guard Jack Abendschan and Tackle Wayne Tvrdik among the missing, it is fortunate last year's freshman team was one of New Mexico's best. "Our biggest problem will be to get that game experience for the newcomers without getting our brains beaten out at the same time," says Weeks. Tackle Dave Hettema, a 6-foot-4, 227-pound draftee of the San Francisco 49ers, is the best of the interior linemen. The offense, however, will depend upon the guards, John Anderson and Cal Jeter, who was shifted from end during the spring. End Woody Dame caught 13 passes for 231 yards last year, and the man who will play opposite him, Emilo Vallez, was the top player on the good freshman team. If too many opponents key on Quintana, junior Carl Bradford could be in for a big year at tailback. Bradford was third on the team in rushing in 1964 with 300 yards, and he gives the Lobos strong inside running in support of Quintana's roll-outs and bootlegs. A powerful transfer, Carl Jackson, should start at fullback, and Albert O'Neal appears to be set at wingback.

ARIZONA STATE's Frank Kush cannot be blamed for being upset. It was enough to lose Quarterback John Torok (2,226 yards total offense, second nationally, in 1964), but when junior Halfbacks Larry Todd and Henry Carr decided to sign pro contracts, Kush was almost speechless. At least Halfback Ben Hawkins is still around, and he reminds some people of Charley Taylor and Tony Lorick. "We have a lot of youngsters," admits Kush, "and they simply must go through the learning process."

"We're going to be a better ball club this year, I feel sure of that," says BRIGHAM YOUNG's Tommy Hudspeth. He probably is right. The Cougars were 3–6–1 in 1964 despite Quarterback Virgil Carter's 1,542 yards in total offense and Fullback John Ogden's 770 yards rushing (tops in the WAC). The problem was too few players, but things should be different now. With 21 lettermen returning along with more junior-college transfers than ever in the school's history, Carter and Ogden have more and better help in tackling a schedule where four of the Cougars' five WAC games will be played on the road.

When he departed from IDAHO for Oregon State, Dee Andros did not leave Steve Musseau in such bad shape. A total of 23 experienced players are returning to Idaho, where the Vandals will be playing for the first time in the Big Sky Athletic Conference. Happily, Fullback Ray McDonald will be among them. The 6-foot-4 232-pounder missed the first three games last year but still set a new school rushing record for the season with 585 yards and a 4.4-yard average. The schedule, however, is about as easy to handle as McDonald is on an off-tackle smash. Idaho meets four AAWU teams, including Washington and Oregon, and therein lies the main problem of improving upon last year's 4–6 mark.

At University Park, N. Mex., everything is up to sophomore Quarterback Sal Olivas. NEW MEXICO STATE, 6–4 last year, is stocked with experience at every position. If Olivas throws as well as he did in the Aggies' two freshman games, the record could be more like 8–2, 9–1 or even 10–0.

Six of the football players who had to leave the Air Force Academy last year have enrolled at ARIZONA. The Wildcats would love to push them into action immediately, but all six must sit out a year, and that means Coach Jim LaRue must depend primarily upon a good group of sophomores to fill in for the 25 lettermen who graduated. Needless to say, Arizona will be green, but more optimistically, it will be big and green, and the Wildcats are getting accustomed to life at the top of the league. They will fight rather than go up in smoke, and with a little break here and a sophomore surprise there they just could stay up with the leaders. LaRue promises a good defense and a better offense, and when he talks that way he is thinking in terms of bigness. With fellows like Co-Captain Jim Pazerski, 6 feet 2, 228 pounds, and a transfer, Steve Mass, 6 feet 4, 260 pounds, at the tackles, the Wildcats average 220 pounds per man in the offensive line —even with 185-pound Jeff Fries at left end. "We have better backfield potential than we had last year, too," says LaRue, referring to his 6-foot-2, 215-pound ex-marine halfback, Brad Hubbert. The way LaRue sees it, Hubbert will get Arizona the title if the defense keeps the games close. The burly, lacerating halfback ran for 115 yards in 11 carries in the spring game—and that was no accident. Junior Phil Albert, who missed all of 1964 with an injury, takes over at quarterback. He had a fine all-round spring and completed six of nine passes for 119 yards and one touchdown in the spring game. Co-Captain Tom Malloy at linebacker will key the whole defensive unit. LaRue sums up his team this way: "It might take a while for our youngsters to develop, but the talent is there. If they take charge right away, we could have a very good football team."

The Tigers of the UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC have decided they owe something to *somebody* on their schedule this year. They were shut out in four of their nine losses in 1964 and took some lacy trouncings along the way, among them 50–0, 40–0, 54–7, 42–6 routs. Only nine players are missing from that outfit and, though the Tigers will not win more than they lose, they will improve on last year's nightmare. To start with, Coach Don (Tiny) Campora has installed the I formation. He says he has done this to exploit the all-round abilities of Quarterback Tom Strain, now third among the school's alltime passers. Fullback Bob Erman led Pacific in rushing last year and should do it again. If Campora can strengthen the defense enough so it gives up just half the points it did last year (304), and the I does not buckle under Strain, the Tigers may be better than anyone expects.

CONTINUED



TEXAS HAS A HORN OF PLENTY

THE LEGEND

It was a thoroughly undisciplined decade, one that gave the Southwest Conference its lasting reputation as the most free-wheeling, upset-crazed sector of the land. Men like Slingin' Sam Baugh, Dwight (Paddlefoot) Sloan and Slingshot Davey O'Brien often threw the ball as many as 30 or 40 times in a single game. And from the same curious formations—spread, short punt, double wing—runners like Jarrin' John Kimbrough, Bohn Hilliard, Wee Bobby Wilson and Jimmy Lawrence bounded goalward in their leather headgear and canvas pants with the help of shovel passes, wide laterals and flicker handoffs. The big heroes in the 1930s were those who threw and caught and ran, but there was one complete football player among them who was so proficient at the basic skills—blocking and tackling—that he, too, became a legend with the rest. At the University of Texas, the biggest and winningest school in the Southwest, and sure to be powerful again in 1965, the name of Harrison Stafford, a rough-hewn halfback of 1930–31–32, is spoken with a reverence exclusively reserved for true Saturday immortals like—well, like Tommy Nobis, Texas' modern legend. Put it this way: Stafford was so aggressive, he could have played today for Darrell Royal.

Even now, 33 years later, when passionate followers of the game talk about "the block," every Texan knows which one. It was the flying, side-body downfield block that Stafford threw on TCU's All-America Guard Johnny Vaught in 1932 in the big game of that season. TCU, with six of seven All-Conference linemen—led by Vaught—was meeting Texas—with three of four All-Conference backfield men—for the title. The game was advertised appropriately as the battle of the line against the backfield. Texas had, aside from Harrison Stafford, a bruising tailback named Ernie Koy, the father of last year's Longhorn star, and one of the Southwest's all-time scatbacks, Bohn Hilliard. Although Texas was favored (the Longhorns had lost only once to the Frogs in 12 years), TCU won 14–0. Stafford, however, proved a classic competitor in defeat. Catching Koy's passes, blocking and defending, he was everywhere. And then there was the block that oldtimers insist they can still hear.

It happened on a punt. TCU Quarterback Buster Brannon boomed a high one that Hilliard fielded. Vaught, as always, was the first man downfield, hopeful of crushing the Texas runner. Stafford's job was to take care of Vaught. He did. He came racing left to right across field, bearing down from the blind side on Vaught, who was running just as fast. All 32,000 spectators could see that a mighty collision would occur. Just as Vaught got within a few steps of Hilliard, Stafford hurled himself headlong into him,

waist high, and the momentum of the crash carried both men three yards through the air—a flight ending in an awesome clump. Stafford got up like a punch-drunk fighter, but Vaught lay in a dazed heap.

"The legend grew that Vaught was knocked completely out," says Stafford, today a successful rancher, rice-grower and vice-president of a bank in Edna, Texas, "but the fact was that both of us were pretty shaken up." It was the closest Stafford ever came to injury. For three years of All-Conference performing, which in itself was unusual because he was almost strictly a blocker and defender, Stafford was never hurt, even though he was long and rangy and played at 175.

"I've never seen a defensive back or blocker who could compare with him," says Texas Track Coach Clyde Littlefield, who was then the football coach. "In the open field, against the fanciest runner, he never missed. And he blocked because he wanted to win. We used to try to let him run the ball, but the plays didn't gain much, because he wasn't there to clear the way for himself. We never even used anyone to double-team with him. It wasn't necessary. He loved to hit."

This combative spirit has been rightfully inherited by Tommy Nobis, the brilliant linebacker, the most nearly ideal player Texas has produced since Stafford. Nobis is 6 feet 2, 230 pounds, freckled, has a size-19 neck, and is suicidally dedicated to winning. Already he has been voted the best linebacker in the Southwest in 20 years by 25 of the leading sportswriters in Texas.

Nobis, as a sophomore, was more responsible than anyone else for burying Navy's Roger Staubach in the Cotton Bowl game, a performance that prompted Army Coach Paul Dietzel to call him "the best linebacker I've ever seen in college football." Nobis made more than 20 individual tackles each against Army, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Rice and SMU last year as an All-America junior and wound up the season by making four consecutive stops on his own goal line against Alabama, protecting the 21–17 Orange Bowl upset.

For two seasons Nobis has played both ways and has been one of the reasons Texas' running game has continued to flourish. Even now that platoons are a necessity, Royal will use the San Antonio senior 30% on offense. "All I know is, I don't want him sitting by me on the bench too much," Royal says. "He's the best I've ever had. He's always there, or on his way. In ability and attitude, I consider him the best all-round football player in the country."

Nobis' attitude can be summed up in one of his own statements. Talking about Texas' only loss last season, 14–13 to Arkansas—and the only loss of his career—Tommy says, "I think a little bit about Arkansas every day."

THE BEST

So does Darrell Royal. Though unaccustomed to losing games (TEXAS is 40–3–1 over the past four seasons), Royal knows that, were it not for two one-point losses to the Razorbacks, he would have had seven conference championships in the last eight years, and two national titles, for Texas would have successfully defended its No. 1 rating a year ago. Defeat came in the last minute and a half when Royal gambled everything—the conference title, the national crown, a 15-game winning streak—on a two-point conversion play, and failed.

Instead of ramming the ball at or around Arkansas, something Texas does best, Royal ordered a flat pass from Quarterback Marvin Kristynik to a tiny tailback named Hix Green. Green had entered the game for Ernie Koy, and Frank Broyles, the Arkansas coach, knew he could be there for only one reason, to catch. Arkansas poured through on Kristynik, a debatable thrower at best, and swarmed Green in the flat. The pass fell two feet shy of the receiver's hands.

Royal had no criticism of Kristynik, however, for it was the 5-foot-10, 170-pound signal-caller who drove Texas to the touchdown that made the two-point attempt possible. And Kristynik is back again, now a senior. Like all previous Texas quarterbacks under Royal, Marvelous Marv can do nothing exceptionally well, except win. He runs the keeper, fakes, and stays out of trouble. "He's confident, and he moves our offense," says Royal. "Our coaches joke that we haven't had a good quarterback—by other people's standards—in so long they wouldn't recognize one if they saw him. But give me the guy with his jaw stuck out and his sleeves rolled up who swaggers back to the huddle. He's the guy who can do the job."

If Kristynik cannot move Texas swiftly enough by October, when the Longhorns must meet Oklahoma and Arkansas back to back, then perhaps Greg Lott can. Lott is a sophomore, but he is the most impressive quarterback Texas has recruited in many years. He is 6 feet, weighs 174 pounds, is a fine passer and, for whatever it is worth, is the godson of Bobby Layne, Texas' last quarterback of stature.

Everything else, Texas has. There are more good runners than ever, with Phil Harris moved from two years at wingback to running back. "I like Phil," says Royal. "He's a guy who can make you four yards on third and four." Tom Stockton should be the Southwest's best fullback, and for speed there are junior Jimmy Helms and sophomores Linus Baer and Robert Leach.

The line has more than Nobis—more pro prospects than Royal has been used to, in fact. Defensive End Pete Lammons, 6 feet 1 and 215 pounds, is a legitimate All-America candidate, and so is Tackle Diron Talbert. Royal insists that Frank Bedrick, teamed with Nobis, gives him the best pair of guards in the country.

A lot of sophomores will play for Texas, but they always do, and they are always good. Texas will platoon, like everyone else, but not exclusively, and it will throw more, or try to, with Kristynik's pumpkin ball or Lott's spirals.

ARKANSAS' season, like Texas', depends on what happens in Fayetteville the afternoon of October 16 when the giants meet before national television cameras. They have played some unbearable thrillers in the last few years, with Broyles winning by 24–23 and 14–13, and Royal, his off-season golfing pal, winning by such equally theatrical scores as 13–12, 7–3 and 17–13.

"If we can't find a passer, we don't have a chance," says Broyles. "Nobody, *nobody*, runs on Texas. We won last year with a punt return and a long pass. We don't expect to get the return again. We must throw, so our job is to find an arm early in the season."

Arkansas' opponents are quick to point out that Frank must be kidding: he has Jon Brittenum, who was held out a year ago after playing as a sophomore. Brittenum is agile and a fine thrower. If he lacks anything, it is inspiration. But with the job his, that may come.

Inspiration can also come from the abundance of speed in Arkansas' backfield. Tailback Jim Lindsey, hero of the Cotton Bowl victory over Nebraska, ran a 10.1 dash last spring. Wingback Bobby Burnett is an authentic 9.8 man, and Harry Jones has clocked a 9.7. Jones is the junior who will push Brittenum at quarterback, and his sprint-outs will be exactly that.

The Porkers will again platoon and mix the I formation with the wing T. Frank Broyles was one of the first coaches to discover—just a year ago—that platoons would work. "I'll bet we were first," says he. "We

continued

switched the third day of spring training."

The real worry is on defense where eight starters are gone, but both tackles—Loyd Phillips and Jim Williams—return, and most pro scouts consider them the finest pair anywhere. Which team is better, Texas or Arkansas, probably will be decided by a point and by who catches the passes.

There is no question which team will throw the passes among the other SWC schools. It is BAYLOR, led by Terry Southall, the latest in the long list of superb throwers manufactured by Coach John Bridgers. Last year Southall had the best sophomore passing season in Southwest history, completing 118 for 1,693 yards. It was the third best ever recorded by *anybody* in the league. Said Terry, "I never had so much fun."

Now he's a junior and should be even more poised, but Larry Elkins is gone, and Bridgers must worry if the receiving will be as good. Eventually, yes. Split End Harlan Lane, a senior, is back. And the spring produced sophomore Flanker George Cheshire as a Tommy McDonald type and possibly the new Elkins. Sophomores must also provide the running, but Halfback Billy Hayes (6 feet 2, 200 pounds) and Fullback Charles Wilson (6 feet 4, 203 pounds) are no ordinary sophomores. Baylor will be fun to watch, as always, and if the Bears can have fun on defense, they will be the team most likely to succeed should flood or famine overtake Texas and Arkansas.

The team next most likely is TEXAS TECH because Donny Anderson is still around, can still run, catch and kick, and is struggling hard to adopt a good attitude. Tech slyly made him captain, which should help his confessed laziness. Recently, Donny made a speech about it. "I'm going to try my darndest to put out in practice," he said. "I understand that if some other guys see me loafing, they'll loaf too. I don't know if I can do it. I've always dedicated myself to going all out in a game, because there's something about putting on a red jersey and those striped pants that charges me up. I just can't get the same feeling from that crummy white practice gear."

Anderson, who is 6 feet 3, 210 pounds, and fast, was charged up enough last year to gain 966 yards, make All-America and put Tech in the Sun Bowl with a 6–3–1 record. Most of his accomplices are back, including Quarterback Tom Wilson, and overall Tech is bigger, deeper, wiser.

THE REST

TCU has now gone five straight years without either a Nobis, an Anderson, a championship or a bowl team, and that is a record. The Frogs figure to make it six this time with half a squad of sophomores and half a squad of fairly unglamorous juniors and seniors. It is the lowest ebb in the school's athletic history, but Coach Abe Martin clings to his optimism. "I don't know why I think we'll do all right," he says. "Just ignorant, I guess." What he truly believes is that these sophomores, the first good crop in a long time—Quarterback P. D. Shabay, Linebacker Rocky Goodman, Center E. A. Gresham, Running Back Steve Landon—will, as he says, "win the sucker next year." Meanwhile, Shabay, a tough, dedicated 6-foot-2 206-pounder, will get experience, along with the rest, at running and trying to find Split End Sonny Campbell ("Best I've ever had," says Abe) with some passes.

The deterioration at SMU has been something of a mystery. Since 1962 dozens of highly prized athletes have arrived on campus in Dallas, but few of them have fulfilled their promise. There have been dropouts, flunkouts, injuries and steady miseries, but Coach Hayden Fry thinks things are looking up. Quarterback Mac White is back, so is 9.3 Halfback John Roderick, who beat Navy in 1963. And sophomore Jim Hagle, who is 6 feet 2, 195 pounds, fast and punts 40 yards every time, is being called the nearest thing to Kyle Rote the Mustangs have had. Fry has also hired Chuck Curtis, Texas' most successful high school coach (three straight state championships) as an assistant. As Texas Tech Coach J. T. King says, "I know they were 1–9 last year, but you can't look at that personnel and believe they can do anything but be better." All they have to do is stay healthy and in school.

TEXAS A&M is still looking for another Bear Bryant, and Gene Stallings is the third man to try to fit that difficult mold. He may be close. At least he played for Bryant at A&M (in 1956, on the only championship team that the Aggies have had in 25 years) and coached for Bryant at Alabama,

LOOK OUT, MAN, HE WENT THATAWAY



Late last season during a scrimmage between the University of Houston's freshmen and the varsity reserves, the ball was placed on the 30-yard line and Freshman Coach Carroll Schultz told his squad they could quit if they scored. "You mean that?" asked a 5-foot-9, 173-pound halfback named Warren McVea. Schultz nodded. And McVea, the most exciting runner in the history of Texas high school football, yelled across at the defense, "Look out, man, here I come." McVea promptly ran 30 yards for a touchdown in his humming-bird, spilled-ink, where-is-he-now fashion. The San Antonio Negro—first to play for a major Texas college—is expected to do the same thing for the Cougar varsity this season in Houston's domed stadium, and become the Sophomore of Any Year.

Because of the dome and Houston's proximity to San Antonio, the Cougars won the recruiting battle for McVea over 75 colleges. In high school he had scored 591 points in three years with his 9.5 speed and stop-and-start moves. So magic was his schoolboy fame, his very presence packed TCU Stadium with 46,000 for the 1964 Texas High School All-Star Game. Last spring in San Antonio, for a mere intrasquad game, McVea put 7,971 paid in the seats, then scored twice on runs of 11 and 33 yards. Though injured most of his freshman season, he did average 9.2 yards on 17 carries.

McVea, who has a bullet-shaped head, practically no neck, and big, sloping shoulders, has received more publicity than any schoolboy star since Bill DeCorrevont went to Northwestern. Typical are these words from Darrell Tully of Spring Branch High School. "He's the greatest broken-field runner in Texas history. He's the only guy I've ever seen sidestep a tackle without being touched on a dive play!"

There are other brilliant sophomores around Texas football this year—Greg Lott, the Texas quarterback, Jim Hagle, the SMU runner, P. D. Shabay, the TCU quarterback, and others. But Warren McVea is the one who will sell the most tickets.

and has five photographs of Bryant on his office wall and a fat log book of everything Bryant has said during the last 12 years.

The big difference between Bryant and Stallings, however, is that this year Stallings does not have many football players. There is a fine linebacker, Joe Wellborn, and a redshirt sophomore quarterback, Harry Ledbetter, but the general standard is low. Thus Stallings is starting out, as Bryant had to 11 years ago at A&M, by building a defense and a kicking game. He does have an end named Dude (McLean) and a fullback named Bubber (Collins), and no team with names like that can be all bad, or, as Bear would say, "Scared to butt you."

The only reason A&M rates ahead of RICE is because Jess Neely has no pictures of Bryant on his wall. The Owls have the best center in the league in Craig Christopher and two solid tackles in seniors Jim Vining and Harlon Dearing. Fullback Gene Walker and Halfback Chuck Latourette are reckless runners. But that's about it.

Independent HOUSTON should be better than half the teams in the Southwest Conference—maybe more. Coach Bill Yeoman has nine offensive starters back and 22 lettermen and, most important of all, sophomore Warren McVea (*see box*). The biggest problem is the schedule. Ole Miss, Miami, Florida State, Kentucky, Tennessee, among others. McVea will have to run awfully fast. TEXAS WESTERN hopes that some of the Dobbs family talent will rub off. The Miners have hired Bobby Dobbs, older brother of Glenn, who brought Tulsa back to prominence last season, as the new head coach. Dobbs instantly installed a prototype offense, similar to Tulsa's, but, so far, he is without the kind of passer who makes that sort of machine work. If one develops, he will have more than adequate running help from Mark Yarbrough, 205 pounds and a 9.7 average last season, Walter Johnson, 200 pounds, and Dick Weeks, 217 pounds.

Out in the no man's land of the Lone Star, there is WEST TEXAS STATE. Coach Joe Kerbel's Buffaloes have experience and some transfers, but the accent will be on defense, where most of the team's strength is centered. Ted Wheeler and Dave Szymakowski are good receivers for anyone who can get the ball to them. NORTH TEXAS STATE, although it is located in the heart of the SWC, plays in the Missouri Valley Conference. Coach Odus Mitchell's hopes to better last year's 2–7–1 depend upon sophomore Quarterback Corkey Boland and two ex-junior-college backs—John Love and Tony Reese.

CONTINUED



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A LOT PACKED IN A LITTLE

THE LEGEND

As Robert Calvin Hubbard walked across the tree-lined Pennsylvania campus of Geneva College one day in 1926 he saw a pretty coed ahead of him. He instantly decided he would like to meet her, and instantly did. Overtaking the girl, he demanded sternly: "What's your name?"

"Ruth Frishkorn," she replied without a whimper, or any attempt at evasion.

"That name's too hard to pronounce," Hubbard announced. "I'm going to change it to Hubbard." Whether Miss Frishkorn said "yes" at once is not recorded, but the marriage is—which is not surprising, because Cal Hubbard had a way of impressing people. He was, of course, infinitely more impressive when he was helping opposing ballcarriers etch their stricken images more or less permanently in the turf of football fields. Paul (Pip) Booth, who roomed with and played on the same team as Hubbard at Geneva, recalls this about the 6-foot-4, 245-pound Missouri farmboy:

"Hubbard moved like a cat and always smashed into the ballcarrier with his face or chest. Once I saw him smash down the whole side of a defensive line by himself. He was six to eight years older than most of us, and we looked up to him more as a father than as a teammate. No man had cleaner living habits, either. His only bad one was sitting up all night to drink coffee and talk sports. Baseball and football rules were his hobby; he spent days and nights studying them and drinking coffee."

In 1926 Cornell had scheduled Geneva College as an easy first game. Even so, the coach of the Big Red, Gil Dobie, took the precaution of looking over the Geneva team when it arrived in Ithaca. Dobie's eyes fell on Hubbard as he stepped off the train. Dobie said, "I think I made a bad mistake when I booked this team."

Cornell won the game 6–0, but it needed a little help. Geneva's passer was ejected in the first quarter, and before the game had ended the team had been penalized 300 yards to Cornell's 15. Harvard, which was stronger than Cornell that year, made the mistake of scheduling Geneva, too. It lost 16–7 when the officials could come up with only 30 yards of penalties for the Pennsylvanians and the same for Harvard. Leland Schachren, Geneva's quarterback, recalls the former New York Giant, Green Bay Packer and now umpire in chief of the American League like this:

"I was only 5 feet 8 and 131 pounds. Whenever things were going tough in a game or when we needed a first down or something, Cal would lean over to me in the huddle and say, 'Look, little boy, just get the ball and follow me.' I always did, too."

Hubbard got to Geneva by a circuitous route. He admired Bo McMillin, the original small-college hero who quarterbacked

and kicked the Prayin' Colonels of Centre College to the famous 1921 victory over undefeated Harvard. McMillin became coach at Centenary in 1922, and Hubbard enrolled there. When McMillin pulled up stakes three years later to go to Geneva, Hubbard followed. Shortly before he died, someone asked McMillin to describe Hubbard. He answered, "The greatest football player who ever lived was Cal Hubbard, lineman or back, college or professional."

The small-college player who could perform in the Hubbard tradition this year is Quarterback Randy Johnson of Texas A&I. The chances are good he will become a professional very soon, continuing the tradition, more often fiction than fact, that the best pro players are unknowns from small colleges. Says Gil Steinke, his coach: "He's extremely quick as a runner. He has an abnormally quick arm. He's an unusually good scrambler. He runs all over and throws left or right, off balance—he doesn't have to worry about where his feet are. He can throw long or short." In three years at A&I, Johnson has thrown for 3,241 yards and added 431 more by dipping from the pocket and running with the ball. Last year he completed 117 of 222 passes for 1,664 yards and finished with 1,989 in total offense. In the off season, proving his versatility, he was a starter on the A&I basketball team and a member of the golf team.

East Texas State's Earnest Hawkins, whose teams must play against Johnson once more, compares the 6-foot-3, 195-pound passer to Joe Namath. "Of course Namath is the best I've seen," says Hawkins, "but I've had pro scouts tell me they think this kid is right next to him. I know from films and the experience we've had in playing against him, there aren't many kids who throw the ball better. He can be running full speed and throw it back across. He can lead a man out, throw it deep."

"He has the size," says Red Hickey of the Dallas Cowboys, "and he has very quick hands, quick action and a good motion. A lot will depend upon what he does this year, but he'll go high in the draft. He'll open a lot of eyes, I'm sure."

THE SOUTH

One of the games people play in the football season—besides football—is small-college name-dropping. Anyone who wishes to excel at that popular sport this fall would be wise to note the name and location of a city of 16,500 in the green hills of northern Louisiana. This is Ruston, a place whose industries range from polystyrene to broom handles. Interstate 20, a four-lane superhighway, skirts the northern edge of town and links Ruston with Minden, Arcadia, Choudrant and Monroe. On weekends in the summer most Rustonites travel the 13 miles to D'Arbonne Lake to sail, ski, swim and sleep in the sun; but on Saturdays in the fall they cram into LOUISIANA TECH's ancient stadium and eagerly watch the Bulldogs wallop whatever team happens to be unfortunate enough to be visiting that afternoon. Tech has not lost a conference game in Ruston since 1954, and the last time it lost *any* game at home was a squeaker with Southern Mississippi in 1961. The townsfolk are so proud of their Bulldogs that 1,000 of them are planning to make the 265-mile train ride to Houston this week for the big game against Rice. Yes, Rice. Tech Coach Joe Aillet has won so often (67% of the time) for so long (24 years) that teams like Rice and Alabama are no longer embarrassed to schedule his team. And he, in turn, is not afraid of them. "We'll play anybody who'll play us," says Aillet—and with Bear Bryant on the schedule (September 24, 1966) you have to believe him.

The Bulldogs won nine of 10 games in 1964 and for the 13th time in 24 years finished on top of the Gulf States Conference. Tech was fourth in the small-college ratings and thought it sh ul l have been hrst. This year, if Aillet can replace—of all things—his defensive line coach (George Doherty is recovering from a heart attack), Louisiana Tech *could* be first and not lose in Ruston, Shreveport, Houston or anywhere else. "Right now, with George out, it's an impossible situation," says Aillet. "However, from a realistic point of view we'll be as good as we were last year."

Realistically, Quarterback Billy Laird threw for 1,361 yards and nine touchdowns last year. He is back, as are 250-pound tackles like Jim Boudreaux and Dan Irby and guards like Bob McKinnon and Corky Cassity, both over 200. Fullback Gerry McDowell is being pushed by sophomores Bob Brunet and Richie Golman, who both run the 100 in under 10 seconds. Flanker Corky Corkern is gone but freshman Butch Daniels may be better yet. Wayne Davis and Maurice Greer are back at the ends. The biggest loss of all was punter David Lee (signed by the Cleveland Browns), but with an attack like the Bulldogs' who needs to punt?

Tech meets McNEESE STATE October 2 in Lake Charles, and that should settle the Gulf States race almost before it begins. McNeese has 24 lettermen left, but with Chuck Anastasio (twice All-Conference at tailback) among the missing, Coach Les DeVall says, "We won't have the football team we had last year." Rich Guillory, a swift, heady runner, returns at quarterback, and Merlin Walet, a 220-pound fullback, is probably the best back in the GSC: he played in just three games last year and gained 312 yards. Without more players like these, however, McNeese probably will be good enough only to beat out SOUTHEASTERN LOUISIANA for second place.

That, however, is a pretty big "only." Southeastern is something of a powerhouse itself. "If the line improves and the backs come through and the quarterback situation shapes up and one or two freshmen surprise, the Lions could be a contender," is one evaluation of Southeastern. This comes from Hammond, La., where the school is located, but do not be misled. The Lions have Harry Nunez, a four-year man, at fullback and two All-Conference picks, Ronnie Frederick and Earl Dieterich, in the line. If half their "ifs" come through, the Lions will be quite a decent little team.

There are few ifs about Charles (Bubber) Murphy these days. His MIDDLE TENNESSEE Blue Raiders haven't finished lower than second in the Ohio Valley Conference for 10 years and have won or shared the title six of the last nine. Murphy will not surprise the good people of Murfreesboro with anything less in 1965. Quarterback Teddy (Thunderbolt) Morris, holder of every MTSU total-offense and passing record, will strike again—as will Halfback Bob Hlodan (the Raiders' leading rusher and MVP in the 20–0 win over Muskingum in the Grantland Rice Bowl), Middle Guard Keith Atchley, Fullback Larry Mathews and 18 other lettermen.

If four transfers from major football schools can steady Nick Denes' line at WESTERN KENTUCKY STATE, the Hilltoppers could make things sticky for Middle Tennessee on that big day for little football in the South, October 2, when the two teams meet. Center Tom Ruby, Tackles Ralph Edwards and Jack Crangle and Guard Wes Simpson could be good enough to produce an OVC title. One of the Burt brothers, John, is back again, and he led the Hilltoppers in rushing last season.

Stokley Fulton will be awfully unhappy if his HAMPDEN-SYDNEY Tigers are not Mason-Dixon champs in 1965. "This team could be one of our best ever," he says flatly and emphatically. He is probably right.

continued

Whitey Lipscomb is the best small-college quarterback in Virginia, and Jimmy Null may be the best linebacker—small *or* big college. Then there's Ty Tysinger; Ty tries to go all the way every time he gets the ball—and just might do it in 1965. Quarterback Eldridge Dickey, one of 25 lettermen at TENNESSEE STATE, is talented enough to pass the Tigers to the Midwestern Athletic Association title.

FLORIDA A&M is the annual host of the Orange Blossom Classic and nobody argues about that because the Rattlers are always the team to beat among Negro colleges. This is true because A&M Coach Jake Gaither places the emphasis on speed, speed and more speed. The fact that lately he has been getting size with speed has not hurt him either although it has brought him problems—too many pro scouts cluttering up his front lawn. This is a vintage Rattler year, even without Olympic gold-medal winner Bob Hayes, Bobby Felts and Quarterback Ernie Hart, who made sprint-outs *really* sprint-outs and could throw as well. At Tallahassee, in the face of such losses, they merely ask "Who's next?" Who's next, for the information of pro scouts and unhappy opponents, is a stable of sophomores who can run the 100 in 10 seconds or less. The starters should be Quarterback Elroy Morand, Halfbacks Eugene Thomas and Jim Cambridge and Flanker Back Eugene Milton. The finest, fastest and biggest Rattlers up front are 257-pound Tackle David Daniels and End Arthur Robinson, a 1964 Negro All-America.

PRAIRIE VIEW will be tough to beat again in the Southwestern Athletic Conference, even though Quarterback Jimmy Kearney, the league's total-offense leader, and End Otis Taylor are gone. But if the Panthers are to be beaten, it will happen at GRAMBLING on October 2. Grambling lost six lettermen who signed professional contracts—but the Tigers will be as huge and fast as ever and will make Prairie View hustle plenty. Among players returning to the team this season are Henry Dyer, who was the nation's co-leader in college-division scoring.

THE SOUTHWEST

That dust billowing from Pritchett Stadium in Huntsville, Tex., on hot autumn Saturdays is nothing to be alarmed about unless you happen to belong to the Lone Star Conference—and are not SAM HOUSTON STATE. The Bearkats of State live up to their name. Last year they called only one time out, and that was to stop the clock on a touchdown drive. There will be no letup this season, and if there is one threat to Louisiana Tech's hopes of finishing first among the country's small colleges, it is Sam Houston.

The perpetual-motion Bearkats won eight of nine regular-season games in 1964, defeated Findlay 32–21 in a playoff and then tied Concordia (Minn.) 7–7 for the NAIA championship. Only seven men are missing from that team, and all but three of the best ones are back. Among the returnees are Tackle A. J. Veselka, End Lloyd Long and Linebackers Dave Martin and Mike Bobo. Billy Arlen and Joe Ed Lynn are 215-pound halfbacks so swift they could rustle cattle on foot, and Halfback Ronnie Menn, a transfer from Texas A&M, is right with them. There is a problem. Norm Peterson, admired for his all-round abilities as a quarterback, is being pushed by a transfer from Rice, Dennis Gann, who throws so well he could wind up with the job. In the eyes of the coach, Dr. Paul Pierce, that is a dilemma.

Should the Bearkats get to squabbling among themselves, the LSC team with an outside chance to catch them is SOUTHWEST TEXAS STATE, otherwise known as the Bobcats. The night of the big confrontation is October 23 in San Marcos. The Bobcats lost a 15–14 thriller to Sam Houston last year (they finished 8–2 for the season), and new Coach Billy Miller hopes to celebrate his first year with a conference championship. He almost has the team to do it. Quarterback Jesse Perkins threw for 699 yards as a freshman, Fullback Reece Morrison averaged 11.1 yards per carry on 39 tries last year and Tailback Lewis Simmons led the team in rushing. Tackle Wilbur Aylor, at a stout 245 pounds, and 220-pound Center Lindy Lyles are two of the finest linemen in the Lone Star, and Corner Back Rich Suffel *is* the best. Even the kicking is superb. Jon White averaged 40 yards a punt in 1964.

Still farther on the outside, but always a threat to Sam Houston, is STEPHEN F. AUSTIN. The Lumberjacks lost their leading ground-gainer and their top pass receiver from last year's team. But they have 25 lettermen left, among them a healthy Jerry (Hawk) Clement, a 9.8 sprinter who was hurt most of 1964. A Clement for a full season makes the Lumberjack running game better than it was. Both lines are rough, big and quick, with Fred Calhoun, Lynn Graves, Bill Henderson, John Owens and Don Lorenz all among the best in the conference. Backing them at safety is Larry Minter, All-LSC last year.

But there is a fourth good team in this remarkably strong conference, and if TEXAS A&I's Javelinas can escape the injuries that plagued them in 1964 they might surprise everybody. Their chances begin, of course, with Randy Johnson, the LSC's most valuable player in 1964 and sure to make Little All-America in 1965. Johnson's impressive statistics from last season should be equally formidable this year with the return of four receivers, each of whom caught passes totaling 200 yards or more. They are L. J. Rolf, Gerry Pargmann, Terry Oglesby and Jimmy Hill. But Coach Gil Steinke still has not forgotten those injuries and sums it up. "With a good amount of luck we could have a topnotch football team."

EAST TEXAS STATE, expecting big things from Tailback Curtis Guyton (All-America at Wharton Junior College) and Guard Bill Plunkett, is the best of the rest.

The LAMAR TECH-ABILENE CHRISTIAN game in Abilene on October 16 should settle first place once and for all in the Southland Conference. Tech won the title last year, but Abilene is better in 1965 with improved running and the return of four All-Conference players, Halfback Mike Love, Tailback Dennis Hagaman, Guard Ron Anders and Tackle Larry Cox.

Lamar Tech has 22 lettermen back, of whom 17 were regulars. Quarterback Phil Primm completed 62 of 120 passes for 893 yards and he still has his favorite targets—Steve Bailey and Frazer Dealy.

ARKANSAS STATE plays both contenders, however, and is capable of complicating matters enough to wind up with the title itself. The Indians (7–0–2) still have All-Conference Linebackers Dan Summers and Dave Werner, while Tackle H. K. Reeves has size (232 pounds) and speed. Sadly, however, both quarterbacks are gone and the replacement, Bryan Caplinger, was a defensive specialist last year.

THE MIDWEST

In and around Springfield, Tiffin, Berea, Westerville, Akron and other hopeful towns, the teams of the Ohio Conference have been trying, without success, to beat WITTENBERG for nearly four years. During this time Wittenberg has won 29 games in a row, enjoyed three unbeaten seasons and taken four OC titles. The 1964 team was the best of all: it was voted the national small-college champion, outscored its opponents 281–60, outrushed them 1,371 yards to 798 and outpassed them 1,947 to 1,045.

continued



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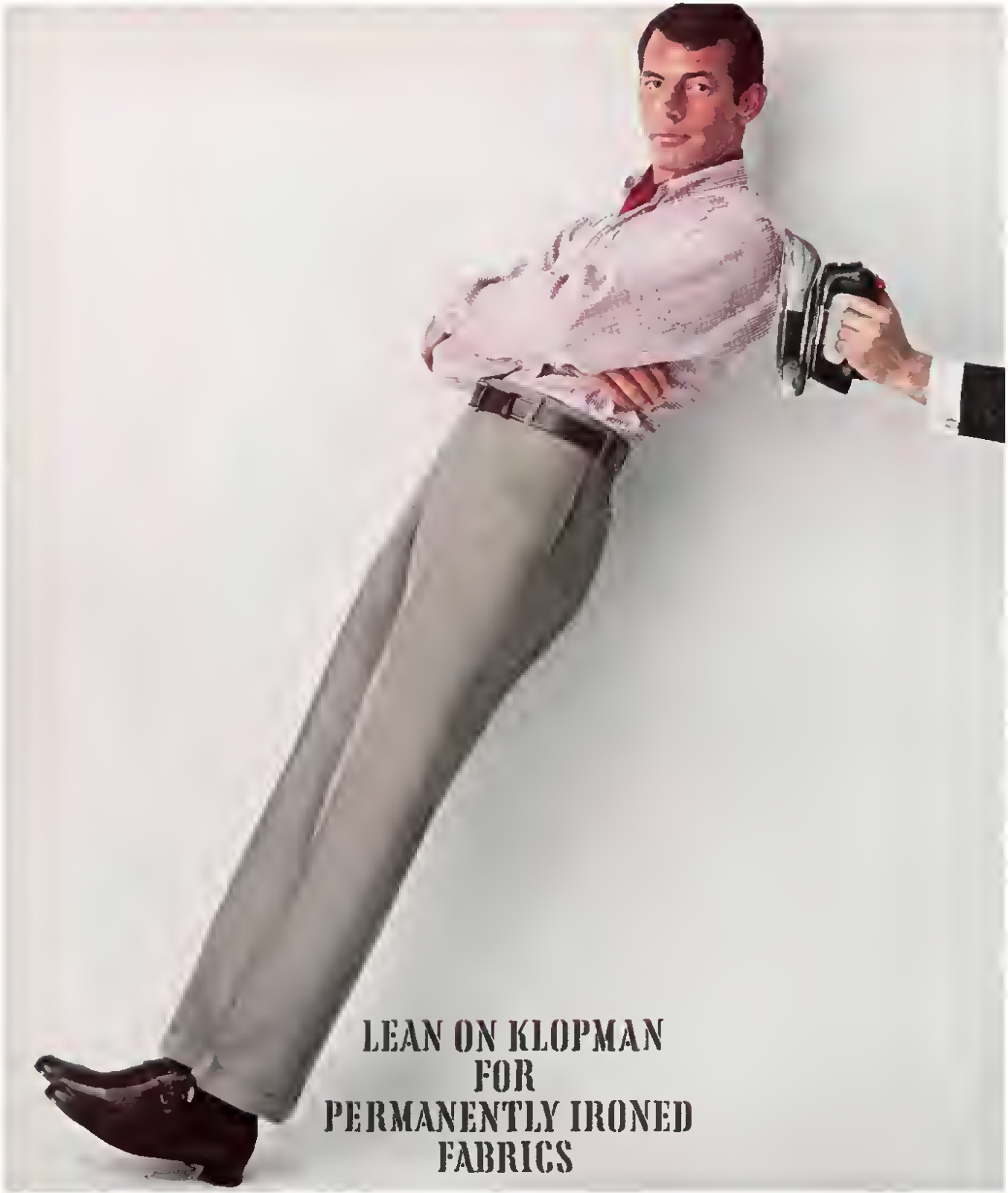
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But lo, Baldwin-Wallace, Muskingum, Oenison, Akron and the others are taking heart this year; their retaliatory powers appear stronger—and Wittenberg's weaker—than at any time since 1959. Thirteen of Wittenberg's starters—including Little All-America Quarterback Chuek Green and nearly the whole offensive line—have graduated and left Coach Bill Edwards with nothing but glittering memories. "Replaeing men who were able to do so much so well is going to be no easy task," he says. Edwards will start with four very good Tigers, however, and build from them. End Rod Miller, Fullback Octavian Pechar, Halfback Bob Harvey and Guard Fred Musone are as good as they eome. Oefensively, six regulars are left, but the quarterbaek situation is the bleakest it has been sinee Edwards arrived in 1955. Gene Laughman and Steve Wise have played just long enough to throw 11 passes.

If Edwards cannot finagle Wittenberg's fifth OC championship in five years, BALDWIN-WALLACE looks ripe enough to win its first in more than 20 years. The Yellow Jackets have three good linebackers in Oave Oourm, George Kapear and Mike Martin, and there are six lettermen ready for five positions in the defensive line. The offense is not flashy, but it will move the ball. Quarterback John Terakedis is ably supported by Jim Jones. Fullback Joe Yore runs hard and bloeks well. Bob Balogh heads a fine selection of ends. These and the rest of 26 lettermen could fly the Yellow Jackets past Wittenberg and everybody else in the way. Coach Ed Sherman has a 124–41–7 record at MUSKINGUM and because Sherman always seems to get the most out of what he has, the Fighting Muskies will be near the top of the OC again. Twenty lettermen return, including All-OC Fullback Donn Foutz, Tackle Mark *DeVilling* and Middle Guard Tom Oillard. The defense will be sound, and if Muskingum gets past Baldwin-Wallace on September 25, it could be a ehampionship year at New Concord.

At Granville, Ohio, Coach Keith Piper has 30 lettermen to fortify OENISON's single wing. Tailback Oenny Price is among them, and Price led the OC in rushing and scoring last season. Fullback Sam White will be missed, but sophomore Eric Ivary could supply needed inside power. As usual, the Big Red has a stingy defense, but the fact that it does not have to play Wittenberg could prove a curse in disguise.

Coaeh Gordon Larson has 26 lettermen left at AKRON but insists he faces his biggest rebuilding job since he arrived in 1961. "If our youngsters don't develop quickly we're in real trouble," he says. The Zips lost five starters in the offensive line in addition to All-Conferenee choices Oarrington Seals at halfback and Jim Wehner at defensive taekle. Halfback Jim Braeeio and Tackle Doug Thompson must take the initiative.

It looks like another year of fun, fun, fun at FINOLAY, Ohio. Coach Byron (By) Morgan's Oilers won nine of 10 games before losing to Sam Houston State in the NAIA semi-finals—and there are at least 24 reasons (two dozen lettermen) why Findlay should be just as good in 1965. The biggest reason of all is Halfback Allen Smith, who as a sophomore led the NAIA in rushing (1,070 yards) and scoring (102 points) and made the Little All-America team. Now that he has experience it is anyone's guess what he will do. No less important reasons for optimism are Quarterbacks Jim Culler and Martin Terry, who combined for 12 touchdown passes, and Oefensemen Bill Bingle and Jerry Savoy, who tossed opposing ballcarriers around like wadded newspapers.

If the Oilers are going to grin just a little less, it probably will be HILLSOALE of Michigan that dampens the fun. Their November 6 game at Hillsdale should be a Michigan vs. Ohio State in miniature. (Findlay won last year 34–12). The Oales have yet to lose more than three games in a season under Coach Muddy Waters (82–18–4) and rarely have they done that, dazzling opponents with T, wing T, single wing, balanced and unbalaneed lines and spread formations. "We just don't have any glaring weaknesses this year," admits Waters, whose strengths, he does not admit, *are* glaring. Thirty-three lettermen have returned and Little All-America Halfback Bruce McLenna is among them. McLenna is a 6-foot-3, 220-pound 9.9 sprinter who transferred from Michigan, gained 553 yards last season, scored 13 touchdowns, caught 10 passes for 223 yards and was drafted as a future by the Oetroit Lions. End Larry Fowler, Quarterbacks Pat Brown and Tom Zientek, Tackle Bob Mallendick (drafted by the New York Jets), Guard Gary Hills and 250-pound Center Jerry Rigelman make the Oales almost too good for everybody they play—except Findlay.

Ever since Hillsdale urned independent in 1961, ALBION's Britons have enjoyed delieious success around the Michigan Intereollegiate Athletic Association. Coach Morley Fraser makes predietions like, "It will be another dogfight for the title this year," but more than likely the Britons will fare as well as they did in 1964, when they won all eight starts and outscored the opposition 226–41.

The days of George Bork are gone at NORTHERN ILLINOIS, but the Huskies still managed to tie Western Illinois for the Interstate Intereollegiate championship in 1964. As usual the Huskies are the team to beat, but one may look for surprises from CENTRAL MICHIGAN. The Chippewas have steady quarterbacking in senior Pat Boyd and steady running in Bob Foldesi, Joe Welton and Jamie Gent. It is up to the Chip defense to make Central a titlist.

Either WESTERN ILLINOIS' Art Oufelmeier is preparing his eo-ehampions for a hard fall or he has plans that depend upon surprise. Ouring spring practice Oufelmeier said—loud enough for everyone to hear—"Western Illinois will need to pull some great upsets to stay out of the cellar. Only spirit will keep the Leathernecks from finishing last."

The Indiana Collegiate Conferenee is about as even as it can get. BUTLER, a perennial leader in the league, had to defeat Evansville in the last game of 1964 merely to share the title with four other teams. INOIANA STATE and BALL STATE will be the strongest contenders this time, but Butler—big, mobile and well coached under Tony Hinkle—is the one they must beat. Quarterback Joe Purichia threw for 874 yards in 1964, and Halfback Oick Oullaghan was the Bulldogs' most valuable Bulldog. VALPARAISO's Crusaders will miss Quarterback Oavid Lass, but the defense is bigger.

BRAOLEY and ORAKE are both hard-working members of the Missouri Valley Conference except during the football season, when for three months they play the role of earefree—or careless—independents. Both teams throw the ball every chance they get. Bradley has one of the best passers in Quarterback Bob Caress, who completed 161 of 288 attempts last year for 1,964 yards and 17 touchdowns (second in the nation). Ron Royer of Orake is less spectacular, but he is no addict of the quarterback sneak, either. In two years he has completed 123 of 234 passes for 1,623 yards.

At Carbondale, Ill. there is another fine passer, but if he misses, watch out! Defense is nowhere to be found. Jim Hart of SOUTHERN ILLINOIS has thrown for 2,635 yards and 27 touchdowns in two years and, without bothering to add the bloody totals, his opponents have done more in return. But look for marked improvement over last year's 2–8 record.

SEWANEE is in Tennessee, but it plays in the College Athletic Conferenee, and

continued

lately it has played well. It was tied for first place last year by WASHINGTON OF ST LOUIS, but the Tigers appear to have too much quality to suffer a similar indignity this fall. Washington lost Quarterback Claude Frazier, Fullback Jerry Maher and Halfback Jim Powers, among others, but it does have a defense, for all but Sewanee.

Shortly before the opening game last year NORTHEAST MISSOURI STATE's Maurice (Red) Wade said: "I feel the coming season can be classified only as a rebuilding year." The Bulldogs "rebuilt" with seven wins in nine starts, and that means a second straight Missouri Intercollegiate Athletic Association title is imminent, if only because Halfback Mike Richardson has been All-League three years running. Tackle-End Rich Rhodes made it last fall and Halfbacks T. J. Jackson and Sharron Washington ran for 1,161 yards.

PARSONS COLLEGE of Fairfield, Iowa is an independent that acts like one. The Wildcats *really* get around. Parsons will meet teams from seven different states in 1965 (Texas, New Mexico, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, South Dakota and Iowa) and can assure a rough Saturday for every one of them. The Wildcats won six of nine last year and have 22 experienced players back. Quarterback Gary Gardner is gone, and he threw for 1,566 yards and 11 TDs before he hurt his knee and missed the last four games of 1964. Daynor Prince, however, learned quickly enough when he took over. Prince completed 91 of 135 for 1,092 yards and 10 touchdowns. But, of course, there were receivers. End Steve Gilliatt topped the NCAA's college division with 81 catches for 984 yards and 12 touchdowns, while Halfback Charlie Moore ran for 240 and caught passes for 373 more. They are both back. The line is big. Enough said?

STATE COLLEGE OF IOWA tied North Dakota and North Dakota State for the North Central Conference championship—and so impressed a selection committee that it won the right to beat Lamar Tech in the Pecan Bowl. Fullback Randy Schultz is ready for his senior season at SCI, and he is good enough to make *any* team he plays on the conference favorite. Big, blond and bruising, Schultz has gained 1,899 yards so far—and, with a pro contract just around the corner it is doubtful that he will ease up in 1965.

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE and NORTH DAKOTA will be fast on Iowa's heels. State's Jackrabbits have the passing in Quarterback Ron Meyer (176 of 334 for 2,476 yards and 35 touchdowns in two years) and receiving in Ed Maras (55 catches, 757 yards and 10 TDs in two years). What the Rabbits lack most is, of all things, adequate running. North Dakota will make everything close—and just could win the title with its defense, annually hard as the frozen plains. The Sioux lost their top four running backs, but Quarterback Corey Colehour appears ready for a superior year, and in the line the Sioux look like the Packers.

Following the three-way NCC tie, NORTH DAKOTA STATE went on to beat Colorado Western in the Mineral Bowl. The line, led by Ends Lowell Linderman and Center Gene Gebhards, will be even better than it was—but 10 lettermen backs are gone, including both experienced quarterbacks, and that's enough to cost the Bisons a shot at the championship unless the defense is strong enough to earn them one.

CONCORDIA won the Minnesota Intercollegiate Athletic Conference title last year, beat Linfield in the NAIA playoff and tied Sam Houston State 7–7 in the championship game. Though five teams may fight it out this year, look for the Cobbers to win again simply because 32 lettermen are back, including Little All-America Fullback Dave Heide. The burly 225-pounder steamed for 993 yards last year, averaged 5.6 yards per carry and may be expected to elaborate on that in 1965. The most formidable opposition will be furnished by ST. JOHN's, which welcomes 26 lettermen back this fall and plays Concordia at home November 6.

ST. NORBERT, 5–2–2 last year (including a tie with Hillsdale), will be fortunate to match that record again. Little All-America Dave Jauquet heads a strong front four on defense, but that is all the Green Knights have going for them.

COE, CORNELL and RIPON—Midwest Conference tri-champions last year—are the teams to watch again. GRINNELL may make the first division if its sophomores come through. For CARLETON, 0–8 last year, any victory would be an improvement. Almost three dozen lettermen are back at KEARNEY STATE, and if they are not enough to make the Antelopes the best in the Nebraska College Athletic Conference, Quarterback Neil Kaup is. He completed 87 of 160 passes for 1,287 yards in 1964.

THE WEST

In the California Collegiate Athletic Association the football coaches act out a charade called musical transfers. Each summer they scurry about the state persuading junior-college stars to play for their team in the fall. The trick of the game is to land an unknown beauty and then to profess complete ignorance of his abilities. When the boy runs back the opening kickoff 85 yards for a touchdown in the first game and kicks the extra point, the practical CCAA coach looks around deadpan and asks, "Where'd he come from?"

The current champion at musical transfers is LOS ANGELES STATE's Homer Beatty—but he had an edge. When Beatty came to L.A. State in 1963 he brought with him the best players from his Santa Ana Junior College team, the 1962 national champions. The Santa Ana group won two straight CCAA championships, 16 of 17 games and the last 12 in a row. Beatty's quarterback was Dunn Marteen, a 6-foot 185-pounder who set seven school records for passing and total offense and was the finest quarterback in the league both years.

Marteen is gone now, as are 14 other lettermen from last year, among them four (besides Marteen) who signed pro contracts. The Diablos do have 17 experienced men back, the best of whom is Ray Jones—an All-Conference halfback who hopes he can play quarterback this year with equal efficiency. Jones averaged 6.5 yards per carry last year and showed flashes of the same brilliance in the spring game when—as a quarterback—he carried 12 times for 125 yards and ran back a kickoff 55 more. Behind him in the backfield are Allan Roman and Tom Rainey at the halves and 210-pound Ray Chavez at full. Tackles Don Davis (All-League) and Jim Weatherwax, both 255 pounds, and Guard Bill Reece lead a line that will average something over 220 pounds per man. At the conclusion of spring practice, Beatty said: "We hope to solve our depth problem with some junior-college transfers." Assuming he will, the Diablos should have enough to repeat as CCAA champions and even run their winning streak to 22.

Before he left on a little recruiting trip of his own, SAN DIEGO STATE's Don Coryell said, "We'll have to get three more good offensive linemen if we're going to beat our best opponents." It was certainly not ends Coryell was after—the Aztecs have two of the finest anywhere in the country in Leon Standridge (drafted by San Francisco) and Gary Garrison (drafted by Philadelphia and San Diego). Garrison caught 78 passes last year for 1,272 yards and 15 touchdowns. The defensive line will be refurnished around 268-pound Middle Guard Larry Martin, who is the fastest man on the team except for

continued



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Garrison and 9.7-sprinter Bob Jones, a starting halfback. The I-formation Aztecs led the nation's small colleges in scoring (averaged 42.3 points a game) and total offense (averaged 422.6 yards a game) in 1964, but the backfield was all but leveled by graduation. The man San Diego will miss most—Tailback Jim Allison—led the NCAA's college division in rushing. But—you guessed it—help will come from JC transfers. A JC transfer of a year ago, Don Horn, had a fine spring at quarterback. The nucleus of an excellent team is there, but whether San Diego can upset the Diablos in the league race—and in their October 16 game—depends upon the success Coryell had during this summer's junior-college tour.

FRESNO STATE has 20 junior-college transfers. State starts with three nonconference games, and this might give it time to develop into the kind of team that can challenge the two leaders. "Everything—our offense in particular—depends upon how quickly the transfers come along," says Coach Phil Krueger. All-League selections Paul Warkentin at center and Tailback Dave Plump (a San Francisco future who intercepted seven passes last year) both return, as do 220-pound Fullback Bill Aston and Harry Miller, another fine tailback.

LONG BEACH STATE finished third last year and could be there again or higher. Long Beach's proudest transfer is Quarterback Jack Reilly, who was the best junior-college passer in the country last year, completing 173 of 301 passes for 2,207 yards and 18 touchdowns. Seventeen lettermen were lost, but the same number return, among them Halfback Les Shy and Tackle Roy Schmidt, a Green Bay future.

SACRAMENTO STATE lost Little All-America Tackle Bill Fuller and Little All-Coast End Gary Kelley. But 19 lettermen are back, and they're good enough for the Hornets to repeat as winners in the Far Western Conference. Quarterback Bob Miller and Fullback Mike Clemons supply the desired blend of passing and running. Close, however, will be HUMBOLDT STATE with Joe Sarboe. SAN FRANCISCO STATE, titlist three years running, missed its fourth in 1964 when it could only tie Sacramento State in the final game. Seventeen of the Golden Gators' 24 best players are gone, and it looks like a year of reconstruction for Coach Vic Rowen. He will build around All-FWC Halfback Tom Piggee, End Mike Meyer and Quarterback Don McPhail. UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT DAVIS will have the running in Glenn DuFour and Phil Stewart and the passing in Jim Wilcox. But the Aggies do not have the linemen or defense to improve much on last year's 3-6.

Quarterback Terry Durham will throw more at LINFIELD, but not well enough or far enough to catch WILLAMETTE in the Northwest Conference.

"If you can have a sound team when you don't have enough tackles, then we have a sound team," says Coach Jim Sweeney at MONTANA STATE. The Bobcats outscored Big Sky opposition 74-6 last year and finished 7-4 overall, including a 28-7 win over Sacramento State in the Camellia Bowl. Tackle shortage or not, Quarterback Ray Foley, Center Terry Albrecht and five good halfbacks are enough to earn the Bobcats another Big Sky championship.

THE EAST

Owning a good quarterback is like having more water than you need. Both are sometimes taken for granted, as WAGNER COLLEGE of Staten Island is now finding out. It has neither. Dan Coughlin (who was more than a good quarterback, he was the best the school ever had) nor water. Coughlin was so good, in fact, that Wagner didn't lose a game last year, won the Middle Atlantic Conference championship (Northern Division), outscored the opposition 202 points to 67 and finished third in the balloting for the Lambert Cup. Were Coughlin back this year the Seahawks would win the title again with ease. With an even better defense they probably will win it anyway and lead the East's small colleges—but it won't be easy this time around.

Coach Bob Hicks has two men trying out for Coughlin's job—Lou Moskal and Rich Salmardi. The chances are he will choose Salmardi because he can throw a football better than Moskal. This is important because Little All-America End Dick Kotite is still around and Hicks wants a quarterback who can get the ball to him, the way Coughlin did.

Even with Kotite playing, Wagner sooner or later is going to find it necessary to move the football on the ground. When it does, Halfbacks Chuck DiStaulo, Ed Martin and Mike Kelly, fine runners all, should respond admirably. On defense the Seahawks are stout, and it may be this stoutness rather than the running or passing that returns the MAC championship to them.

ALBRIGHT and UPSALA will contest for second place, unless Albright's new quarterback, Roy Shellhammer, does even better than expected. In that case Wagner will be contesting for second place. Albright won eight of nine games in 1964, and the only one they lost was to the Seahawks 27-8. The interior line is as strong as before, with All-League Center George Gamber returning, along with Guards Bill Kopp, Dick Horst and Paul Chalet. The Lions are thin at tackle and end, but Coach John Potsklan is hoping for help from some fine newcomers. The problem: the help has to arrive in time to upset Wagner in the homecoming game October 23.

"Our chances are good for a good season," says UPSALA's John Hooper. What the Vikings need is a power runner, and Hooper is hoping 190-pound Jim Konzelman, a freshman fullback, is his man. Otherwise, the backfield is in able, experienced hands with Joe Valenzano at quarterback and Richie Davis and Tom Papa at the halves. The offensive line is also experienced, but some Vikings may have to go both ways. If so, the lack of reserves would hurt.

JUNIATA has a good quarterback in Gary Sheppard and a good end in Bob Pascale and will make a fourth-place finish exciting. Just about all MDRAVIAN has is Halfback Bill Dry and Fullback Hank Nehilla. The season may seem awfully long for the Greyhounds by the time they reach mid-October.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, unbeaten in eight starts last year, will be MAC Southern Division favorites again. The reason? Quarterback Seiki Murono, described by his coach, George Storck, as "*the* offense." He led the division in passing, punting and total offense last year.

DREXEL's backs are small and quick, so the Dragons will put the ball in the air to keep them from getting racked up. Both lines should be strong—stronger than last year's if Drexel can replace All-League Guard Chuck Niessner. Don Harmatuck started three games at quarterback in 1964 and completed 46% of his passes. End Chuck Farrell has led the team in receiving for two years now and expects to do it again—maybe enough for Little All-America consideration. Fullback Skip Lombardi is the best of the backs, but not good enough to pull the Dragons to a Southern Division championship.

It matters little that SUSQUEHANNA is not eligible for an MAC title (not enough league games), because the Crusaders are not about to win it. Susquehanna lost everyone in its starting backfield and that includes 1,600 yards' worth of rushing provided by Halfbacks Larry Erdman and

continued



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SMALL COLLEGES *continued*

John Vignone. Sophomore Quarterback Nick Lopardo has a fine arm and chances are the Crusaders will throw a lot more in 1965.

Independent NORTHEASTERN, 5–3 last year, is due for improvement. Fullback Bob Cappadona, drafted by the San Francisco 49ers and Boston Patriots, carried for 842 yards and eight touchdowns in 1964. "He is the most powerful runner I have ever coached," says Northeastern's Joe Zabilski. The Huskies' big problem is finding a quarterback; he will come from three candidates—Mike Rogers, John Pedroli and Joe Zapustas. The line is as good as it was last year—when it was not bad.

EAST STROUDSBURG STATE, noted for its fine defensive teams, is no different this year. The Warriors won the Pennsylvania State College Conference title last year, but to repeat again they will be dependent on sophomores. Glen Ray, at 5 feet 5 perhaps the smallest quarterback in the country, was All-League last year and might be all-something-bigger this season. Halfback Barry Roach is the Warriors' best runner and pass receiver, and he, too, was All-League. With 17 lettermen around, the nucleus is there for another championship team this season.

If East Stroudsburg does not repeat in the PSCC, then look for WEST CHESTER STATE to take over first place. The Rams are green—they lost 26 players and play East Stroudsburg on the road in their second game—but their sophomores are enormously talented. CORTLAND STATE lost five starting linemen and will be lacking on defense this year. The passing and running might be enough, however, if the sophomores come through. TRINITY will have to outrun its opponents to win consistently. ITHACA has power, speed and savvy in the backfield, but a green line. The rookies must develop. If Quarterback Ed Barrett can carry the COAST GUARD ACADEMY, the season will be a pleasant one for Otto Graham. C. W. POST, 4–5 last year, is taking on a tougher schedule yet.

At TUFTS, Harry Arlanson has installed the wing T. It will be built around a 6-foot-4 quarterback, Ed Sevetz; a tiny halfback, Billy Alston; and a powerful halfback, John Cluney; but it will take Arlanson at least a year to get the wing T winging. SLIPPERY ROCK has 19 lettermen back, among them Halfback Tom Wilt, Guard Frank Lucido and Tackle Bob Wingenroth. As usual, however, the schedule is difficult. **END**



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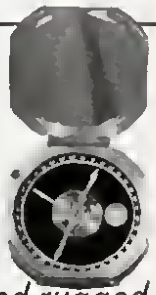
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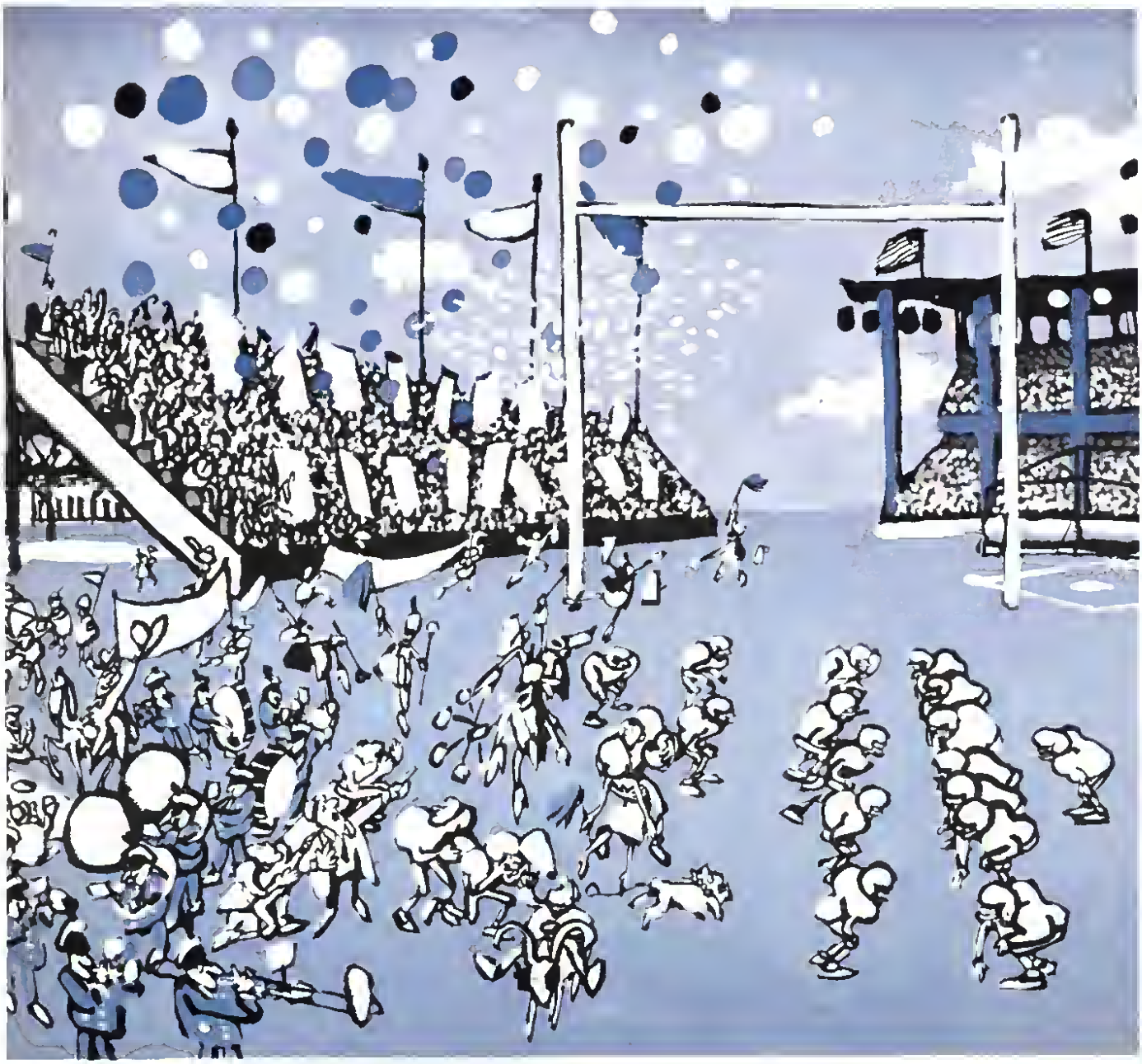
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THE COLLEGE GAME IS BEST

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

Pro football is for fat linemen, quarterbacks who cannot run and coaches who never vary an offense. So argues the author, who adds it is but a pale imitation of the intercollegiate brand



The thing that stimulates a conviction, that really makes it *breathe*, is that there is always some latterly intelligent friend saying something, or somebody *doing* something, to inspire an argument. I happen to be dedicated—not just for the purpose of this article, but unconditionally dedicated—to the persuasion that college football is a better game than professional football. Better esthetically, because there is more art and imagination to it, better technically, because it is better coached, more entertaining, certainly more inspiring, more meaningful, more colorful, more—oh, but what is the use of rushing the argument through in the first paragraph?

This faith was rekindled recently by two events of little importance to anybody but a convinced man. First, a college coach from the Midwest was lulling a group of us into a conversational torpor telling of his team's prospects over lunch at an Italian restaurant—somewhere in Pennsylvania, if you must have it pinpointed—when I became aware, as one hears a doorbell ringing in his sleep, that what he was saying was that he had put in "a lot of pro-style" stuff. Wait a minute, I thought, mentally snapping to attention. What do you mean: *pro* style? Volleyball, wrestling and a 4–3 defense? Is that what you are putting in? What on God's earth for? There was a despairing in my stomach. It was not from hunger, though we had not yet been served. Had my college friend embraced the heresy that pro is synonymous with perfection, that the professional game is the *ne plus ultra* of the elite and his, the college game, that of the proletariat? Did he not realize that his attempt to copy the professionals and their highly efficient, calisthenic pitch-and-catch was demeaning? I would have interrupted immediately but at that moment was taken with the more basic urge to filch the anchovy from his antipasto, so I let him ramble on, not wanting to divert his attention.

A few days later came the second temblor. In an account of a pro game on the West Coast I read that George Mira, the San Francisco quarterback, had thrown his helmet down in anger during a game with Cleveland. Mira was frustrated because his receivers were dropping his passes. The receivers were frustrated because Mira threw the ball too hard. The receivers had complained of this to the correspondent (I get a picture of this big, hulking professional football player, hands out in supplication in the dressing room: "Gee whiz, guys, it *hurts* when Georgie hits me in the hands with the ball").

That was not the part that got me, though, because Mira used to drill the ball when he played at the University of Miami, too, and Andy Gustafson, the Miami coach, did the only logical thing—he found ends who could catch Mira's passes and who would be grateful for that extra step on the defense that a sharply thrown ball allows. The part that really got me was that the correspondent assured his readers that at least Mira was learning to stay in the pocket. Not completing many passes and not gaining many yards, but Staying in the Pocket. It read like a chapter in a book on the clichés of pro football. "Chapter 12: Stay in the Pocket. Subtitle: You Can't Get to Heaven with a Scrambling Quarterback." (Pro coaches do not remake every player they hire, they just give the illusion of trying.)

Well, George Mira was a great quarterback before he went to the 49ers for professional refinement, a great, scrambling quarterback, the most exciting I have ever seen, with an arm equal to that of Babe Parilli when Parilli was at Kentucky, and the thing about Mira was that he could run as well as pass. In short, he was the complete quarterback. If the 49ers wanted somebody to pose back



continued

there, somebody with the form and the agility of the Statue of Liberty, more in the mold of the classic pro quarterback, they should have traded for Ed Brown or Dick Wood or George Blanda. Those boys know how to stand still in a disintegrating pocket and take their medicine.

A few nights later, not having satisfied my itch for postulating the case, I made my feelings known to a lawyer friend at a dinner party in Wilton, Conn. I knew him to be a passionate New York Giant fan—he had had a traumatic experience when the Fordham Rams gave up intercollegiate football—and as such a hardened cliché addict.

For example, he is all the time lowrating the American Football League by insisting it is still five years away from equality with the NFL. My usual rejoinder (I offer this because it also serves to undercut the notion that there is a large proficiency gap between the colleges and the pros) is that the football player who has played three years in high school and four years in college has already reached maturity, or is not far from it. As a parallel: the baseball player who has not had at least one trial with a major league club by the time he is 22 or 23 probably never will. Many football players become jaded even before they are college seniors—college coaches call it "senioritis," and it is a malady that has struck down many a fine team—and never again play as well as they did when they were younger.

Some evidence of the maturity of the good college player is the College All-Star game. The collegians have won over the NFL championship team more times than seem possible when you consider they work together only two or three weeks prior to the game and are up against a unit—the best in pro football—that has been hand-tooled over a period of years. The collegians have won three of the past 11 games; eight of those games were very close, and it is likely that had Otto Graham, the All-Star coach, known more about his personnel before the second half (he did not discover John Huarte until then) he would have beaten the Browns last month.

To further illustrate the powers of youth: four rookies made the Pro bowl starting lineups last year. In other years great college quarterbacks like Sammy Baugh and Bob Waterfield led pro teams to world championships in their rookie seasons. Last year the Minnesota Vikings, without a player over 26 in their starting offensive lineup, with a team that had less professional experience than seven of the eight AFL teams, and a serambling quarterback (Fran Tarkenton) to boot, finished tied for second in the NFL's Western Division.

"How can you say such a thing?" my lawyer friend shouted. I knew he would get emotional, so I had steered him into the foyer away from the other guests. He has a shrill courtroom voice. My argument—I had also told him of my two recent experiences—he reasoned correctly, was a feeble one if it depended on a college coach's admission that he was switching to a pro-style offense and my own personal, unreasonable high regard for scrambling quarterbacks. What was wrong with my eyesight, anyway? Hadn't I seen Y. A. Tittle's spiraling touchdown passes winning for the New York Giants over and over on Sunday afternoons at Yankee Stadium? What greater excitement, what greater proficiency than that? Good Old Y. A. And Del Shofner and Gifford and Webster. Was I not aware that a record six million people went to see the pros play last year, and that millions more watched on television? The pros must be doing *something* right, he said.

I said that I would not dispute the six million in the stands and the millions more panting in front of their TV sets, that they were probably richly entertained. I enjoy the pro game myself. It *is* entertaining. But the pros' rising attendance figures were no more germane to the issue than the record 24 million who watched the colleges play last year (an attendance increase for the 11th straight season, for the reader's information). The difference was, and any reasonably discerning college observer would know this, that the pro fan wasn't seeing football.

Pro football, I went on hurriedly, for the lawyer's mouth had flown open, is exactly what you have presented it to be, a highly entertaining creature of television, an In sport perpetuated by the piquancy of the forward pass and the admen of Madison Avenue. If it were what its devotees claim it is—the logical postgraduate extension of the college game—it would not have taken 30 years to get off the ground. Before TV, pro football was a game played for mill hands and factory workers and did not require the sophistication it now has. But promoters discovered the thrill factor of the quick touchdown and made pro football show business, so exciting that you can barely stand it without a commercial or a station break. Mill hands and factory workers cannot get tickets anymore.

"Enough of that sociological twaddle," the lawyer said testily. "Get down to basics."

Well, I said, the college game is technically better because it is more diversified, or less one-sided, whichever way you want to put it. It is not stereotyped and does not resist change the way the pros do. It engenders more spirit and emotion among participants and spectators, an intimacy the pros can never hope to achieve. It operates on a more exalted plane, because of its traditions and because it is involved in the education of the participants. (Publicity agents do not become college presidents, but one did become president of the National Football League.)

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, *wait* a minute!" My friend was shouting and holding up both hands. We were now surrounded by dinner guests. What did I mean, technically inferior? What did I mean, no diversity?

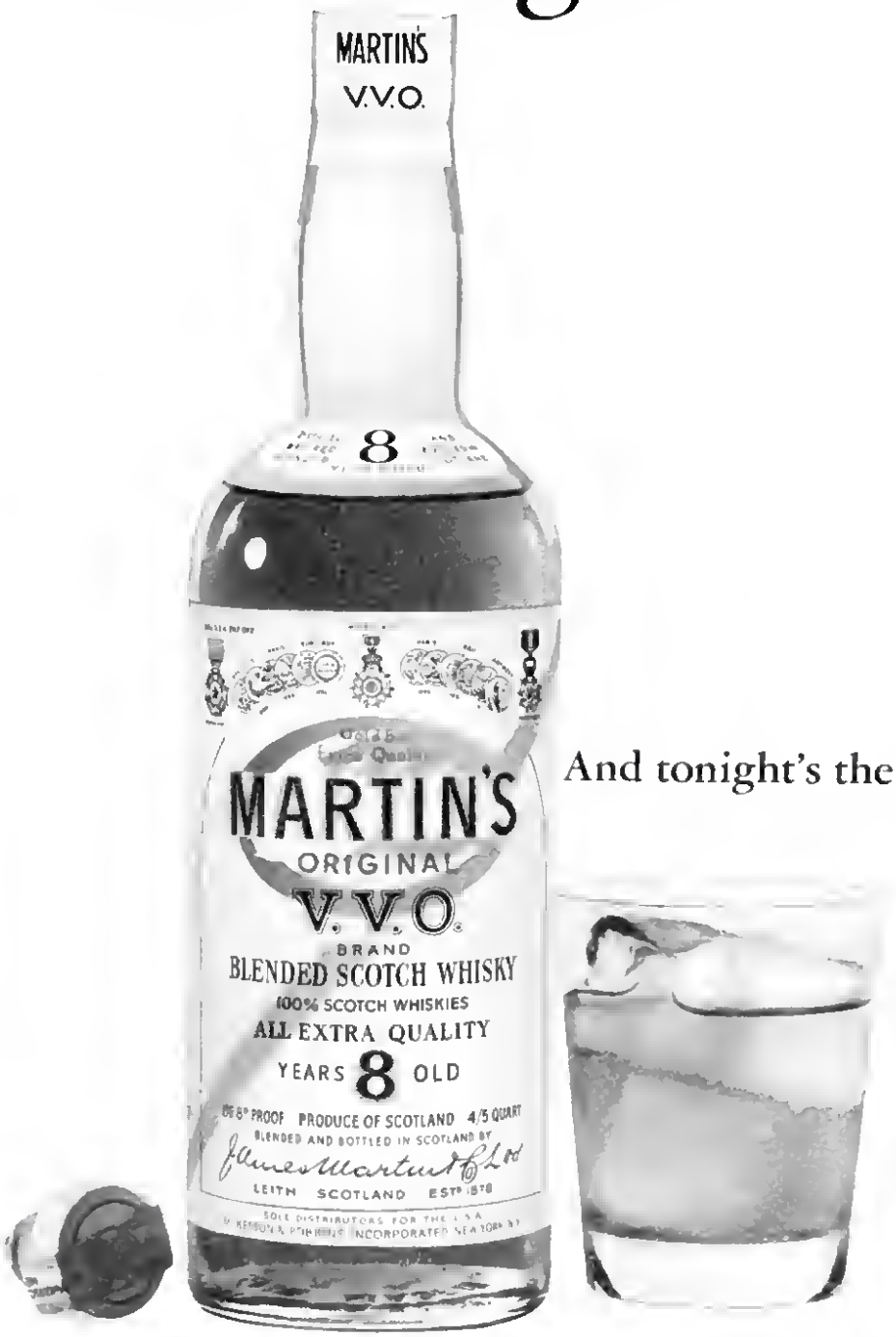
Consider this, I said. Almost every pro team runs from what is known as the pro-slot offense (two running backs, a split end and a flanker) but what in reality is pass, pass, pass, *ad nauseam.* And they all at least begin with a 4–3 defense. Where is the diversity in that? The pros are stereotyped. Exchange the jerseys before almost any game and you wouldn't be able to tell the difference unless you were knowledgeable enough to spot an individual's characteristics—like Lenny Moore's taped shoes and long stride or Paul Hornung's goat shoulders or Rosey Grier's big belly.

Which is another thing: How many college coaches would put up with all that whale fat you see running loose on pro fields? Darrell Royal of Texas would die if he saw one of those bellies on a Texas guard. At Alabama, Paul Bryant would simply exile the offending player to another county. The next time you watch the introductions before a pro game on TV check how many jowls shake when the players run onto the—

"One thing at a time," the lawyer said.

continued

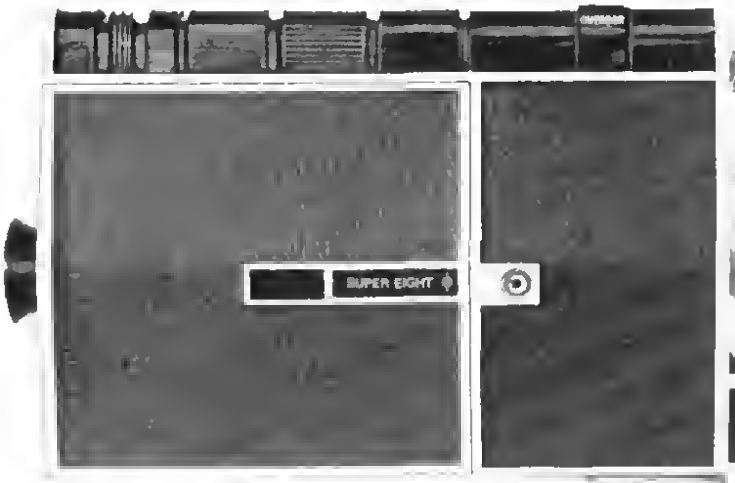
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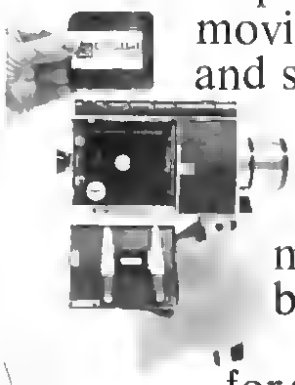
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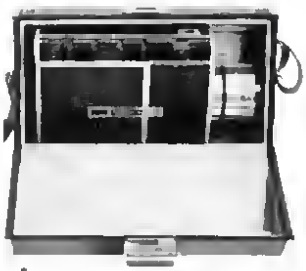
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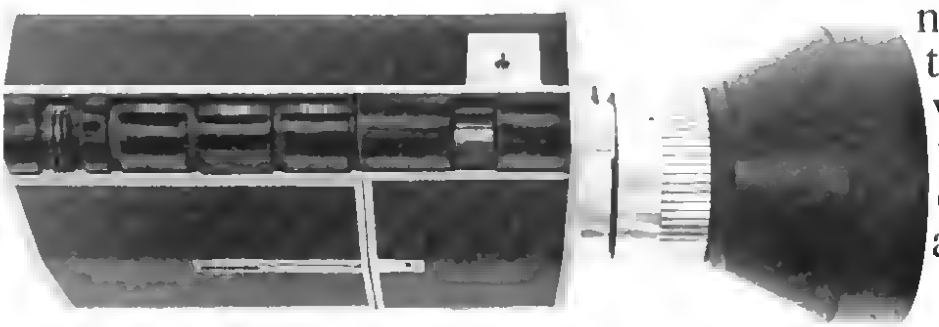


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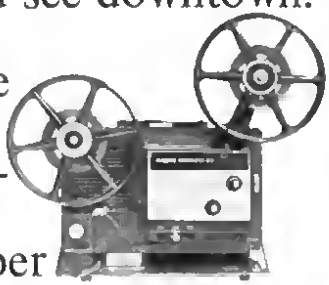
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"A point of order. It is evident when you say 'no variety' that what you mean is you don't understand the subtleties of the pro offenses and the variables in a 4-3 defense."

I know what I can see and what I cannot, I said, and as an inspector of the college game I know the college coaches will try anything—single wing, double wing, spreads, I formation with motion, I with a shift, V, split T, short T, tackle-eligible passes, double flankers, scatbacks, pilot-backs, ratbacks, coonskin-hatbacks. When one mode of attack phases out—the Notre Dame box or the buck lateral—they quickly go on to another. Each team has a personality: it will vary from coach to coach, from section to section, from conference to conference and within conferences. Every Saturday there is an interesting new team to play. College coaches learn to adjust their game to the players on hand; the pros pick through that talent and make it adjust. The pros will not change, because they cannot afford to risk an image of failure. It's box office, brother, box office. Red Hickey pulled the shotgun offense on the NFL a few years ago, and when it backfired on him the next year he was laughed out of the league.

So, in their effort to settle on a formula for sustained entertainment, the pros have perfected the pro slot—the passing game—to the exclusion of all else. In the line they learn to push and shove and maul each other, those 250-pounders, and the quarterback gets carte blanche to throw 40 passes a game. Davey O'Brien once threw 60 in a game for the Eagles. Three years ago Sonny Jurgensen came within three passes of equaling that dubious record. Y. A Tittle made a lifetime of it—he threw 3,817, or 254 a year. Last year only three NFL teams, Green Bay, Pittsburgh and Minnesota, rushed for more yards than they passed. The Chicago Bears passed 70% of the time.

There is, furthermore, a myth that pro ends and flankers have a unique, secret understanding of how to run a pass pattern. Television's isolated camera is taking care of that. It always shows a familiar tableau. The end runs downfield, cuts in—or out or slants or buttonhooks or does something else that he first learned in high school—and the quarterback throws him the ball. As simple as that. No mystery.

My lawyer friend had been standing mute for some time and I thought it safe to pause for breath, but when I did he grabbed the initiative—cunning little barrister that he is.

"No running attack, eh? No diversity? Did you know that Allie Sherman is going to the wing T this year? Haven't you heard of Jimmy Brown, Jim Taylor, John David Crow? What about Cookie Gilchrist and Keith Lincoln in that other league? What about Vince Lombardi's big back offense at Green Bay?"

I agreed that Green Bay was a refreshingly different cup of split T (the pun went unrewarded, but I enjoyed it immensely). Obviously, Lombardi, when he was learning under Red Blaik at Army, paid no attention to pro coaches who were at that time saying it was impossible to move a 250-pound tackle far enough to get a running game going. Lombardi could not but think a 240-pound guard could move a 250-pound tackle at least part of the time, and eventually he proved it. Allie Sherman will have to coach up to college standards to make the wing T work. Sure, the ground game is tougher on the participants, but football is supposed to be a contact sport. The good run is still the most exciting play in football. Interesting, too, is what happens when you run the ball better, the things that open up for you. The most effective quarterback in the league last year was Bart Starr of Green Bay—a "running" team. The most effective passing team was Minnesota, with Fran Tarkenton doing all that ridiculous scrambling. Compared to Tarkenton, half the quarterbacks in the NFL run like Pete Rozelle. And do not overlook the injury factor. According to the Classic Pro Quarterback Instruction Booklet, bad boys who run out of the pocket get hurt. Perhaps Tarkenton did not read that part. Babe Parilli once told me he'd rather get hit a glancing blow running from a red-dogging defense than have it cascade down on him.

"I am tired of hearing about scrambling quarterbacks," said the lawyer. "Let's get back to where you said there were no good running backs in pro football."

I did not say the pros do not have good running backs, I corrected him. They have great running backs. They get the best the colleges can offer. They just do not have great running *attacks*. No self-respecting college coach, certainly not John McKay or Ara Parseghian or Bobby Dodd, would prepare an offense that did not include a reverse trap or two, a few counters, a bootleg, a scissors, some rollouts, some post-turn blocking. You see sucker traps in the pros, but you seldom see effective two-on-one blocking. There is little faking. You almost never see a sustained drive, the kind that takes the heart out of a defense. The line play is not crisp, it is just violently heavy. College coaches in private call it pushing and shoving. They could add: illegal pushing and shoving. A college official refereeing a pro game would be throwing penalty flags all day. And the handoffs. Oh, the handoffs. I saw the Browns try what looked suspiciously like a reverse in the championship game with Baltimore, and the play was so badly executed, Paul Warfield could not have gotten to the ball in a taxi. If an opposing team pulled a double reverse on a pro defense the defense would consider it unethical.

Look here, I said, producing a page from the Sunday *New York Times*. I had kept it folded in my pocket hoping for this turn in the debate. Obviously, you will say, I had stacked the deck and, obviously, that is what I had done. Anyway, the page had stories of three pro exhibition games. The six teams involved rang up these yardage totals rushing the football: 21 yards, 49 yards, 113 yards, 87, 15 and 48 yards. The average for the six teams was a paltry 55.5 yards' rushing. Devastating, I said.

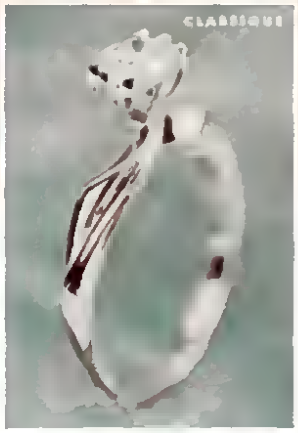
"Who got the 113?" asked the lawyer. He sounded rather subdued, it seemed to me.

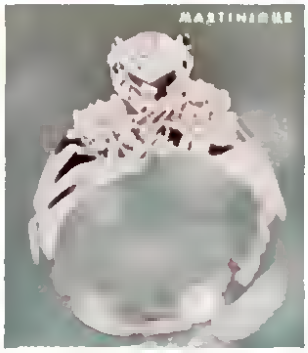
Cleveland, I answered and that means Jimmy Brown. Which is another point. The pros don't block. Do you know what a look-out block is? It's what college coaches call some of the blocks they see executed in the pros. The blocker makes a pass at an onrushing lineman, turns and yells, "Look out!" to the quarterback. Jimmy Brown is one of the best look-out blockers in the business. He may be the greatest running back in the history of football, but he wouldn't play first team for a lot of college coaches unless he learned to block.

A college player blocks, gets up and blocks again. I once saw an LSU lineman block four different men on one play. The college player may not know the subtleties the pros talk about, is liable to make more mistakes than the

continued













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pro and will not conserve his energy as well. But he is reckless and daring and unconcerned about his personal safety. He *swarms* on a ballcarrier. He *pursues*. He is easily *inspired*. Football is not his life's work, it is his sport. Red Blaik of Army believed that the extra weight and the attitude of the professional combine to work against him when he is called on to go beyond his immediate responsibility—pursuing a fleeing ballcarrier or blocking downfield. College teams thrive on going beyond

There is charm even in the imperfection of the college game. Johnny Unitas will spot and hit a receiver in the clear 60 yards away almost by instinct. Beautiful. On the other hand, there is the possibility that the quarterback at Morphine Tech will not see his man at all, and he may not be able to throw 60 yards. But cool perfection can be deadly dull. The pros have done that to place-kicking, made it dull. I would rather see a man fall off a bench than watch Lou Groza kick a 50-yard field goal. The pros have the posts on the goal line to make field goals easier, and they have great kickers like Tommy Davis to kick 186 extra points in a row and Groza to kick 198 field goals. There is no such thing as a goal-line stand in pro football, because every team has a kicker. He comes in just in time to cheat the fan out of something exciting, like a touchdown when it's fourth and one on the five-yard line.

"It is hardly an endorsement," said the lawyer, rallying slightly, "to say that colleges thrive on imperfection. How easy to please can you be when you are taken with fumbled passes and failing kicks? I can watch that in my side yard. My 10-year-old does it every day."

But you cannot go to a pro park and see the kind of team Notre Dame had last year, with that great balance, that splendid blend of passing and running, that defensive team that did not eat meat all week so it would have an appetite for Saturdays. The Southern California team of 1962 was such a team. It rushed for 189 yards a game, passed for 149 and won 11 straight. Balance and diversity. It had a sprint-out quarterback named Pete Beathard—he is now teaching some of that radical stuff to the Kansas City Chiefs of the AFL—and an attack that *moved*. Coach Johnny McKay used the I formation, shifted to the V, used motion, flip-flopped his line, even had the temerity to use an end-around.

Which brings up two additional points. By and large, pro coaches are faceless. They are credited with being the great minds of football but, with the exception of Vince Lombardi, there has not been a real innovator, an iconoclast, in pro football since Paul Brown. Of the present group, there are the Svares and Shulas and Bones Taylors. Lou Saban coached one year in the Big Ten, at Northwestern, and did not win a game. Only Mike Holovak could be called a successful college coach: he won 49 and lost 29 in nine years at Boston College—and he has done well with little material on the Boston Patriots. Joe Kuharich is doing a fine job at Philadelphia, and he is a bright man, but he could not win in four years at Notre Dame. Blanton Collier, coach of the champion Browns, barely made it over 500 in eight years at Kentucky. I do not mean to discredit these men. I just say they do not measure up to the giants of college football—the original thinkers like Bryant, Wilkinson, Tatum, Dodd and Leahy. After years of studying the pro game Blaik once said, "I don't learn anything from the pros." Darrell Royal tried coaching in the pros one year, in Canada. He had a successful season, but when it was over he said he felt as though it had been a waste, "like, what good have I done? And what do I do now?"

My lawyer friend shook his head sadly. "What you are now going to tell me," he said, "is that the college game is better because it has tradition, because players listen to half-time talks, because it gets you *right here* when the band plays *On, Wisconsin!* and when Alpha Tau Omega wins the prize for the best homecoming float. You are going to say that you like cheerleaders, card sections, crowded fraternity dances, leggy majorettes and cowbells."

Precisely, I said, but there is more to it than that. The game began with the colleges, and the history of it is wonderful. I like to hear again that story about KF-79, the secret play, beating mighty Stanford for Columbia in the Rose Bowl. I like to read about the bowlers, the toppers and the pneumatic headgear, or the time when the players parted their hair in the middle and wore it long to cushion the blows. I like the things they wrote about the Poes of Princeton: "Arthur Poe is back, smaller than ever." I like to think that Ted Coy of Yale really did say, "The hell with the signals. Give me the ball." And the nicknames. Those great nicknames. Germany Schultz, Mr. Inside, The Gipper, Choo Choo Justice, Pat (the Kangaroo) O'Day, Slinging Sammy, Whizzer White. The idea that someone would say, "Fight fiercely, Harvard," actually chokes me up. Once I heard a gray-haired old lady, a professor of astronomy at the University of Michigan, give a rousing speech to a pep rally on the quadrangle in front of the university library. She did it in a soft voice. The snow was coming down on her gray head. "Go, Blue," the little old lady professor said. It actually sent shivers up my spine.

The essence of college football is something the pros cannot duplicate. There is a spirit about it, a drawing together. People identify with a college team, and it is totally unlike that tenuous identification a pro fan may feel for two hours on a Sunday afternoon. College football is the alumni, the parents of the friend down the street, the girl sitting next to you in the library, the local restaurateur who rides around with "Beat 'Em Bucks" painted on the side of his station wagon.

It is a game of ancient rivalries that inspire genuine loathing, not for a weekend but for a lifetime. It is traditional games, whose meaning is deep—Army vs. Navy, Ohio State vs. Michigan, USC vs. Notre Dame, Clemson vs. South Carolina—no matter how bad the records may be, how low a team is in the standings. In Texas a rule of thumb is that you dress up for the college game and down for the pros, because the one is the heavy drama, the other fun but of no great consequence.

College football is Mormon schools, Quaker schools, Baptist, Catholic, neo-atheistic schools, poor-boy and rich-boy schools. It is a game for towns like Austin, Texas; Boulder, Colorado; South Bend, Indiana; Fayetteville, Arkansas—far away from the blackened cities and the skinned infields of baseball parks, up where you can see Mt. Rainier in the background, or look out over Lake Cayuga, or just get on top of a stadium, up there on the last row, and look out on a campus like Wittenberg, Colorado Western or Kansas State. The people in Busch Stadium on Sunday afternoon would never understand that.

"Rah rah," said my friend the lawyer.

Rah rah is right, I said, and reached for the hors d'oeuvres. **END**

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VIP FURY BELVEDERE VALIANT BARRACUDA

Three shots got by him, but **Jean Paul Belmondo** made enough diving stops (*below*) to hold off Les Escrocs while his own team, which goes by the name of Les Polymusclés, also scored three times to tie in a soccer match at Cannes. "We'll play regularly next year," said Belmondo, "and I will be the goalie—when my movie commitments permit it." Indeed he will. Belmondo owns the team.

On a flight to Jackson Hole, Wyo., **Lynda Bird Johnson** wasted no time lining up some press corps members for a little bridge, but the game did not really get going until the plane landed at Kansas City, where a new player got on. Nor was there then any confusion as to the sides. Said Lynda Bird: "O.K., Mother, let's take them." And they did.

One of the founders of San Francisco's newest bank, Fisherman's National, is **Joe DiMaggio**, and so it is not unnatural that the bank should be located down in the wharf area where Joe grew up. And what exactly will Banker DiMaggio do? "Me? Oh, I guess I'll be some kind of vice-president or something."

Missouri Pacific railroad employees never have any difficulty telling when President **O. B. Jenks** is planning one of his annual hiking vacations. To get in mountain-climbing trim, one-time Yale crewman Jenks forsakes the elevator of the MoPac building in downtown St. Louis one floor at a time. About a month before his vacation he leaves the elevator seven floors below his office. By the time he is ready to take on Yosemite, the Tetons or Glacier National Park, the MP president is hiking up the full 22 stories.

Former Heavyweight Boxing Champion **Ezzard Charles** now works for the State of Illinois as a $100-per-week driver's license examiner. "I have no debts," he says. "Also none of the more than $1 million I made as a fighter." Besides a portfolio of investment lemons, Charles has an extensive collection of jazz records and a good bass fiddle, about equally useless. "I never hear either," he sighs. "Our apartment throbs with the Beatles or the Dave Clark Five. My daughters, Deborah and Leith, are nuts about those guys. The walls are plastered with their pictures. It's outrageous."

Billy Haughton, the most successful driver in trotting history, traded sulky and whip for riding breeches and mallet to play polo for Lexington, Ky., against Lancaster, Pa. Despite his stated intention before the game to "stay out of the way," Haughton, in his first polo contest, set up a goal that put Lexington in front. Lancaster, however, came back to win 8–5 before 1,000 spectators, and Haughton, winner of 2,300 races and over $8 million in purses, was still looking for his first victory at polo. He had previously succeeded with Thoroughbreds and hunting horses, however, and he was laying plans for his new sport before he had dismounted. "Stout Fellow," he mused to Mrs. Haughton, "is small and quick. . . ." "Oh, no," said his wife, who is smaller and quicker, "you are not going to make a polo pony out of my horse."

"Keep Bull Fighting Out of Minnesota," appealed 150 billboards around the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Five weeks later came the sequel. "Victory Announced," screamed the same billboards. "Bull Fighting Cancelled in Minnesota." To **Rudy Boschwitz,** president of a Minnesota building materials firm, Plywood Minnesota Inc., and perpetrator of the advertisements, it was just a joke, but at least some people took the appeal literally. Boschwitz got several calls from congratulatory antivivisectionists, one of whom has been bombarding him with literature on the subject ever since, not to mention angry howls from the hotblooded Swedes who had been looking forward to those bullfights.

Reporters trooped dutifully into the home of **Lawrence O'Brien** after his appointment as Postmaster General, but before Mrs. O'Brien could say "welcome" one of Washington's most closely guarded secrets was out. There on a wall for all to see was a framed golf card giving the details of a nine-hole match played at Burning Tree Golf Club. The results: Larry (O'Brien's 19-year-old son) 48, **Lyndon Johnson** 49. "Oh pshaw," said a blushing Mrs. O'Brien, turning on the most exquisite diplomacy. "L.B.J. deliberately lost to young Larry."

It took some doing to top the sweet young things parading around Forest Hills last week in their off-the-shoulder fishnet tennis costumes but, by golly, **Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman,** tennis' 78-year-old *grande dame*, did just that, modeling a grass-length beauty (*below*) that was big when 23 skiddoo was the rage and *I Love, I Love, I Love My Wife, but Oh, You Kid* was the tune. Not that Mrs. Wightman had anything against briefs. "Snappy," she said of one daring outfit known as a French rabbit, but as for wearing it herself, she added, "Not on a bet."







SEATED, FROM LEFT: **Richard S. Perkins,** Chairman, Executive Committee, First National City Bank, **Katharine E. McBride,** President, Bryn Mawr College **Elliott V. Bell,** Chairman Executive Committee, McGraw-Hill, Inc., **John S. Hollister,** Taft, Stettinius and Hollister, **Dudley Dowell,** President, **Richard K. Paynter, Jr.,** Chairman of the Board, **Charles A. Cannon,** Chairman of the Board Cannon Mills Co., **Charles D. Dickey,** Chairman, Directors Advisory Council, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company of New York, **Stanley Marcus,** President, Neiman-Marcus Co., **Devereux C. Josephs,** Trustee and Corporate Director, **Clarence J. Myers,** *Trustee and Corporate Director*
STANDING, FROM LEFT: **Kenneth H. Hannan,** Executive Vice President, Union Carbide Corp., **General Alfred M. Gruenther,** U.S.A. (Ret.), Former President, American National Red Cross, **J. Harris Ward,** Chairman, Commonwealth Edison Co., **Paul G. Hoffman,** Managing Director, United Nations Special Fund, **John M. Budd,** President, Great Northern Railway Co., **Mark R. Sullivan,** Former President, Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co., **Arthur A. Houghton, Jr.,** President, Steuben Glass, **Robert A. Lovett,** Brown Brothers Harriman & Co., **Fredrick M. Eaton,** Shearman & Sterling, **William S. Ranchard,** President, Chemical Bank New York Trust Co., **Frank Stanton,** President, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., **John P. Stevens, Jr.,** Director, J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., **Charles A. Coolidge,** Ropes & Grey.

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The flanker who catches too many passes

When poor Charley Hennigan set a pro record of 101 receptions last year his own Houston Oiler coaches sighed: they wanted fewer catches and more scores. As this season opened, Charley was trying to please



Back in the early '50s when Elroy Hirsch was catching all those passes for the Los Angeles Rams, everybody knew he had a dimple in his chin and was called Crazylegs and could look suspiciously sincere while reciting classic movie dialogue ("Gee, honey, you're swell to wait for me until after our big game with the Packers. I'm the luckiest guy in the whole world to have a girl like you and a keen bunch of fellows as my teammates"). When Raymond Berry came into prominence at Baltimore, what fan was not aware that Raymond was nearsighted, had one short leg and laundered his own football pants? If you did not know at least that much about two of professional football's finest receivers, you were less than serious about the game.

But what do you know about Charley Hennigan? In their best years Hirsch caught 66 passes and Berry caught 75. Last year Charley Hennigan caught 101 for an alltime professional record. Charley who? It is likely that, outside the eight American Football League cities, more people could identify the foreign minister of Togo than Charley Hennigan. And yet there it is, attested and incontrovertible: Charley Hennigan caught more professional passes in one season than any other man has ever done.

The unconvinceables of the National Football League dismiss Hennigan's record, as they did the earlier one of the Denver Broncos' Lionel Taylor, for the reason that it was set in the AFL. That, to those NFL castle-keepers who are reluctant to admit they have competition in the country's most exciting action sport, means that Charley Hennigan—"Charley who?" they say over prosciutto and melon at Pete Rozelle's Sutton Place apartment—was running pass patterns against Shirley Temple. But the truth is

continued

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that AFL defensive backs have improved hugely in the last few years, both in talent and in sophistication, and Hennigan's record was made in 1964, not in 1960. Anybody who catches 101 passes in 14 games has done something remarkable, even if he caught them against Smith College. It is not easy to go out in the backyard and catch 101 passes lobbed by your fat neighbor.

The strangest thing about Hennigan, though, is not that he is so little known in Quincy or Pascagoula. It is that his own coaches wish he would not catch so many. One factor that contributed to Hennigan's record, other than his ability to avoid defensive backs, was Houston's shabby season. The Oilers lost 10 games. "When you're behind as much as we were, you throw the ball. When we threw it, we threw it to Charley," says Sam Baugh, who was the Oilers' head coach last year and now is an assistant to Head Coach Bones Taylor. The Oilers certainly did. They—mostly Quarterback George Blanda—threw it to Hennigan 268 times.

Taylor, who was a flanker for the Washington Redskins and caught the passes of Baugh and Eddie LeBaron, regards Hennigan's record with skepticism. "If they had ever thrown me 300 passes in one season and I only caught 150, I would think I was terrible," Bones says. "The only way to rate flankers is on touchdowns produced. If a flanker catches 60 passes he ought to get 15 touchdowns, one touchdown for every four or five passes he catches. Hennigan got only eight touchdowns last year. The big reason was that we had no running game. We had to throw to Charley for first downs that we couldn't get by running. But I'll promise you Hennigan won't catch any 100 passes this year. If he does we're out of luck."

Last Sunday against the New York Jets at Rice Stadium before a perspiring crowd of 52,680—an AFL opening-day record—Taylor realized his intention of diversifying the Oiler offense. Hennigan, who has a pulled muscle in his left thigh, had his pattern called just three times. Two of these passes were intercepted, and the third was stolen by a teammate, Willie Frazier, for a touchdown. The Jets were double-covering Houston's wide receivers and leaving the tight end, Frazier, man for man, with the result that he caught two more touchdown passes as Houston won 27–21. "Next week maybe the tight end will be shut off and Hennigan will be open," said Quarterback Don Trull, who threw all three touchdowns and seems to have taken over the job from Blanda.

Blanda, who played 10 years for the Chicago Bears in the NFL and then sat out a bit before signing as quarterback with the Oilers in their first season, has been throwing to Hennigan since Charley was a frightened and rather aged rookie. This may be news to the public but, to Blanda, Hennigan is a transcontinental celebrity. "Anybody who knows anything knows about Charley, except here in Houston, where he doesn't get the publicity he deserves," Blanda says. "There's all-pro guys in this league who made it because they get more ink than Charley. Hennigan has moves, fair speed, quickness and agility, but he doesn't have the hands. The thing he does is get open. He reminds me a little of Jim Dooley [former Bear end], except that Charley is half a second faster in the 100, and he has the moves of Johnny Morris, except that Charley is three inches taller. Charley has that extra something that makes him catch a ball that is thrown too far."

The manner in which Hennigan catches the ball has been vigorously criticized. He prefers to cradle a pass, bending over the ball like an anxious mother, hugging it to his stomach and wrapping his arms around it. After a busy afternoon Hennigan's chest and stomach are the color of rare beef. Hennigan defends the method on the reasonable ground that it works. When he first reported to the Oilers as a 25-year-old biology teacher from Minden, La., where they make boilers and dump-truck beds, he could not have caught a cricket if it had hopped into his uniform bag. He expected to be dismissed at any moment. But the Oiler end coach of that first groping year was Mac Speedie—now head coach at Denver—and Speedie saw something in the tall, thin, nervous ex-paratrooper. Charley had gone to LSU one year on a track scholarship before moving on to Northwest Louisiana State, where he was a 170-pound dive halfback whose job was to block for Charley Tolar, now the Oiler fullback. "I've heard that somebody said Mac Speedie was the only pro end coach who ever earned his salary," says Hennigan. "I'm not qualified to talk about that, but he's the reason I'm in the game. Everybody else wanted to cut me. He

told me if I went, so did he." Hennigan caught the first Oiler touchdown pass in 1960, and Blanda threw it.

Since then Hennigan and Blanda have been reliant companions. They have had the awareness of each other's tendencies that is vital between quarterback and receiver. "George is a leader," Hennigan says. "He has that aloofness, that hairline ability a leader must have for making people want to go with him but not letting them intrude. He knows where I'm going to be when he calls a pattern. In our first game I ran a post pattern and was covered and broke to the outside. George threw the ball where I was supposed to be, but I wasn't there and it was intercepted. He told me I should never break a pattern again unless he was in trouble or something—and I haven't. A receiver's job is to get where the quarterback thinks he's supposed to be and to get there fast. You don't diddle around with a lot of fakes unless you have to. If you come out running a lot of fakes and the other side is in a zone you look like a clown anyhow."

Hennigan's faking is good—so good that when San Diego Coach Sid Gillman gave Lanee Alworth several reels of film on the AFL's better receivers to study, Alworth threw away the rest and merely watched Hennigan.

In five years Hennigan has refined his feints, but he makes them conform to the situation. His specialty is the sideline pattern, and he relies on recognizing the defense immediately, so as to know how best to arrive at his appointed location. If a cornerback is backpedaling, Hennigan likes to come straight at him, crowd him, feint and go. If the cornerback is standing with his feet pointing in and looking through the flanker toward the quarterback, as the Jets' cornerbacks do, Hennigan will give the man a move toward the inside, then break outside while the cornerback is trying to untangle his feet. Hennigan also talks to the cornerbacks. "They know I'm not going to maim them, and I want them not to maim me," he says. "If a defensive back is bad with his knees, hitting late, somebody will get him sooner or later. We hit hard, but why not be friendly about it? With a rookie, though, you can't get much conversation, because he's too scared. So you give him a superior smile to let him know you'll have him out of the league right away."

When Hennigan finished at Northwest Louisiana he played briefly in Canada on a team that used a two-fullback offense and utilized the flanker to throw option passes and block the linebacker on sweeps. That did not wear well with Hennigan. "But I did learn there was such a thing as a flanker," he says. "Until then I'd never heard of the animal." Back in Louisiana he taught high school biology and then drove to Houston with Tolar for a trial with the Oilers. In his pocket Hennigan carried his teacher's paycheck—$270.62 for a month's work. "It was tough in camp, hot and with 130 guys, and people fainting, but whenever I wanted to quit I pulled out that paycheck and looked at it and started hustling again," he says. "Those years I laid out of the game didn't hurt me much. I'm 30, but I have just five years of pro scars. Most 30-year-old players have 10 years of scars."

Hennigan got into a contract dispute with the Oilers this season when he asked for a raise over the $21,000-per-year three-year contract he signed last year. If the Oilers had yielded to his argument that rookies were being paid much more than a proven athlete who had caught 101 passes, professional football would have fallen into anarchy. "I wanted more money," Hennigan says. "When you've lived close like I have, you're afraid of going back to living close. But I don't blame the club." When he can no longer make his moves, Hennigan, who has a master's degree in elementary education, will leave football to fish and to teach and to live on his farm in Louisiana. What he wants this year is to catch half as many passes, score twice as many touchdowns and, from his relatively safe place at the flank, watch Houston's running backs scramble through for the first downs that used to rest in Hennigan's cradled arms. "A flanker on a team that has a good running game is on vacation," he says, "except that this league's defensive backs have gotten so much better and I seldom see single coverage anymore. But one thing I really like is to recognize a weak-side blitz and then hear the quarterback recognize it, too. He'll audible a deep pattern for me, and I know all I have to do is beat the cornerback man for man and we have a touchdown." In that moment of joy, when he is running free, it does not matter that the folks in Chillicothe know about Elroy Hirsch's dimple but not about Hennigan's blue eyes. **END**



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HORSE RACING / *Whitney Tower*

A Ribot and a Tom Fool lead all the rest

Between them, Graustark (Ribot) and Buckpasser (Tom Fool) have won 11 of 12 2-year-old races but they probably will not meet until next winter in Florida. Then, every start will be a prelude to the Kentucky Derby

Ogden Phipps of Old Westbury, N.Y. and Fred Hooper of Coral Gables, Fla. are a couple of wealthy horse owners and breeders who have been around long enough to appreciate the fact that the fortunes of their fascinating sport often take weird turns. Hooper, for example, won the 1945 Kentucky Derby with Hoop Jr., the first Thoroughbred he ever owned and for whom he paid only $10,200. In the years since, the cycle of success brought him happy returns with such horses as Olympia, Crozier and Admiral's Voyage. During many of those fat years for Fred Hooper, Ogden Phipps was just another also-ran of an owner.

Last week Phipps and Hooper sat down to lunch together in the directors' room at Chicago's Arlington Park. Phipps had flown out to watch his fine 2-year-old, Buckpasser, play the favorite's role in the $335,475 Arlington-Washington Futurity. Hooper was on hand to see if his bay colt, Tinsley, could put up a challenge to this eastern champion. Throughout lunch well-wishers leaned over to shake Phipps's hand and to tell him they had heard that Buckpasser was virtually unbeatable. Each time Phipps smiled, almost shyly, and replied, "In about three hours we'll all know a lot more about this colt." After Phipps and his son, Dinny, marched off to their box, Fred Hooper—who had sat silently during most of this—said, "It's a mighty nice feeling to own a trump card like that."

Buckpasser was indeed a trump last Saturday as he won the seven-furlong Futurity by half a length over long shot Fathers Image to take down the richest purse, $190,475, ever awarded to a winner of a Thoroughbred race in this country. (The word Thoroughbred is used because in the recent Labor Day meeting at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex. a quarter horse by the name of Savannah Jr. ran 400 yards in 20 3/10 seconds and thereby won $192,730 of a gross purse of $419,460 for his owner, Tulsa Car Dealer Ray Cates.)

In the course of the 1:23 it took Buckpasser to run his winning streak to eight (and his overall record to eight victories in nine starts) he increased his own bankroll to $375,351 and all but sewed up the 2-year-old championship for 1965. If Ogden Phipps wants to be greedy about picking up loose change throughout the fall Buckpasser could go well over the half-million mark in earnings. Fortunately he is not the greedy type, and it is now likely that after the September 25 Futurity at Aqueduct, Buckpasser may get a long rest before starting his 3-year-old and Triple Crown career at Hialeah next winter.

When this strikingly handsome son of



TOOK ARCH WARD STAKES BY SIX LENGTHS

Tom Fool and Busanda does reach the end of the Miami trail he will be stabled not very far from the only top 2-year-old in America that he has not already beaten or, in fact, even raced against. His rival there will be John Galbreath's undefeated Graustark, a big, leggy, chestnut son of Ribot and Flower Bowl, who has won his only three starts by seven, nine and six lengths respectively. Normally, of course, Graustark would have been in the Arlington race last week, but he has been having trouble with his underpinnings. Even before he won his only stakes race, the Arch Ward on August 6, Graustark was developing a shin splint on his left foreleg. On August 21 Veterinarian Alex Harthill fired the splint, which is slightly to the outside and two inches down from the left knee, in almost the identical spot where a splint developed on Kentucky Derby winner Lucky Debonair.

Graustark may be all the wondrous things that Chicagoans say he is but on the strength of only one stakes victory (as compared to five by Buckpasser) he will have to settle for second billing for the time being. It is just about certain now that Graustark, who also has one rather suspicious-looking ankle, won't make it to the starting gate again this year. Thus his return to competition will coincide with Buckpasser's winter schedule at Hialeah, putting Hialeah's Gene Mori one up on Santa Anita's Bob Strub in the drawing-card battle for Kentucky Derby attractions.

In all fairness it must be said that Buckpasser did not look as impressive winning in Chicago last week as he had two weeks earlier in the Hopeful at Saratoga. This time, however, he had no trouble at the starting gate. He bounced out of there with the rest of the field. Heavy rain had fallen on Arlington two days before the Futurity, but some sunshine and a good deal of wind combined to accomplish a good drying job on the morning of the race. The track was called "fast" but, in fact, was still somewhat dead and therefore a bit tiring, and Saturday's jockeys noted that the going on the rail was considerably better than the outside.

Buckpasser came out of No. 8 stall, giving his rider, Braulio Baeza, no immediate chance to get to the rail. It is doubtful that he could have made it in any case, for Arnold Hanger's Demon Dyno rolled out of the inside stall and immediately went to the front under Jockey Ken Knapp. Buckpasser stayed out—and out of any possible trouble—while just to his inside and slightly behind him was Our Michael, considered his most serious rival. Demon Dyno increased his lead from two to four lengths by the time the 10-horse field had reached the three-eighths pole. At that point Buckpasser was six lengths behind in fifth position, and Baeza quickly realized that if somebody didn't go after the leader pretty soon a speed horse like Demon Dyno might get away with a steal. Under other circumstances Baeza could have afforded to wait at least another 16th of a mile before making his move, but he went to full throttle as he hit the far turn. It was a powerful move, too, and took him from fifth to first on the turn. Traveling outside of his field, he reached the eighth pole four lengths in front.

But a funny thing happened on the way to the wire. Buckpasser suddenly began shortening stride, as any tired horse will, and in the last 16th John Olin's Fathers Image, who had been stalking Buckpasser for most of the early going, roared through on the inside and made an honest battle of it. "I wasn't really bothered by that other horse challenging me," said Baeza later, "but it is true my horse changed his lead at the 16th pole and began looking around." To which Owner Phipps added, "We've known all along that this colt likes to pull himself up once he makes the lead." Trainer Bill Winfrey noted a little sadly that he was disappointed to see Buckpasser hang in the stretch, but he was more inclined to blame it on the tiredness resulting from such a big move on the far turn than on anything else. Buckpasser, tired and all, went the last quarter in 25, the last furlong in 13.

(Winfrey's sadness may also have stemmed from the decision he had already made to quit his job with the Phippses. His resignation, effective at the end of the New York racing season in December, was announced two days later. He will be replaced by Eddie Neloy. Winfrey has eight children in Florida, most of them of school age, and he wants to be with them as much as possible.)

Arnold Winick, who trains the second-place Fathers Image, was delighted at his colt's showing. "If I'd had one more race in him we would have won." Winick may have a point—and he has a good horse, a son of Swaps and Cosmah.

As Phipps was preparing to leave Chicago, winning Jockey Baeza was preparing to pick up his check for $19,047. If he was worried about a possible decision next year—to ride Buckpasser or Graustark—he was going to take his own time to make up his mind. As contract rider for John Galbreath he would normally be expected to ride Graustark, on whom he won the Arch Ward. But a lot can happen between now and Hialeah—and between now and next May at Churchill Downs. Would Baeza care to compare the two best 2-year-olds in the country? "You really can't compare them very well," he said in his polite, matter-of-fact way. "Graustark runs easily and wins by as much as he can. But he has only faced stakes horses once. Buckpasser doesn't do more than he has to in order to win, and we know now that no kind of track bothers him. I'm really not surprised at anything he does, because the one and most important thing is that he can really run."

Fred Hooper also knows that Ogden Phipps's horse can run. He watched the Phipps trump card win the big one, while his colt, Tinsley, ran a solid ninth all the way, beating only one horse in the Futurity. But he went home smiling anyway, because he knows, just as Ogden Phipps knows, that the wheel of fortune keeps on spinning. **END**

BASEBALL / *Jack Mann*

Joe Hustle may bring the flag to the Reds

That's what they call Cincinnati's Pete Rose, who runs to first on walks and leads the league in base hits. His new-found double-play skills could win the pennant

The scout stared skeptically at his stopwatch. It said Pete Rose had gone to first base in 4.1 seconds. Mickey Mantle, sound of limb, had once been clocked in 3.1—but on a base on balls? They call it walking, but the Cincinnati Reds' self-winding second baseman is a one-gaited animal.

An all-out hustler evokes feelings of admiration and resentment from modern baseball players, most of whom would rather see than be one, and Pete Rose hears it all as he runs by. Back at Macon, Ga. in 1962 he was "Hollywood." Around the league he has been "Joe Hustle" and a "hot dog," the latter a loosely applied baseball term that can be loosely translated to mean showoff. A wit in Rose's own clubhouse has dubbed him "Basil"—"for basal metabolism," Pete explains. "I guess I have a lot of nervous energy."

Rose has also been called, by Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch, the most valuable player in the National League, the first point of agreement Mauch has found with anyone in Cincinnati in several years. If the Reds stagger home first in the National League race, it will be because Pete Rose learned to make the double play. And if Third Baseman Deron Johnson's bat wins *him* the MVP, it will be because Pete Rose learned to make the double play.

The Reds' pennant will have been won either on the playing fields of the Venezuelan League last winter or in a hotel room in Los Angeles in August 1964. Red Manager Dick Sisler was ready to throw the book at Rose that day in Los Angeles. The charge was refusal to obey an order.

"He had been using bad judgment as a lead-off batter," Sisler says, "so I benched him in Houston and put Chico Ruiz at second base. Ruiz played well, and I told Rose to pick up some ground balls at third base in practice. He didn't do it."

"It was a misunderstanding," Rose says now. "Ruiz played good for a week, and they wanted me to go to third. I thought they were giving up on me completely, and it teed me off. I wanted to play second base. I'm a second baseman." He had been Rookie of the Year and played all but five games at second in 1963.

"He told me he wouldn't play third," Sisler said. "I called him up to the



PETE ROSE, PIVOTING PERFECTLY AS HE TRIES FOR THE DOUBLE PLAY, SPENT LAST WINTER IN VENEZUELA LEARNING HOW TO DO IT

room and chewed him out pretty good."

The next day Rose looked around for the catching tools he hadn't used since he played in the Little League in Cincinnati 10 years earlier and, because the Reds' two available catchers were bunting, volunteered to catch batting practice. He also picked up some grounders at third base. Eventually, he went back to second and Ruiz to third, and there was entente again in the Cincinnati camp, but it didn't make Pete Rose a big-league second baseman.

"He went like this," says Red Coach Reggie Otero, demonstrating how Rose would take the throw from the shortstop and draw back his arm for the relay, instead of flipping it in one time-saving catch-and-throw motion as Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski and almost nobody else can do. It took a global war to make a major league player of Reggie Otero, but he learned very much about baseball, and about men, as he labored in the vineyards.

Rose cannot explain his fixation about second base. It is just his position, ever since the coach at Western Hills High School in Cincinnati broke the news to Pete when he was a freshman that he was too small to be a catcher in anything but the Little League.

Reggie Otero understood why Rose had to be a second baseman. "It is because that is where his heart is," Otero told the Reds. "He has the desire to be a second baseman, and he has the ability. So you should make him a second baseman, not anything else."

Last fall the Cincinnati management urgently suggested to Rose that he go to Venezuela to play winter baseball with the Caracas Lions, Reggie Otero, manager. Pete came to play, as usual, but Otero came to work. Reggie's work is making baseball players, which he says cannot be done. "You cannot give them abilities they do not have," Otero says, "but you can make them improve themselves. You can make them work."

Rose worked. He had not been able to make the double play with big-league consistency, and he was weak on balls to his right. The Otero program was an application of the Edisonian formula: 1% inspiration and 99% perspiration. On the four days a week that there were no scheduled games in the Venezuelan League, Otero inspired Rose to bring his glove out to the practice field, and Rose perspired.

"It is a game of departments," Otero says. "Throwing the ball is one department, catching it another. Each little thing is a department. The department here was the release of the ball. I had a coach hit ground balls and a kid at shortstop throw the ball to Rose. I would yell at him. It is a game of habit, you know. He had to get the habit. I didn't care where he had his feet, or whether he threw the ball 50 feet wild. When he learned to release the ball, we could work on that."

Later, when Rose learned to release the ball, they did. Leo Cardenas, the Reds' shortstop, says, "He is about 70% better this year."

"Baseball players," says Otero, "are like ballerinas. They must practice until their feet are sore and then practice some more." In the tropical sun at high noon releasing the ball for the 150th time, something besides their feet is likely to get sore.

"Oh, if Pete was a different kind of kid," Otero says, "he would have told me to go to hell. He would get so tired he'd fall down. I'd tell him to take five, and then we go some more. He got mad one time, in the dugout, during a game. I fined him 500 Bs [bolivars, the unit of Venezuelan currency]. That's $150. I told him, 'Look: you going to make big money next year and it ain't for me. It's for Pete Rose.' "

They worked on Rose's bunting, too. "Alex Carrasquel, the old pitcher, would throw hard," Rose says. "Reggie would coach me. You see I got base hits on bunts this year." You see he got enough to lead both leagues in total hits.

But the double play was the thing. Otero proudly brought a finished second baseman to spring training at Tampa last spring, he thought. Bill DeWitt, the Reds' president and general manager, inquired why Reggie hadn't used Rose at third base in Venezuela. "Because I am not a criminal," Otero told him. "I try to make ballplayers, not destroy them. If you don't like what you see at second base, you put them at third."

They liked what they saw. So they shifted First Baseman Deron Johnson to third, and last Sunday Johnson had only one less run batted in than 1964's Most Valuable Player, Ken Boyer, had all last season. Johnson's adequacy at third let the Reds keep Tony Perez on the roster, and with the right-handed Perez and the left-handed Gordy Coleman platooning, first base had 100 RBIs by Sunday. That sort of thing, despite a sometime bullpen and a tendency to blow four-run leads, had the Reds close to the head of the NL pack as the wire neared.

If it seems fantastic to imply that Rose kept Johnson in the league, it is mildly fantastic to Johnson that he is in the league at all. The frustrations between the late 1950s, when he was considered the cream of the Yankee rookie crop, and his belated realization of stardom with the Reds this year were many enough to make him a realist. He failed with the Yankees, which was one thing, but when he failed to make it with Kansas City in 1962 he had to wonder. At the batting cage in Cincinnati last week there was a discussion of a player who felt he had been sent away because somebody up there didn't like him. "I've found that nobody in this game likes you," Johnson said. "When you're hitting, they love you. When you stop, they'll sell you for a dollar."

Rose has not known bitterness and may never know it. For him it has been onward and upward, and he thinks only about improving. "I got to get so I don't make errors," he says. "I got 17 this year. That's too many." Seventeen errors is a highly respectable statistic for a second baseman who has played all the games into mid-September, but Rose compares himself to nobody but Mazeroski (who had eight errors at the time).

"Maz," Rose said before last Saturday's game, "would you please make an error, just so I know you can do it?"

Mazeroski protested that he had made errors, but Pirate Center Fielder Bill Virdon interrupted. "Hello, MVP," he said to Rose, and then, to everybody: "Remember when they used to talk about little Pete Rose? He's gotta be 6 feet, and he feels like he weighs 190." He's gotta be 5 feet 11, but Virdon guessed the weight. So did Milwaukee Catcher Gene Oliver two weeks ago, when Rose detached him from the ball in a head-first slide to the plate. Oliver couldn't believe it was head-first.

Rose weighed 155 when the Reds first signed him in 1960. That winter he gained 15 pounds while lifting crates in the Railway Express Agency in Cincinnati. The loading platform is about a three-base hit away from second base in Crosley Field. The next year he went to the Florida State League and hit 30 triples. He ran all the way. **END**



BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

A tall man takes a long chance

When Jim Linhart arrived in Lubbock, Texas for a recent tournament he had a hard time finding a bed. There were rooms in the local hotels, but none of them could accommodate Jim's 6-foot-10 frame. Someone on the housing committee suggested that Linhart go over to the Texas Tech campus and pose as a basketball recruit. However, Jim used up his eligibility in 1959 when he played for St. Mary's of California, which was ranked among the top in the country, and so he had to curl himself up in a regular bed.

At 28, Linhart is accustomed to telescoping his body to fit the available space. He once got a lift in a Volkswagen from his home in Denver to a tournament in San Francisco, and no one who saw it will forget the sight of Jim unwinding out of the car. Yet without such free rides, Linhart could not attend many tournaments. He plans to return to school at Denver University for a law degree. Meanwhile he is assistant manager of one Denver bridge club and teaches at another. And occasionally, at a tournament, he gives a "playing lesson"—euphemistic designation of a play-for-pay session as partner of a master-point hunter.

Like many of the younger western players, Jim is an aggressive bidder who has had to learn to play his cards very well indeed in order to make some of his more optimistic contracts. For example, the hand shown is one he played in a single-session championship event at the Spring Nationals in Cleveland, with Flo Aspell of Tucson as his partner.

West's opening was a weak two-bid. When it rode around to Linhart in the South seat, he gambled that North would hold a heart stopper, some help in clubs and, with the help of the expected spade lead, he hoped to make three no trump.

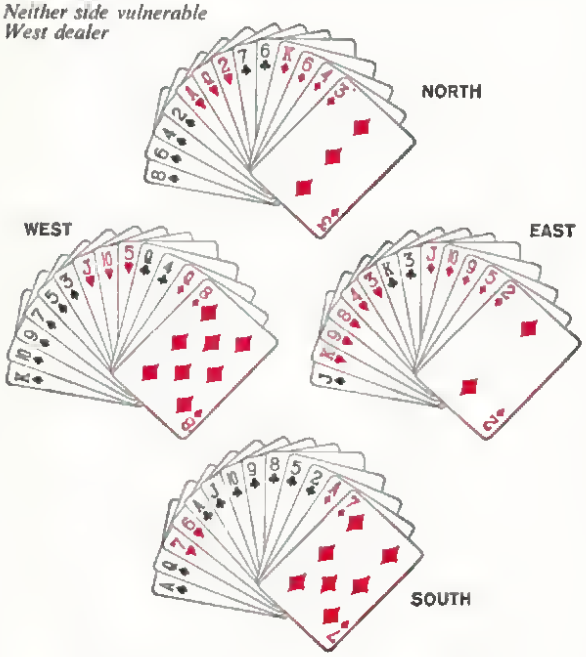
West's heart lead was disappointing and, after Jim had ducked the first round and put the queen on the heart continuation, the appearance of East's king was also a blow. So was East's shift to the jack of spades. Now the only hope of avoiding disaster was to bring in the club suit without losing the lead to West, a tall order even for a tall man.

Linhart realized that if he cashed the ace of clubs and East had the king that player would unload this winner under the ace in order to create an entry for West. So, after winning the spade trick with the ace, he crossed to dummy with the king of diamonds and led the club 7. If East played a low one, declarer planned to go up with the ace, hoping either to drop a singleton honor in West's hand or to find East with king and one. As you will see, this would have succeeded.

But East did not give South the chance to make this play. Instead, he rose with the club king on the first club lead. Linhart ducked. Now East gave Jim one more chance to make a mistake. Instead of leading a diamond and forcing declarer to play the ace of clubs, East returned a low club, hoping that if the queen were missing South might play East for both the missing honors and take a finesse.

However, Jim spurned this Greek gift. He could see no reason why East should give him an opportunity to take a finesse he could not take for himself, for certainly East could safely exit from his hand with a diamond rather than a club. So declarer climbed up with the club ace, dropped West's queen and claimed three no trump, cheerfully surrendering the last trick to West's king of spades. **END**

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer



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PASS	PASS	PASS	

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FRANCIS GOLDEN

What comes after dictates what comes first

It is obvious that you can hit a good shot even if you follow through awkwardly, for nothing you do after the ball leaves the club head is going to influence where the ball goes. But a sound follow-through is still a vital element in a golf swing because it helps insure that everything that went before was done properly. What is a good follow-through? In general, there are three important elements to look for: 1) how the hands finish, 2) how the right shoulder finishes and 3) the position of the head.

Ideally, the hands should finish high. This indicates that you have brought them straight through the impact area and out toward the target. If the hands finish past and below the left shoulder it usually means the swing has been too flat or the wrists have rolled over excessively at impact. At the same time, the right shoulder should stay down and underneath the left. This indicates that you have hit straight through the ball with all your power, and not pulled the face of the club across it. Finally, the head should be kept down but slightly tilted, to the point where you watch the flight of the ball almost entirely out of the corner of your left eye. This means you have maintained a steady position throughout the swing and stayed down to the shot.

In a perfect follow-through the hands finish high, the right shoulder is kept down and below the left shoulder, and the head is pointed down, with golfer barely able to see to the left.

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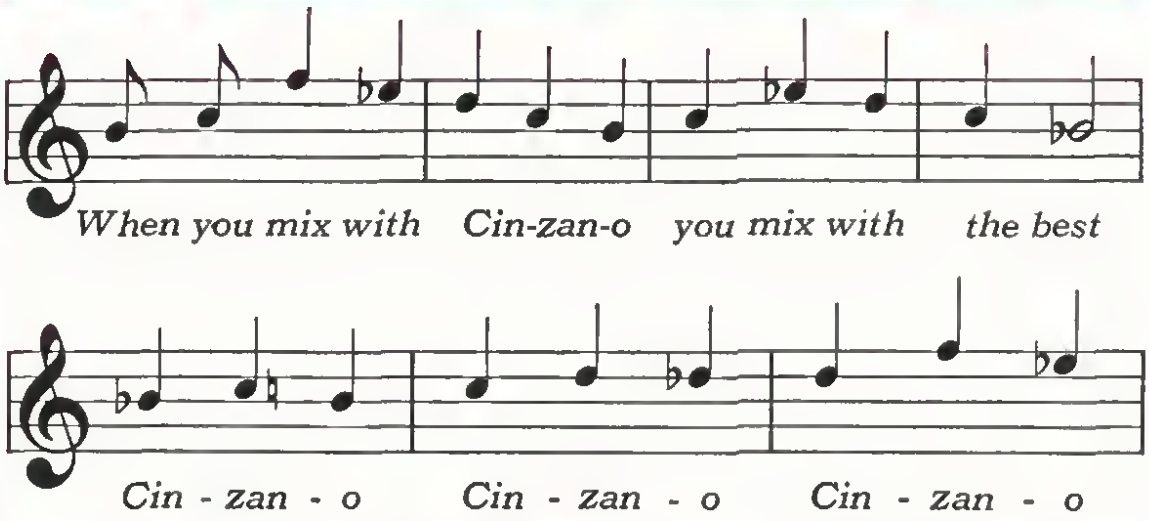
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KING ARTHUR *continued from page 37*

Davis Cup Captain George MacCall plans to cultivate the potential by keeping his best men together—at the western tournaments coming up, in the Australian grass-court circuit this winter and in the U.S. indoor events. Ashe will be the most important part of MacCall's entourage, even though he has some courses to take before he gets his college degree from UCLA. With checks coming in from soft-drink, sportswear and sporting-goods companies he helps promote, and a *draft deferment* that is good for about a year more, Ashe can afford to be an amateur tennis player for a while.

Dennis Ralston will not go with MacCall. He wants to sell insurance and do graduate work, and perhaps this is just as well. Ralston lost to Drysdale in the quarters after leading two sets to none, and it becomes increasingly clear that Dennis may never learn to stop battling himself. Cliff Richey, the promising 18-year-old who was crushed by Emerson, has no school obligations but he, too, will not go, because he refuses to play for MacCall. Pasarell probably will return to UCLA and be the Bruins' No. 1 man this year rather than go touring. He sat out the last college season as probably the first tennis red shirt in history. Ashe and Co. did not need him at Westwood to win the NCAA title.

If some of the players who will tour with Ashe—Froehling, Marty Riessen, and Clark Graebner—do not develop, MacCall hopes to use the current high school and college stars for future tours. "Our Junior Davis Cup team has more depth than it has had in a good many years," he said. Bob Malaga, manager of the junior program, adds, "These guys are all Jack Armstrong players, a crop of about 12 of them. They really want to be great."

Jack Armstrong No. 1 is Stanley Smith, 18, a tall, blond USC sophomore out of Pasadena (Calif.) High School, the alma mater of Ellsworth Vines. He won the national junior title in 1964 and this summer beat Pasarell in the national clay courts. At the national doubles last month Smith teamed with Bob Lutz, 18, a future Stanford student, to beat Osuna and Antonio Palafox, former Wimbledon and U.S. titleholders. Lutz was this year's national junior champ.

Both boys lost early at Forest Hills, but Lutz was impressive even in his first-round defeat. His original opponent was scratched at the last moment and replaced by Ronnie Barnes, a top international player from Brazil. Plagued by an erratic serve, Lutz still forced Barnes to four tough sets.

Jim Osborne, 20, of Honolulu and the University of Utah, has beaten Ashe indoors and in the NCAA tourney was even with Arthur, a set apiece, when a collapsed lung forced him to default. Jim teamed with Jerry Cromwell of Long Beach, Calif. and USC to reach the doubles finals at Newport, R.I. against Emerson and Stolle. They won the first set but could not hold on.

Cromwell, 21, whose serve is almost as fast as his tongue, is the most entertaining to watch of these relative unknowns. In a sport where the spectators tiptoe to their seats and would not dream of cracking their knuckles, he breaks the mortuary silence with loud, sarcastic criticisms of himself. If he learns to let his serve do his talking for him and keeps up his A grades in economics, he may become a Rhodes scholar.

At Forest Hills, Cromwell played three tough matches in three days, winning in five sets in the first round and four sets in the second before losing to Antonio Palafox in the third. Cromwell's biggest victory of the summer was a 9–7, 6–4 upset over Emerson at Southampton.

With all this raw talent simmering on the fire, and with Ashe and Pasarell beginning to play rough with some of the big boys, U.S. tennis fortunes appear to be on the upswing. Who knows—one of these years we may even win our own championship.

The tournament was not a complete washout for the Australians. In the women's division, Margaret Smith, the Wimbledon champion, beat Billie Jean Moffitt in the finals to win the championship for the second time. A simple rundown of scores in her first five matches shows how clearly Miss Smith dominated the field: 6–1, 6–0; 6–0, 6–3; 6–0, 6–0, 6–1, 6–0; and 6–2, 6–2, the last against Nancy Richey, the top-ranked woman in the U.S. Only in the final against Miss Moffitt, who had upset an ailing Maria Bueno in the semifinals, did she meet any real opposition. After winning the first set 8–6, Margaret fell behind in the second 4–5. Billie Jean, serving, led 40–15, giving her a double set point. But that was as far as Margaret permitted her to go. Miss Smith ran off four straight points, held serve and broke Miss Moffitt's again to win. **END**

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CONTINUED

As every hotelman and fisherman knows, it is how you present the lure that counts. World travelers and Risle trout can attest to the excellence of Monsieur Charles BY JACK OLSEN

Charles Ritz, *hôtelier*, trout fisherman, gourmet, author and miniature railroader, whipped his line high into the air and fired a cast 25 yards, smack on the upper lip of a brown trout, which thereupon did perish from the earth. "I don't believe in all this admiration for experts," Expert Ritz mused as he walked briskly along a French chalk stream looking for another victim. "Trout fishing is simple. But the men who write about it want to become so important, and the people throw them so many compliments, that they get like the Sphinx. They add all kinds of gimmicks to make their systems more mysterious, more fantastic. Now, I want to take all the mystery out of fly casting. I want to put an end to all that foolishness."

The 74-year-old Ritz paused as a freight train, pulled by a diesel and a steam engine in tandem, rattled by on the Rouen-Le Mans line along the stream. "People can say who am I?" he went on in a Continental accent ranging somewhere between Victor Borge's and the Little Old Winemaker's. "Well, I'm just a man with his father's name. They tell me I'm supposed to be distinguished, but the only time I can be distinguished is when I'm drunk. Thank God, I'm not an expert. Experts make simple things complicated. That is how they survive."

The chairman of the board of the Hôtel Ritz in Paris is a dink of a man—5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds in his waders—with gray-black hair cut *en brosse*, darting brown eyes, brown-rimmed bifocals, an olive-brown complexion and a pencil-thin black moustache. With his natural rapidity of movement, his merry eyes and his swarthy coloring he puts one in mind of a tiny French mouse, a description with which he disagrees, "because I am Swiss." On behalf of his clientele, he has become an expert winetaster and student of foods; on behalf of himself, his tastes are simple, running to meals of spaghetti and beer. "The Ritz is not *ritzy*," he once pointed out—to which could be added, "Charles Ritz is not ritzy." He lives in a tiny room on the top floor of the hotel, leaving space for his six miniature trains in an adjoining room. Across the hall is the considerably more sumptuous suite of Coco Chanel. Ritz likes to boast that he is the liveliest resident of the floor. "Every night when I go to sleep," he explains, "I fight the legions of Julius Caesar and make love to the girls of the Lido. That is the noise you hear: '*oui, oui, oui, non, non, non*' all night long."

The range of Charles Ritz's activities is encyclopedic, he is easily bored and must keep on moving from interest to interest. As the only living son of César Ritz, founder of the hotel, the young Charles could have nested in the tight security of the Ritz chain for life. Instead, he has been a shoe peddler, a designer, a movie-theater entrepreneur, an importer, a customer's man in a brokerage firm, a writer, a tackle manufacturer, a sergeant major in the U.S. Army during World War I and a dozen other things, only returning to the relative stability of the family's hotel business about 10 years ago. But of all the multitudinous interests of his life one has remained constant: trout fishing or, more accurately, fly casting ("I tend to lose interest after the fish has been hooked"). He has written two books on the subject: *A La Mouche* in 1939 (in collaboration with Tony Burnand) and his magnum opus, *A Fly Fisher's Life*, which has been published in half a dozen countries and continues to sell steadily. "As the world is run now few people can fish as far as Monsieur Charles fishes," Ernest Hemingway wrote in the introduction. "No matter how it is run even fewer people could ever fish as well."

Ritz's long career as a hunter of trout began in 1911 on a stream in France. "I was 20 years old, and a friend gave me a rod and took me out," he recalls. "I horsewhipped the river all day long and got a handful of blisters and no fish. Then my host came along and took four or five trout, and I said to myself, 'This is not for you. This is something devilish, you poor sucker, keep away from this damned stuff, see?' Then around 1920, when I was working in New York, another friend took me to the Beaver Kill. The first trout I caught, it took the fly all by itself. I didn't even know what was going on. I dragged it on the sandbank and fell on it.

"Now all of a sudden I knew everything, I was an expert. I figured it was just a matter of knowing where the fish were. I noticed the fellows were catching trout every evening in the Junction Pool, so I had another conversation with myself. 'Now you're gonna get all the fish,' I said, 'because you're gonna get to the Junction Pool and get the best position before anybody else.' Two hours before the evening rise I took up my position. When the night hatch began, up came a fellow two feet away from me and he got 'em all and I got nothing. So that was the real beginning. Between that time and now I had to go through a lot of suffering. Where I finally learned how to fish for trout was on the Risle. When you can take fish there you can take fish anywhere. I first tried the Risle on May 21, 1927, the day Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget. Since then I have fished all over the world. But after you've been on a piece of water like the Aclou Reach of the Risle, any other place is lousy."

I was staying on the same floor of the Ritz where the "*oui, oui, oui, non, non, non*" was alleged to go on all night when written word came that I was invited to go to the Risle for a day with Ritz, who was already vacationing on the river. Awhile before the great day my telephone buzzed, and a faraway voice, faintly identifiable as that of the

continued

On the preceding pages, Charles Ritz favors a photographer with a demonstration of his high-speed, high-line cast over a troutless lake in the Bois de Boulogne



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hotelier himself, told me: "I just wanted to remind you to wear a tie when you come up here. Let me suggest a tie and tweeds. We're having lunch with my host and hostess, and she won't let you in without a tie."

"All right," I said to M. Charles. "But what are they running up there on the river? It sounds like the Ritz."

"It's worse!" he said, laughing.

At 7 in the morning Ritz's friend, Guy Duchange, an electronics-equipment manufacturer, picked me up at the hotel for the 80-mile drive westward to the Normandy village of Valleville, where we would find the Risle and Ritz. "*Bonsoir!*" I said ebullicntly, because I always get light-headed before a fishing trip and also because I had been told that the French appreciate one's trying to speak their language even if one is a Berlitz reject. "*Bonjour*," my new friend corrected gently and then continued in French, which turned out to be his only language.

Nothing daunted, I began to study the road signs as we made our way past Longchamp and St. Cloud and onto the Autoroute de l'Ouest. I saw a familiar one at last; it showed a smiling, happy tiger and was captioned. "*Mettez un tigre dans votre moteur.*" I stowed the phrase away in my mind, and after we had finished a roadside breakfast of croissants and coffee I patted my stomach and remarked with seeming nonchalance: "*Maintenant j'ai un tigre dans ma moteur.*" It was my first joke in French: a poor, ungrammatical thing but mine own. Duchange smiled politely and began telling me, in rapid French, about the fishing on the Risle. It is, he gave me to understand, the fishing place the most beautiful of the world. His friend, Charles Ritz, is the fisherman the most beautiful of the world. One would have a lovely day on the stream, is it not? One was not to regard badly the dark clouds descending the road; after he rains the fishing is well because the river it becomes then the tomb of all the flies. Comprehended I?

"*Oui*," I said.

Charles Ritz waited for us by the river, and we went straight to the Aclou Reach: 200 yards of classic chalk stream full of many mysteries and few solutions. On this stretch the Risle moves at an even pace through waving fields of submerged weeds and watercress. At its extremes it is only four feet deep and some 35 yards wide. The trout lie in pockets and fingers of water between weed beds, gobbling up a proliferation of sedges, gnats, mayflies, stone flies, duns—all the fly life of a typical chalk stream. The trout get so much food that they become lazy, disdaining any offering that is not within easy reach; hence there is a premium on casting accuracy. Once the trout is hooked it must be horsed across the weeds to the limit of the leader's strength, else it will stick its head into the greenery and wait for the fisherman to break off.

I tried my best to follow the gamekeeper and the elderly Ritz, who keeps his legs in shape by daily isometrics, as they headed upstream through a tapestry of Norman green: olive and chartreuse and lime-colored vegetation in the water and verdant pastures all about and here and there a copse of elm and linden and chestnut trees, all dotted for relief with buttercups or *boutons d'or*, yellow irises in full bloom marching down to streamside, purple clover, brown-and-white dairy cattle and chubby, rust-colored chickens. We passed decaying wooden footbridges, ruins of tiny factories that date to the nonelectric times when the river's waterpower ran the mills, eel traps sticking out into the water like crumbling piers. It was a Monet painting in the wild state. Swallows darted overhead, feeding on the same flies as the trout, and from deeper in the woods a familiar sound kept repeating itself at short intervals. cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo! It suddenly dawned on me that these might be alive. To the gamekeeper I said, "Are those real cuckoos?"

"Either they are real cuckoos," said this local wit, "or it is 137 o'clock."

Taking in all this audible and visual grandeur, I made a snap decision: not to fish. Years ago I had played bridge with Charles Goren, and my ego had

continued



While taking refuge from a Normandy deluge Ritz explains his theory that the true excitement of trout fishing comes in throwing the fly out, not reeling the fish in

suffered bruises and lacerations. I would not repeat the error now by fishing with this other expert Charles. "Come now," Ritz said, "you need not be ashamed. Let me show you."

He lifted the line over his head, false-casting slowly, until far across the stream a ring of water exposed a trout's position. Within seconds Ritz dropped a perfect cast on top of the fish, which, however, was not having any. "See how easy it is?" he said. But I had observed several points. Ritz had used about half the normal number of false casts to get out enough line to cross the stream. His cast was so flat and so fast that he shot all the extra line held in his left hand plus another six or eight loops that he had held in his mouth. He had cast twice as far as my own personal record with more accuracy than I could have achieved with a .22. "Would you like to try now?" he asked.

"*Non*," I said.

Instantly he put the rod in my hand, clamped his oversized hands on top of mine and began teaching me the "high-speed, high-line" casting technique perfected by himself and several of his close friends. The system is built on a strong upward snap as the rod moves from about 10 o'clock to about 12. When the rod reaches the trigger point the wrist straightens out, the forearm jerks upward and the elbow rises about three inches, all of the motions seemingly with one aim: to punch a hole in the sky with the fly. As Ritz explained the technique, the elbow lift and the sharp wrist snap and forearm movement are the heart of the cast, with everything else flowing from that. But as an old caster of bass bugs, worms and hellgrammites, accustomed to using all the muscles from the *abductor hallucis* of the big toe to the *occipitofrontalis* of the forehead, I was a hopeless student. "Come on now," Ritz implored, "De-tense yourself! De-contract your muscles! You're trying to squash the rod, that poor little fellow. Listen, for heaven's sakes, this isn't difficult. You've got to succeed if you want to make me happy. Do you like me?"

I said that I liked him.

"Well, succeed for my sake, because then you'll be doing the finest thing for me. Hold the rod loosely. Imagine you have a pretty girl in your arms instead of a fly rod. De-tense yourself! She's not going to respond to you like that, is she? You must learn to take it nice and easy in all things."

A merciful thunderclap fell over my ignorance of girls and fly rods, and we repaired to a gamekeeper's shack, where I asked Ritz how he had developed his high-speed, high-line technique. "At first I didn't know what I was doing," he said. "People would tell me, 'Your *line* is so fast, we've never seen a line so fast in the air, and we've never seen one stay up as high and as long.' I paid no notice. I said, 'That's nice.' Then one day my friend, Pierre Creusevaut, the champion caster, said to me, 'Your casting is jerky. It lacks elegance.' But nevertheless I was faster on a fish than Pierre. 'Why is that?' I asked myself, and I realized that I am naturally jerky in all my movements. I began to analyze my casting, and I found that I was packing all my effort into one jerk.

"Then I went to a casting tournament in Zurich to see Jon Tarantino, the American who may be the best caster in the world, and I saw that he was doing the same thing: a short pull but a very fast one. So I said to him, 'Let's go to my laboratory: the Risle.' I took him there and he put on the finest exhibition of fly casting that I have ever seen, using the same controlled jerk. Now I was aware of all the mechanics except the short lift of the elbow. I watched Pierre Creusevaut casting for salmon in a film, and I saw the elbow lifting at the same time that he straightened his wrist and jerked his forearm up—*zic!* It was all done in such a short space that no one knew what he was doing, including Pierre himself. That was the last piece to fall into place in the high-speed, high-line system. It's not a big discovery. It has always existed. But no one ever explained it. Now, by using this system, by simple mechanics, brass tacks and logic, the mystery can be taken out of fly-fishing."

But isn't it true, I asked sagely, that neither the establishment of trout fishing nor the writers of fishing tomes nor the anglers themselves want to take the mystery out of trout fishing? Isn't the mystery part of the allure?

"Perhaps," said M. Charles. "There are many eekons in trout fishing."

"Icons?" I said.

"Yes. I don't want to disturb anyone, but some of the ideas are ridiculous. Such as matching the hatch. Of course, there are times when you should have a fly as alike as possible to the flies in the water. But the casting and the accuracy and how you present your fly and how fast it gets there and how it swims are all more important than matching the hatch.

"I've never been interested in flies. Flies annoy me. I don't want to spend hours changing flies all the time. Once I had 3,000 flies. Every time I fished I took with me a whole cabinet of them. And when I had taken a fish with a certain fly I'd run up and down telling everybody, 'I've got the right fly! Here's the fly. Take it and fish with it!' I was an easy victim at first.

"But I don't want to take away from the fisherman the pleasure of his flies. The fellow who ties beautiful flies, I like to look at them, I like to have some. But *if* I'd spent my time on flies I'd never have found out what I did about high-speed, high-line. So I use nothing but the Tups Indispensable, the Panama, the Lunn's Particular, the Bivisible and the Black Gnat. I use only these flies because I'm lazy. I put one on and I say, 'Damn it, now the fish has got to take this fly!' Sometimes I feel it would be better for me to change, but I leave the fly on anyhow, because I believe more in technique, getting on the fish as quickly as you can, letting the fly arrive there so fast that the trout doesn't know where it comes from and he's taken by surprise and he says, 'My God, that thing's gonna escape if I don't grab it.' I don't say I'm right, but with this system I don't have to waste my time fooling around with flies.

"But trout fishermen are believers. They believe in the leader, they believe in the line, they believe in the rod, the reel, balancing the rod with the reel, matching the rod to the fisherman, matching the hatch. That's all nonsense. The fly-fisherman should learn how to cast. He should adapt to the rod. But fishermen waste time and money matching the rod when

continued



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they don't understand movement and muscles. With our system the fisherman can feel when he's got it right. There's a certain feeling, like when you hit a golf ball well."

Over lunch I met the other dramatis personae of the Risle. There was Auguste Lambiotte, whom Ritz calls the Giant of Flanders, a tall, white-haired Belgian industrialist who links up with Ritz for trout-fishing vacations as often as possible. Together, the Belgian businessman and the Paris hotelkeeper are streamside models of old-world courtesy. If Ritz spots a feeding fish, he says to his friend Lambiotte: "I offer this fish to you."

"*Non, non,*" protests the Belgian. "*je vous l'offre!*" Sometimes they argue the point until it is too late and there is no fish left to argue about. "*La politesse* is more important," says Ritz.

The proprietor of the Aclou Reach of the Risle is Edouard Vernes, head of a French bank and a dry-fly purist, who has been buying up angling rights and property along the river for decades until he now controls some three miles of breathtaking fishing water. M. Vernes is one of a class of Frenchmen who speak English not merely with a British accent but with an upper-class British accent, intoned in slow, careful sentences with long pauses in between. He walks along his stream with head down, heavy pipe clenched in his teeth, wearing an English-style tweed jacket, the kind with one little pocket above each big pocket, clasping the rod behind him with the tip sticking above his head so that he gives the impression of being a well-tailored, Eton-educated Martian. Until he speaks. M. Vernes has a tendency to awe one and make one nervous. But he turns out to be, like Ritz and Lambiotte, a most kindly man and a gentle needler. At lunch Vernes waited for Ritz to finish telling a story, then said to me:

"One day during the war a nervous pilot came down the river firing all his machine guns. You should have seen Charley! He went flat on his stomach and turned the color of that plate there!"

"Now, just a minute, my dear Edouard," said Ritz, taking the bait. "I was *not* afraid! I was merely anxious to live."

Vernes laughed and gave Ritz a bone-shattering clap on the back.

"But I do remember a time when we were on the Cherbourg express on the way to the river," said Ritz, "and the American planes came over, and we all had to jump out and run for the weeds. Everybody was hungry in those days, and most of the passengers were on their way to Normandy to try to find meat and eggs. While all the bullets were spattering around, a hare got up in the field. Every Frenchman on the train jumped to his feet and tore after that hare."

I asked Ritz and Vernes what had happened to the Risle during the German occupation. "Surprisingly, very little," said Vernes. "The Germans were disciplined about restricted waters. There was only one exception. Towards the end of the war Ribbentrop's son was posted here with the Hitler Jugend. He would shout, 'I want to eat trout!' and he would come to the river with rubber boats and grenades. But he was the only one. I was more concerned about a gasoline pipeline the Germans ran from the Paris area to supply the airfields around here. Our people treated it like a—how do you call it?—a self-service. And sometimes mysterious accidents happened to the pipeline. *Pouf!* We do not know how these happened. Acts of God. But I used to tell certain people, 'Watch out what you do to that pipeline! It goes across the Risle, and *you might kill the trout!*'"

To hear Charles Ritz tell it, M. Vernes has never used anything but dry flies in his entire life. One can imagine his shock when, shortly after the liberation, Vernes spotted an English major, who was also a lord, fishing the Risle with his batman. "I saw him lifting the line out of the water and placing it a few feet further downstream each time," Vernes recounted in his English accent. "And suddenly I realized he was fishing with a—eh—a wuhhhhhhhm!" Into the single blasphemous word "worm" Vernes put all the shock and horror of a Hitchcock movie, pushing out the sound as though it pained his voice box.

"What in the world did you do?" asked the bemused Ritz.

continued



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"I walked straight up to him, and he was ashamed, and he said, 'Oh, you saw!' 'Yes, indeed I did,' I said, and I gave him a good fly rod and some flies to use. I don't know why he was using a —eh—a wuhhhhhhhm. He turned out to be a good fly-caster."

After lunch the fishing contingent on the Risle was augmented by the arrival of a Bavarian nobleman, Prince von Quadt, who pulled up in a Mercedes after a 100-mph dash from Germany. "He is a very nice young man," Ritz said of the friendly Bavarian, "and I have only one reservation about him. He fishes like a tournament caster, and he is not interested in a trout unless it rises a mile and a half away." Working earnestly, his rod flailing the heavens, Prince von Quadt took three small trout. But nobody took the prize trout of the day, nor did I believe, at first, that such a trout could exist in the Risle. Ritz and I were walking along the stream when we came upon the prince's chauffeur in a high state of excitement. "There is out there a huge trout," the chauffeur said in German, one of Ritz's many languages. We looked at the pool and saw nothing at first. Then there was a slight swirl of water on the other side as the fin of a big fish came into sight. Plainly, no fish that big—at least two feet long and eight to 10 pounds in heft—could be a trout in these waters. "Pike!" I said, drawing on knowledge gained in the New World.

Ritz said nothing.

Then the big fish made a dash across the river to our side, pushing a conspicuous ridge of water ahead of him. He made a single, tail-slapping swirl and disappeared. Ritz gasped. "That is not a pike!" he said. "That fish is feeding exactly like a big brown trout. He is chasing minnows from one side to the other. A pike would not feed that way." Now the fish rose again, and all we could see were spots.

Ritz called down the river to Vernes's wife, Michou, a formidable, outdoorsy woman who is always followed by a cloud of tiny dogs (she sometimes hooks them in the ear when casting). "Come, Michou!" Ritz called in French. "There is a big cannibal trout up here." Madame Vernes, the same gracious hostess who

continued



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insisted that even fishermen must wear ties to her luncheons, clomped up in her no-nonsense fishing shoes and her no-nonsense brown stockings and her no-nonsense tweeds and studied the fish carefully. Then she trudged off toward the gamekeeper's house. "Where are you going?" asked Ritz.

"To get the shotgun."

Madame emerged from the house in a few minutes, spraying orders all around. "Stand back there!" she shouted to me in English. "Out of the way!" she snapped at the German chauffeur in French.

The fish surfaced, and Madame fired one barrel. The trout descended a few feet and swam slowly upstream. Madame let go the second barrel, and the fish merely accelerated its departure until it was out of sight. One suspected that Madame had not allowed for refraction, but one was not going to say so. Madame was disconsolate. "I know that dreadnought very well," she said in a British accent like her husband's. "I had her on two years ago, and she just towed me downstream and broke off. She's been around here for four years. We want to get her out because she's bad for the fishing."

"Do you have a name for her?" I asked.

"If it will please you," said Madame, "we will name her Caroline."

Somehow I found it more than pleasing, after enjoying the Verneses' hospitality over a big Normandy dinner, to realize that the prize fish of this prize river now bore such a wholesome, American name. And as much as I admire Edouard and Michou and the Giant of Flanders and the free-swinging Prince von Quadt and, most of all, Charles Ritz, I hope that they fail in their sworn ambition to remove Caroline from the Risle. In my fantasies I see them imploring me by urgent cable to bring my American know-how and skill back to the Risle. There I will make a perfect high-speed, high-line cast, and after a clean but bitter struggle I will haul the lovely Caroline out of the clear green depths of the chalk stream.

I only hope that they don't notice the —eh—the wuhhhhhhhm. END



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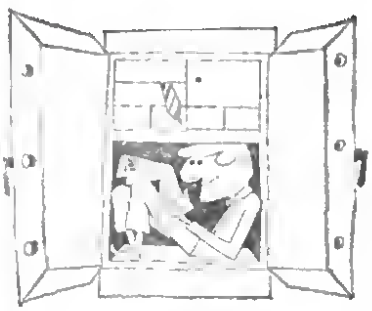
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BASEBALL'S WEEK by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Jimmie Hall virtually assured MINNESOTA (6–1) of its first American League pennant last week with the most resounding two-run homer of the season. With that one swing, Hall, who had not hit a home run in more than five weeks, gave the intrepid Twins a 3–2 victory over the second-place White Sox and shot them on a modest but extremely productive four-game winning streak. For while the Twins were beating Chicago twice and Boston twice, the White Sox lost four straight and the Orioles three of four. Consequently, Minnesota doubled its lead from 4½ to 9 games—and the pennant race fizzled. But it was just a typical week for the Twins. Pitcher Jim Grant, the league's first 19-game winner, beat Chicago for the fourth time this year. Camilo Pascual, the league's best pitcher until he was sidelined by an elbow operation five weeks ago, returned and beat the Red Sox. Manager Sam Mele continued to play hit-and-run with astounding success, also saw his players steal nine bases in two games against the Red Sox. And by sweeping another series, the Twins finished 17-1 against BOSTON (2-4) for the season. "The Twins should vote the Red Sox a World Series share," said one writer. Manager Al Lopez of CHICAGO (3-5) finally admitted what everyone has been saying all year: "Our pitching hasn't been exceptional and we haven't been hitting." Then Lopez added: "But you can't get mad at the players." Pete Ward, with only eight homers and 48 RBIs for the year, may spend the winter months at the White Sox Florida base in Sarasota. "And it won't be because I want to see the Ringling Brothers Circus Museum," said Ward. BALTIMORE (6-3) played four doubleheaders in five days, winning two and splitting two. Last year, as a rookie, CLEVELAND's (3-3) Chico Salmon slept with the lights on because he was scared of ghosts. This year he is scaring the White Sox. Chico hit a grand-slam home run to help beat them last week and nine of his first 10 RBIs were against Chicago. WASHINGTON (2–4) will not lose 100 games for the first year since expansion in 1961. Rookie Mickey Stanley, recalled from Syracuse, probably won DETROIT's (4–2) center-field job for 1966 with 14 hits and several sensational fielding plays in his first 12 games. Bert Campaneris played all nine positions in one game, but KANSAS CITY (3–4) lost. He dropped a fly ball playing right field, gave up a run while pitching and was sent to the hospital when he was knocked over in a collision at home plate in the ninth inning. Johnny Keane of NEW YORK (3–5) and Bill Rigney of CALIFORNIA (3–4) were given new one-year contracts. Yankee Infielders Bobby Richardson and Tony Kubek were undecided about playing next year, even after the Yankees ended a seven-game losing streak—their longest in 12 years.

Standings: Minn 92–54, Chi 83–63, Bell 81–82, Det 80–84, Clev 77–85, NY 71–76, Cal 67–79, Wash 64–81, Bos 56–90, KC 53–90

NATIONAL LEAGUE

"Sandy Koufax," said Ron Santo of CHICAGO (0–6), "could drive you to drink." In LOS ANGELES (3-3) last week the Dodgers were given champagne, compliments of the house, after Koufax pitched a perfect game to beat the Cubs 1–0. Ironically, the losing pitcher, Bobby Hendley, gave up only one hit, a bloop double by Lou Johnson in the seventh inning and, according to Dodger custom, that did not even figure in the scoring. A walk, a sacrifice, a stolen base and a throwing error—good for one run—provided Koufax with the only support he needed. "I got stronger as I went along, and that's something that had not happened to me before this year," said Koufax, who struck out the last six Chicago batters and 14 in all as he edged within 16 strikeouts of Bobby Feller's record of 348 for one season. "In the last three innings I had my best fast ball in a long, long time. Early in the game I had a great curve." Now Koufax has become the first pitcher in baseball history to throw four no-hit, no-run games (one in each of the last four seasons) and the fourth in 89 National League seasons to pitch a perfect game. He missed a perfect game last season when he walked Richie Allen on a three-and-two pitch en route to his no-hitter against the Phillies. Incidentally, Johnson, who scored the Los Angeles run, was voted the best Cub rookie in spring training three years ago. The perfect game revived the Dodgers, who had lost twice to SAN FRANCISCO (8–0) earlier in the week. Willie McCovey of the Giants hit three home runs, including a pinch-hit grand slam that beat the Cubs. Willie Mays hit three, Jim Hart and Tom Haller two each. Juan Marichal, cheered by the home-town fans in his first appearance there since the Roseboro incident, allowed only two balls to be hit out of the infield while winning his 21st game. Commissioner Ford Frick irked PITTSBURGH (4–2) officials when he told all the contenders but the Pirates to print World Series tickets. Manager Harry Walker fined First Baseman Donn Clendenon $100 for dugout backtalk. Pitcher Bob Veale twice beat CINCINNATI (4–3), which needed a two-out homer by Tony Perez in the ninth inning to beat NEW YORK (1–6). The Mets were held to one hit by three MILWAUKEE (4–2) pitchers in one game, then tied a 48-year-old record by being held to one hit again by Tony Cloninger in the next. PHILADELPHIA's (4–1) Wes Covington had 54 hits for the year and 44 RBIs. Pitcher Dick Farrell of HOUSTON (2–4) predicted: "We'll sweep the Dodger series. I'll win mine, Robbie [Robin Roberts] will win his and Larry Dierker will win his." Despite such outspoken optimism, the Astros lost two out of three. Reliever Hal Woodeshick of ST. LOUIS (1–4) lost again to the Phillies and was 0–11 against them in his career.

Standings: SF 83–59, LA 82–62, Cin 81–62, Mil 79–83, Pitt 78–67, Phil 73–68, StL 70–73, Chi 65–81, Hou 61–83, NY 46–100

THE SEASON*

	BEST	WORST
BATTING (NL)	Clemente Pitt .336	Klaus NY .199
(AL)	Yastrzemski Bos .325	Brinkman Wash .182
HOME RUN HITTERS (NL)	Mays SF 45 (1 per 11 AB)	Wills LA 0 (573 AB)
(AL)	Conigliaro Bos 28 (1 per 17 AB)	Blasingame Wash 1 (352 AB)
PITCHING (NL)	Koufax LA 22-7	Fisher NY 8-20
(AL)	Grant Minn 18-5	O'Donoghue KC 8-18; Monbouquette Bos 8-18
ERA (NL)	Marichal SF 1.82	Sadecki StL 5.75
(AL)	Siebert Clev 2.12	Boulton NY 5.11
COMPLETE GAMES (NL)	Marichal SF 23 (32 starts)	Cisco NY 1 (17 starts)
(AL)	Stottlemyre NY 15 (33 starts)	Howard Chi 0 (21 starts)
TEAM HRs (NL)	Milwaukee 182	Los Angeles 70
(AL)	Boston 151	California 88
TEAM SBs (NL)	Los Angeles 143	New York 24
(AL)	Cleveland 101	Washington 23

*through September 11

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



SANDY KOUFAX



At 59, John Longden is old for a jockey—but you would never have known it to see him on his 6,000th winner **by PAT RYAN**

Johnny Comes Riding Home

An old, old athlete leaned against a locker at Vancouver's Exhibition Park. He wore a jade-and-diamond ring as a token of the good days past, a wavy brown toupee that hid his baldness but not his years and flannel long Johns, because an old man's legs grow cold. At 59, short John Longden had just ridden his 6,000th winner, and he had done it at the track in the Pacific Northwest where *38* years, *31,000* races and five broken legs ago his spectacular career had its first spectacular moment. Old John had Exhibition Park in an uproar last month when he brought Prince Scorpion in first for No. 6,000, just as he had caused an uproar there back in 1928, when he was aboard an infamous gelding named Gabardine, and he never got to the starting gate, never mind to the finish.

Those were the days when one of the track's attractions was a roller coaster that upped and downed within 100 feet of the eighth pole. As Gabardine, Longden up, paraded by, the roller coaster roared down. Gabardine shied, Longden got kicked by another horse and when track officials pulled him out of the saddle, he had his first broken leg. Gabardine won that day for someone else, but Longden has been winning ever since.

In the 1920s Exhibition Park was called Hastings Park and was the rough-and-tumble training grounds for an assortment of horse racing's latter-day saints and sinners. That was where Red McDaniel and Willie Molter learned the backstretch rudiments that led them to train 3,000 winners. Jockey Don Meade of rough riding fame got his start there, and so did Johnny Gilbert and Hedley Woodhouse and the Moreno brothers.

Until last year, when the track was redesigned and made 5/8ths of a mile and 208 feet, the turns were so sharp that sore-legged horses often bounced into the outside rail. The program was—and is—noted for its marathon two-mile races in which the field lapped the track *four times*. The jockeys, possibly *dizzy*, sometimes lost count and put on driving finishes in the wrong lap. Once the whole confused field wheeled around five laps instead of four. After that, jockeys began putting four peas in their mouths at the start and spitting one out every time they passed the grandstand.

That's how it was when Johnny Longden was 21, and for a lot of years since then, too. But at Vancouver Johnny was 59, and the roller coaster was gone, and the grandstand was a glittering $2-million creation of beige concrete and gleaming glass. The infield was bright with marigolds and geraniums and petunias and on the sunny lawn where the roller coaster once stood grannies and grandchildren rested. (One, 85-year-old Agnes Harvey, remembered Longden as the boy who 40 years before had carried water from her pump to his mother's kitchen in the prairie town of Taber, Alta. John spotted her after one race. "Long time no see," he said. She blushed with delight. When the old jockey had gone on, the white-haired lady told the little boy with her, "I dinna think he would know me. I'm so long away and it's a long time since then. You know, he hasn't grown at all.")

It seemed like a golden setting for a golden-ager to win his 6,000th, but it wasn't, of course. Racing doesn't change that much. The new generation of Exhibition Park jockeys is every bit as tough and brash as the old, and it was not about to proclaim "be kind to Johnny Longden week."

Every jockey west of Kicking Horse Pass had only one thing on his mind. As one trainer put it: "My kid will ride this horse after Longden until he drops. It's a big thing for these guys to beat Longden. They're after him, and if they can knock him off it's as if they've made the big time. They feel they could ride any day at Saratoga or Santa Anita or Hollywood Park."

Jack Diamond, co-president of the racetrack and the man responsible for the move of getting Longden back to Vancouver, helped select the horses Johnny rode. Asked why Longden did not have a horse in one feature race, he said, "There are 12 horses in there, and some of those boys riding are hungry. I'd rather John rode in a smaller field"—a bit of solicitude that might have annoyed Longden if he had heard of it.

Longden arrived at the track needing four winners to reach 6,000. The first

continued

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came on a Friday, in his second race—and the crowd applauded enthusiastically. "What are they clappin' for him for?" said one young jockey at the weigh-in scale. "He's got three more to go." "Let 'em clap," said the jockey's valet. "You won't be bothered with him for long."

Longden's Friday win was on a 2-year-old owned by a Vancouver junk dealer. On Saturday he took No. 5998 on a rickety-boned gelding worth little more than Longden's silver-streaked toupee and No. 5999 on a dubiously bred stallion owned by two East Indian lumber barons. At the end of that day's racing Longden had ridden in eight races, had earned $257 in jockey fees for himself and had made $4,198 for his mounts' owners, the last being a figure that the world's winningest jockey much respects. Earlier that week he had opened the racing program to the place where his riding record was listed. He put on his glasses, took out a ballpoint pen and did some figuring. He found he had finished first, second or third with 47% of the 31,962 horses he had ridden. "That interests me," he said in his high-pitched, dry voice. "A paycheck, even if it's fourth money, takes care of the feed bill." All told, Longden's mounts could have paid $24,381,712 of feed bills.

Since a jockey averages 10% of the purse money, it is obvious that Longden has no feed bills of his own to worry about. But with Longden his own money has never been the point. He goes on riding and risking his crinkled hide not for more money and not for more silverware and not for more publicity. His pleasure is in knowing he does a job well and has done it well for more years than most athletes can dream of. His diamond ring, given to him by the Jockeys' Guild, is engraved "World's Greatest Rider." He likes that ring.

At Exhibition Park that day Johnny Longden carefully took off the ring and handed it to his valet, as he does before every race he rides. Then he slapped his helmet on over his toupee, buckled the chin strap, climbed aboard Prince Scorpion and 1.18 1/5 minutes of running later, Prince Scorpion had won by 3/4ths of a length. Longden's followers at Exhibition Park had been rewarded $3.40, $2.70, $2.40. Prince Scorpion's owner had collected and the world had its first jockey with 6,000 winners. Two days later he got 6,001. Old John rides on and on. **END**



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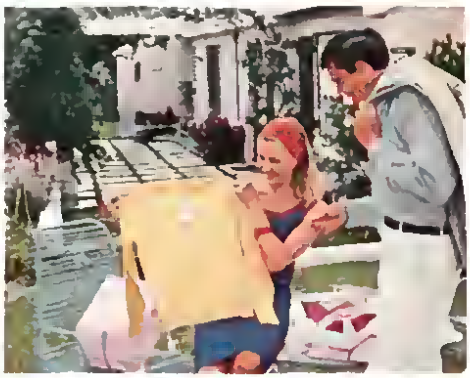
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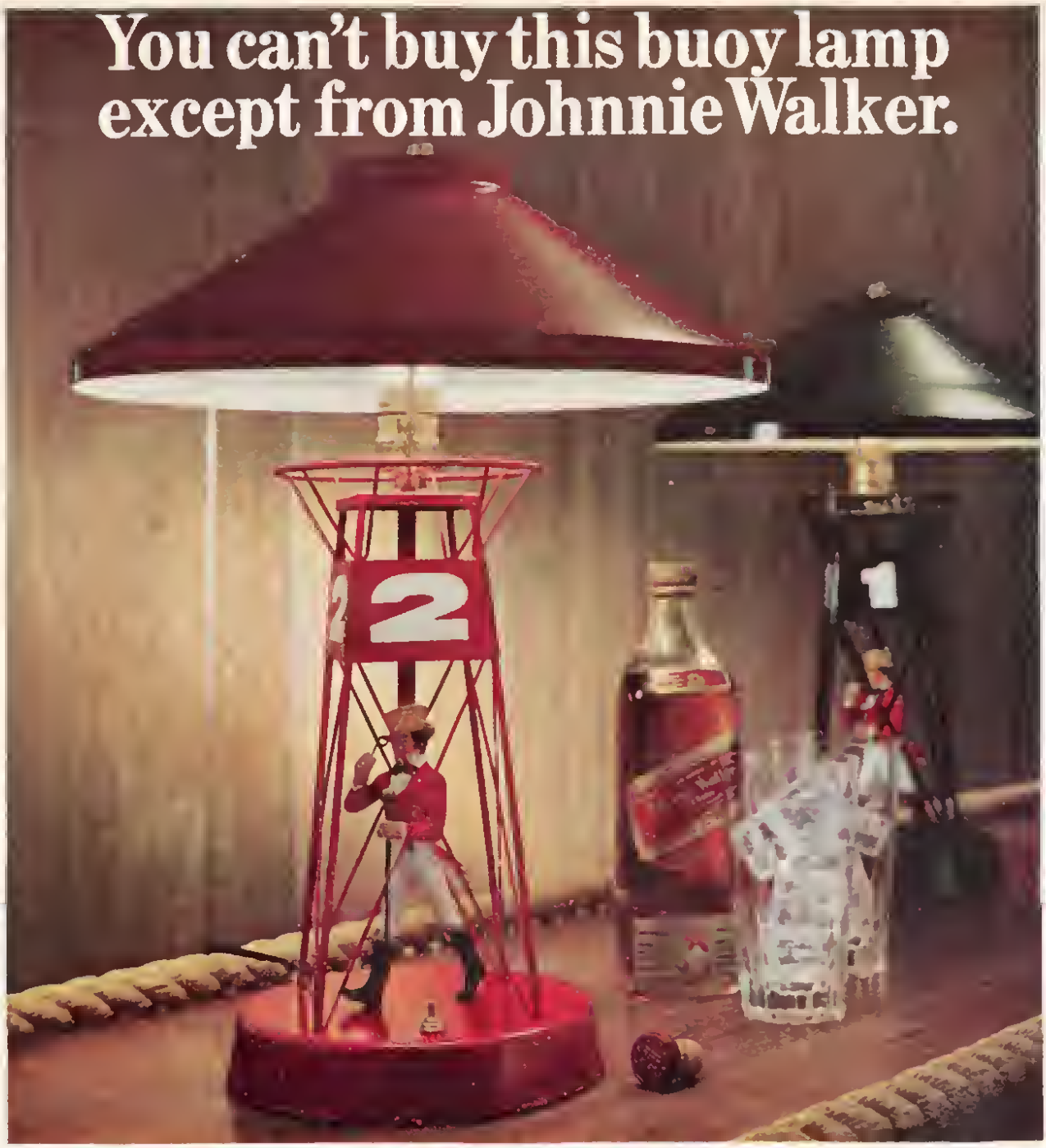
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MISSOURI OVER KENTUCKY But hardly a waltz, even with all those swift Missouri backs. Kentucky has Norton to throw, Bird to run and an urge to win.

ILLINOIS OVER OREGON STATE Both have suffered serious losses in the line, but the Illini have the niftier runners.

COLORADO OVER WISCONSIN The Buffs, on the way back at last, are tough, determined and ready to pull a surprise.

SYRACUSE OVER NAVY Navy's Bill Elias will learn that enthusiasm is no substitute for talent. Syracuse has plenty of both, plus Floyd Little, a remarkable runner

OREGON OVER PITT Pitt can match Oregon in the backfield, but the Ducks have a solider look in the line.

ALABAMA OVER GEORGIA Bear Bryant has gone back to a running game, and he has the backs for it. But 'Bama had better be wary—these Bulldogs can bite.

TENNESSEE OVER ARMY Neither team is frightening on offense. The ambitious Vols, however, have more depth on defense.

MISSISSIPPI OVER MEMPHIS STATE Ole Miss is ready for the Tigers. The defense is tested and the backs know how to score.

VIRGINIA OVER DUKE After years of futility, the Cavaliers are a match for any team. Bob Davis' exciting passing and running will be too much for Duke.

AUBURN OVER BAYLOR Everybody knows Baylor's game is passing, and Auburn will have to stop Terry Southall. A firm, hard defense should do it for the Tigers.

USC OVER MINNESOTA Coach Johnny McKay has an abundance of big, mobile types in his line and Mike Garrett, a marvelous runner.

UTAH OVER ARIZONA Utah has too much know-how and too many good players for the young but willing Wildcats.

WYOMING OVER AIR FORCE The riddled Falcons need more time to regroup. Wyoming's old hands are bigger, faster and deeper.

HOUSTON OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE By now the swifter Cougars should be more familiar with the slippery Astrodome turf.

TEXAS TECH OVER KANSAS The rebuilt Jayhawk line will have trouble holding down Tech's slasher, Donny Anderson.

LAST SEASON'S RECORD
117 RIGHT, 86 WRONG, 7 TIES. AVERAGE .578

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—*Miss Bardahl* and TAHOE MISS won two preliminary heats apiece in the Governor's Cup race for unlimited hydroplanes on the Ohio River in Madison, Ind. and *Miss Bardahl*, driven by Ron Musson, led all the way in the fifth and final heat. But Referee Bill Newton ruled that Musson had forced Chuck Thompson, the driver of *Tahoe Miss*, inside the course after the lanes had been established and penalized him one lap, making Thompson the winner. Musson, though dropped to last place in the final heat by the penalty, wound up second overall in the standings.

Sailing in the Berkeley Shoals area of San Francisco Bay, JAKE WOOSER of San Francisco won the world championship of the International One-Design class by 7¼ points over Ingar Dobloug of Oslo, Norway, in a seven-race series.

BOXING—VICENTE SALDIVAR of Mexico successfully defended his world featherweight title at Earl's Court Stadium in London by winning a 15-round decision over Howard Winstone of Wales, the British Empire champion. It was Saldivar's 26th victory in 27 fights.

FOOTBALL—The 1964 champion BUFFALO BILLS opened the 1965 American Football League season with an easy 24–7 victory over Boston, the Eastern Division runner-ups, after breaking a 7–7 half-time tie with a 22-yard return of a pass interception for a touchdown by Charley Warner. SAN DIEGO, last year's Western Division champion, edged Denver 34–31 when John Hadl tossed a 39-yard touchdown pass to Lance Alworth in the last quarter. In other games HOUSTON defeated New York 27–21 and OAKLAND beat Kansas City 37–10.

GOLF—GARY PLAYER, leading Jack Nicklaus by one stroke after the first round of the two-round World Series of Golf on the Firestone Country Club course in Akron, shot a final-round 69, one under par, to defeat Nicklaus by three strokes. Peter Thomson finished five strokes back, followed by Dave Marr, 12 strokes out.

Playing in an exhibition match with Doug Sanders in Johnson City, Tenn., ARNOLD PALMER fired a hole in one on the par-3, 135-yard 2nd hole and went on to finish with a five-under-par 66. Sanders shot an even-par 71.

HARNESS RACING—Yonkers Raceway's $50,000 Transoceanic Trot, a mile and a quarter for foreign-owned Standardbreds, was won by ELAINE RODNEY ($4.40) by 2¾ lengths over Apex Hanover, one of the two Russian-owned entries. The 8-year-old American-bred mare from the Santipasta Stables of Bologna, Italy was timed in 2:36", the fastest clocking in four renewals of the Transoceanic. Rodney's driver, Gerhard Kruger, announced after the race that she will be retired this week following the United Nations Trot.

BRET HANOVER equaled the world record for the mile, set by Adios Harry in 1955, with a 1:55 clocking the first heat of the $34,838 Horseman Futurity Pace at the Indiana State Fairgrounds. But ADIOS VIC, the only horse to have defeated Bret in his 37 previous races, won the second heat and then beat Bret by a nose in a third-heat runoff.

HORSE RACING—Ogden Phipps's BUCKPASSER ($3.60), Braulio Baeza aboard, won the $335,475 Arlington-Washington Futurity at Arlington Park after taking the lead at the eighth pole and holding it to cross the finish line a half length in front of Fathers Image (*page 112*). It was the 2-year-old bay colt's eighth straight victory in nine starts.

Greentree Stable's MALICIOUS ($10.20), weighted at 116 pounds, with Bobby Ussery up, beat Pluck by three lengths and Roman Brother by another nose to win the $108,200 Aqueduct Stakes at Aqueduct. Top-weighted (130 pounds) Kelso, attempting to reach the $2 million mark in earnings, came in fourth, his ninth finish out of the money in 61 races.

Meadow Court was the 4-to-11 favorite to win the St. Leger Classic at Doncaster, England, but PROVOKE, a 28-to-1 long shot ridden by Joe Mercer, ran away with the race by 10 lengths. Meadow Court came in second.

The world's richest single horse race, the $419,460 All American Quarter Horse Futurity at Ruidoso Downs, N. Mex., was only 400 yards long and was over in 20.3 seconds, but it earned its winner, SAVANNAH JR. ($14.80), $192,730. Ari's Model finished second, 2½ lengths back.

MOTOR SPORTS—DON PRUDHOMME's elapsed time of 7.505 seconds set a record in the National Hot Rod Association's fuel eliminator competition at Indianapolis Raceway Park and also gave him his second straight NHRA championship. The Granada Hills, Calif. car painter covered the quarter mile 313 of a second faster than Tommy Ivo of Burbank, Calif. and reached a top speed of 207.33 mph.

JIM HALL's Chevrolet Chaparrals came in first and second in Road America's 500 mile sports car race at Elkhart Lake, Wis.; but GEORGE FOLLMER of Pasadena, Calif. driving a Lotus Porsche, gained the U.S. road-racing championship with his fourth-place finish. Hall, the 1964 champion, began the race driving the car that eventually won and received credit for the victory. For the last third of the 125-lap race, however, he switched to his other Chaparral, taking the wheel from Bruce Jennings of Towson, Md., and drove it to a second-place finish. The winning Chaparral averaged 89.526 mph.

With every other top contender knocked out of the Southern 500 at Darlington, S.C. by wrecks or mechanical failures, NED JARRETT of Camden, S.C. drove a 1965 Ford to an easy victory, finishing 11 laps ahead of Buddy Baker of Charlotte, N.C. in a new Plymouth. His average speed was 115.878 mph. The win virtually clinched the 1965 NASCAR Grand National Championship, worth $25,000, for Jarrett.

SWIMMING—An East German 880-yard freestyle relay team (ALFRED MULLER, UDO POSER, HORST-GUNTHER GREGOR and FRANK WIEGAND) swam to a world record of 8:07.3 in Leipzig, bettering by one second the mark set by four West Germans in London five weeks earlier.

TENNIS—Spain's MANUEL SANTANA defeated Cliff Drysdale of South Africa 6–2, 7–9, 7–5, 6–1 to gain the U.S. men's singles title at Forest Hills while MARGARET SMITH of Australia beat the U.S.'s Billie Jean Moffitt 8–6, 7–5 for the women's championship (*page 36*).

MILEPOSTS—PROMOTED. To head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers following Buddy Parker's resignation, MIKE NIXON, an assistant coach with the Steelers the past four seasons and head coach of the Washington Redskins in 1959 and 1960. During Parker's eight years with the Steelers the team had a record of 51 wins, 47 losses and six ties. Pittsburgh's best finish under Parker was in 1962, when it placed second in the NFL's Eastern Division. The Redskins under Nixon won four games, lost 18 and tied two.

HIRED. To serve as public-relations director for the Detroit Lions of the NFL, LYALL SMITH, who has been sports editor and columnist for the *Detroit Free Press* since 1945. He replaces Bud Erickson who moved to Atlanta as assistant to the president of the new NFL team there.

SIGNED. By the Kansas City Athletics to pitch during the remainder of the 1965 season, the legendary LEROY SATCHEL PAIGE, who is "a shade over 50" according to Paige, or close to 60, according to the record books. Paige began his career in 1926 in the Negro leagues and finally was brought to the majors in 1948 by Cleveland President Bill Veeck. After helping the Indians win the pennant that year with a 6-1 record in relief, Paige pitched one more season for Cleveland (4-7) before going back to the Negro leagues for a year. In 1951 Veeck, by then the owner of the old St. Louis Browns, gave him another fling in the big leagues and Paige played for three more seasons (18-23). In the 12 years since he left the Browns in 1953, Paige has pitched in the minor leagues and barnstormed. "It isn't getting the ball over the plate that might give me trouble," said Paige, who is noted for his hesitation pitch and his razor-sharp control. "When I warm up, I'll simply drop a bubble gum wrapper on the ground and use it as home plate. It's what happens to the ball after it gets up there. I still think I can keep it off the fat part of their bats, though."

RESIGNED. As coach of the Austrian national ski team, PEPI STIEGLER, 28, the 1964 Olympic gold medal winner in the slalom, to become director of the ski school at the new Jackson Hole, Wyo. ski resort.

CREDITS

4—George J. Bloodgood. 21—John S. Flannery. 26, 27—Neil Leifer. 28—James Drake. 29—Walter Iooss Jr., James Drake. 30, 31—Walter Iooss Jr. 32—James Drake. 36, 37—Hans Knopf Pix. 38—Foto Mayo. 39—Chicago's American. 40—AP. 55, 66—Toughead. 106—P.I.P., Robert Walker New York Times. 109—Rich Clarkson. 112, 113—Tony Triolo, Kupston Photo. 114—Herb Scharfman. 122, 123—Robert Doisneau from Rapho Guillumette. 127—Guy Duchanga. 139—AP. 141—bottom right, Ed Ryan Arizona Republic.

FACES IN THE CROWD



WILLARD McCONNELL, 61, a Wilmington, Del. bank executive, took the Delaware Senior Golf Tournament for the third time after winning an 18-hole playoff against Willard Dickerson, with whom he was tied at the end of the regulation 36 holes.



RICHIE STEPHENS, of the Pomona (Calif.) Bombers, pitched three of his team's five winning games, allowing only one run and 10 hits in 23 innings, as he led the Bombers to the International Softball Congress World Championship in Rock Island, Ill.



JOAN HOFFMAN, 12, a Quakertown, Pa., sprinter who has been defeated only once in two years, was a triple winner at the Palmer Township A.A. Track Meet in Easton, Pa. She took the 50-, 100- and 220-yard dashes in 6.8, 12.8 and 29.1 seconds, respectively.



SANDY ADELMAN of San Antonio, Texas high school golf champion, won the state junior tourney over Terry Jastrow of Midland. Adelman finished six strokes under par for 31 holes in the deciding match and he three-putted only two greens during the tournament.



MICHELLE DES LAURIERS attended the Rockford (Ill.) City Tennis Tournament as a spectator but was persuaded by an official to fill a vacancy in the 18-and-under division. After borrowing tennis shoes and a racket, she won every match, taking the final 6-3, 7-5.



DUNCAN SCOTT of Mesa, Ariz., entered nine 11-12 age group swimming events at the Far West Meet in Los Altos, Calif., and not only won eight but set national marks in each. In the ninth, the 50-meter breaststroke, he bettered the record but finished second.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

INTO THE STRETCH

Sirs:

William Leggett is all wrong in his analysis of the National League pennant race. Cincinnati doesn't have the support at the right time, but I think they will win the pennant. If you look again you will see they are better than the Giants or the Dodgers.

STANLEY HAMMER

Columbia, S.C.

Sirs:

It is no secret that SI, along with most of the other sportswriters in the country, does not think much of the Oodgers' chances of winning the pennant. But someone had better tell the Oodgers or they may just wind up catching all your experts off base.

S. C. EASTMAN

La Habra, Calif.

Sirs:

In your summaries of the National League pennant race you have neglected to give serious consideration to the Pirates. Beware of dark horses—the Bucs are going all the way.

PHIL POSEGATE

Butler, Pa.

CUTTING CLASSES

Sirs:

If your SCORECARD item about Corny Shields (Sept. 13) quotes him correctly, I would say the old Silver Fox is about ready for a good Hollanderizing. He says (or you say he says) that the proliferation of one-design sailboat classes is spoiling sailing competition in general and Mallory Cup competition in particular by breeding narrow, class specialists who are afraid to try different boats. That would be a tough thesis to prove by sailors like Buddy Melges, a crack ice-boater who took the Mallory once in a Corinthian, once in an E Scow and once in a Dragon; by sailors like Ding Schoonmaker, who seems equally at ease with the tiller of a Star, a Finn or a Flying Dutchman in his hand, by sailors like Lowell North, a three-time world Star champ who got himself an Olympic medal on Sagami Bay last year at the helm of a Dragon. As a matter of fact, the conspicuous success of the U.S. Olympic team in Japan was the result of champion sailors shifting classes to give added strength to the American effort as a whole.

So much for Corny's first point—a doubtful one at best. Seeming to believe, however, that there are already too many one-design classes, he goes on to suggest still another for, of all things, America's Cup competition. Since the deed of gift specifically spells out the nature of cup racing, this suggestion makes about as much sense legally as a suggestion that the Davis Cup be played on a golf course instead of a tennis court. That has been pointed out before, but what makes the suggestion really absurd in the present context is that America's Cup competition is the one sailing event that precludes the kind of specialization Corny is beefing about. It forces all the little class champions who participate to forget their weekend preoccupations, to abandon their Stars or their Finns or their Internationals for the sake of a team-effort kind of competition that starts quite literally from scratch—the scratch of a designer's pencil on a blank piece of paper—and may end with a champ one-design skipper pulling his heart out day after day on a jib sheet.

PETER SANDERSON

New York City

GREEN-EYED MONSTER

Sirs:

I would like to answer the letter from George Palmer entitled "Beware the Green" (19TH HOLE, Sept. 6). Mr. Palmer may be right about the Jets having bad luck while wearing green, but I suggest there are some serious gaps in his knowledge of college football when he asks, "When did green-clad Dartmouth ever make big headlines?" As recently as 1962 Dartmouth was undefeated and untied in nine games. There were 15 undefeated teams in that year, but if you are willing to exclude such names as College of Emporia, Earlham, Parsons and Lenoir-Rhyne, you wind up with only three big winners: Dartmouth, Southern California and Mississippi. Don McKinnon, center for Dartmouth, was named to the second All-America, and Captain and Quarterback Bill King was prominently mentioned on several All-America selections.

In 1937 Bob MacLeod even rated along with Clint Frank of Yale as one of the great halfbacks of the year. In 1928 and 1929 Al Marsters was named to several All-America teams. And if we may go back to our very ancient history, Dartmouth was unbeaten in 1925. Swede Oberlander was unanimous All-America in that year, and George Tully, Nate Parker and Dutch Diehl were also frequently mentioned.

Bob Blackman, who has been head coach at Dartmouth for several years, has one of the best records in the Ivy League. And you may recall that during the regime of Earl Blaik at Hanover there were several outstanding teams and numerous nationally prominent players.

EDWARD J. HANLON

Greenwich, Conn.

Sirs:

George Palmer of Port Washington, N.Y. is dead wrong when he says the Miami Hurricanes and their green uniforms rarely make big headlines. How about the 1961 and 1962 seasons, when the Hurricanes had 7–3 regular-season records, losing again only in postseason bowl games. George Mira, the greatest quarterback the South ever had, led all but one of the major quarterbacks in passing in 1962 and 1963.

Evidently Mr. Palmer doesn't remember 1950, when Miami beat Purdue, one week after Purdue had snapped Notre Dame's 37-game winning streak. And 1954, when Miami had an 8–1 record and beat such teams as Florida, Alabama, Mississippi State, Maryland, etc.

So Mr. Palmer can eat his words about the Hurricanes.

ANDY LEHRMAN

Miami Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

Mr. George Palmer mentioned Wagner in his list of green-clad, nonheadlining football teams. Wagner was one of the three teams that were undefeated in a 10-game schedule last year. Maybe the Jets and Sonny Werblin do have something besides Joe Namath going for them.

KRIS KIEFER

Staten Island, N.Y.

FUMBLE

Sirs:

On page 38 of your September 6 SPORTING LOOK article you show a fashionably attired, moony-eyed young couple obviously more concerned with each other than the ton or so of threatening beef behind them. You describe it as a "bright panorama of a game between the Packers and the Bears." I'll bet one year's subscription and a used football that you are wrong. The teams pictured are the Louisiana State "Packers" and the Ole Miss "Bears."

JIM CAMPBELL

Philadelphia

● Right.—ED.

TANGLED IVY

Sirs:

I take real issue with Mr. Loren H. Nauss Jr. from Connecticut (19TH HOLE, Aug. 30), who criticizes SI for a supposed affront to the quality of Ivy League football. Having observed football as played in the Southeastern Conference, in the Southwest and the Big Ten for years, I find it quite strikingly different from the Ivy brand. Some years ago the Ivies stopped playing such

eastern teams as Army, Navy, Penn State and Syracuse, because scores were consistently running against them by 40-to-60-point margins. They readily admitted at the time that they were completely outclassed and far better off staying in their own little circle rather than serving as cannon fodder for the big boys in breather games.

As for the absence of Ivy graduates from the professional rosters, the statement to the effect that they have better things to do upon graduation seems rather silly. Most of those graduates go into business in some form, and Joe Namath, for one, has already made a better business deal than most graduates will make in a lifetime—with a bum knee to boot.

Nevertheless, I thoroughly enjoy Ivy games, which are evenly matched and often very exciting.

L. ROBERT WILLIAMS

New York City

SWEETENER

Sirs:

I read with great interest John Underwood's article on the Pennsylvania-Texas high school football game at Hershey, Pa. (*Texas Teeners Strike Back*, Aug. 23). However, I take exception to being called a "cupcake." It doesn't sound too complimentary to me. The members of the Sweet 66 Corps, which provides the pregame and half-time entertainment, are as carefully selected and screened according to their talents as are the players themselves. We not only must be high school students of pleasing shape and face, but we must be able to march, strut, dance and twirl batons as well and, in some cases, be agile enough to perform acrobatics.

We also serve as hostesses for our state and our area. We welcome the teams to Hershey as we would to our homes. We have served as dinner companions, dance companions, listening and sounding boards, and in most cases we provide a pretty good cheering section for players who are a long way from home. At all times we are well aware that these fine young men surely have "girls" at home as we have "fellows" here, but we have tried to make their stay enjoyable.

I might make mention of the fine, gentlemanly conduct of all the players. Their schools, cities and their states can be proud of them on that score, as well as for their abilities on the gridiron. It was a wonderful game, and this "cupcake" is looking forward to next year.

I also want to take this opportunity to inform all sportsmen of a growing fact. Baton twirling is not just a show item to be presented at half time. It is one of the largest competitive sports for girls in the country today, and it is growing daily.

LINDA SHUE

Assistant Director of the Sweet 66

Harrisburg, Pa.

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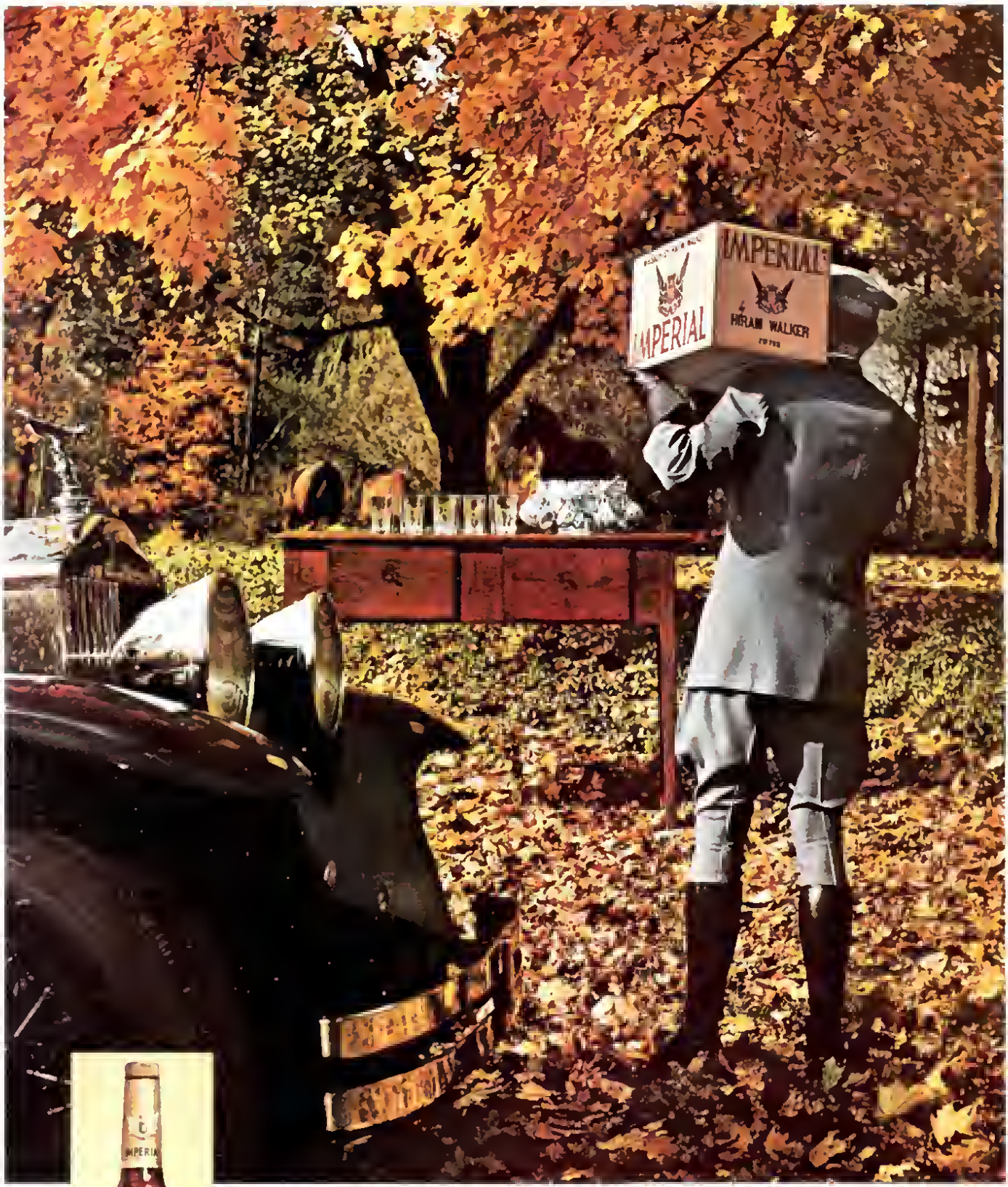
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